

# THE LEISURE HOUR



## CONTENTS.

- Frontispiece:* **BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.** Drawn by JOSEPH PENNELL.  
**Driftwood.** Chapters XVI.-XVIII. By MARY E. PALGRAVE. Illustrated by FRANK DADD, R.I.  
**Paul Carah, Cornishman.** Chapters XX. XXII. By CHARLES LEE.  
 Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE, R.I.  
**Justice at Khetri.** By H. J. BOURCHIER, M.D.  
**The Port and City of Bristol.** By W. J. GORDON.  
 With Original Drawings by JOSEPH PENNELL.  
**The Great Avalanche on the Gemmi.** By EDWARD WHYMPER.  
**The New Mosaics at St. Paul's.** With Portrait of Sir W. B. RICHMOND, R.A., K.C.B.  
**Greenwich Observatory.**—STORM AND SUN. Part II.  
 By E. WALTER MAUNDER, F.R.A.S. Illustrated.  
**Australian Sketches.**—THE WORK OF THE CHURCHES.  
 By C. H. IRWIN, M.A.  
**Over-Sea Notes.** **Poetry.** **Second Thoughts.** **Varieties.**  
**The Fireside Club.** **Tea-Table Topics.**  
**Prize Competitions.** **Chess, etc.**

(SEE FULL CONTENTS WITHIN.)

The Original *British Manufacture.*

Uphold the Best



**Royal Baking Powder**

IF YOU HAVE ANY DIFFICULTY in obtaining it through your Grocer, send sixpence for a sixpenny tin, which will be forwarded post free.

Wright, Crossley & Co., Liverpool.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

**EPPS'S**

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

**COCOA**

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

**Neave's Food**

1 lb. Tins. 1/-

"47 MOUNT STREET, MOUNT POTTINGER, BELFAST."

"DEAR SIRS,"

"I beg you to accept the enclosed photo of my little twin boys, who were fed entirely on Neave's Food. They commenced taking it when 14 days old, and they are still using it. They are both the picture of health, and I never found it necessary to have a doctor for them."

"Yours truly,  
"SAMUEL PATTERSON."

**KEATING'S POWDER IS USEFUL**

*in preserving blankets and furs from Moths. Sprinkle well with the Powder before putting away.*

**KILLS BLACKBEETLES & FLEAS.**

Tins 3d., 6d. and 1/- each.

**MELLIN'S FOOD BISCUITS**

**DIGESTIVE. NOURISHING. SUSTAINING.**

*For Children after Weaning, the Aged, Dyspeptic, and for all who require a Simple, Nutritious, and Sustaining Food.* Price 2s. per Tin.

Samples post free from MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, PECKHAM, S.E.

**PLUMTREE'S POTTED MEATS**

HOME

Dr. W. GORDON STABLES, R.N., says: "From personal trial I can highly recommend Plumtree's specialities."

**EXCELLENT QUALITY. DELICIOUS FLAVOUR. HIGHLY NUTRITIOUS. ALWAYS THE SAME.**

Can be had from most Grocers, or send 7d. or 1/3 for Sample Jar, and name of Local Agent in your district to—

**PLUMTREE, RAILWAY STREET, SOUTHPORT.**



Exquisite Models. Perfect Fit. Guaranteed Wear.

**THE Y & N PATENT DIAGONAL SEAM CORSETS.**

Patented in England and on the Continent.

*Will not split in the seams nor tear in the fabric.*

Made in White, Black, and all the Fashionable Colours and Shades, in Italian Cloth, Satin, and Coutil; 4s. 11d., 5s. 11d., 6s. 11d., 7s. 11d. per pair, and upwards.

"The best make of corsets is the 'Y & N' Patent Diagonal Seam." *Gentlewoman.*

"Admirably modelled, exquisitely neat and strong." *Queen.*



**Caution.**—Beware of worthless Imitations. Every genuine Y & N Corset is stamped "Y & N, Patent Diagonal Seam No. 116," in oval on the lining.

**THREE GOLD MEDALS**

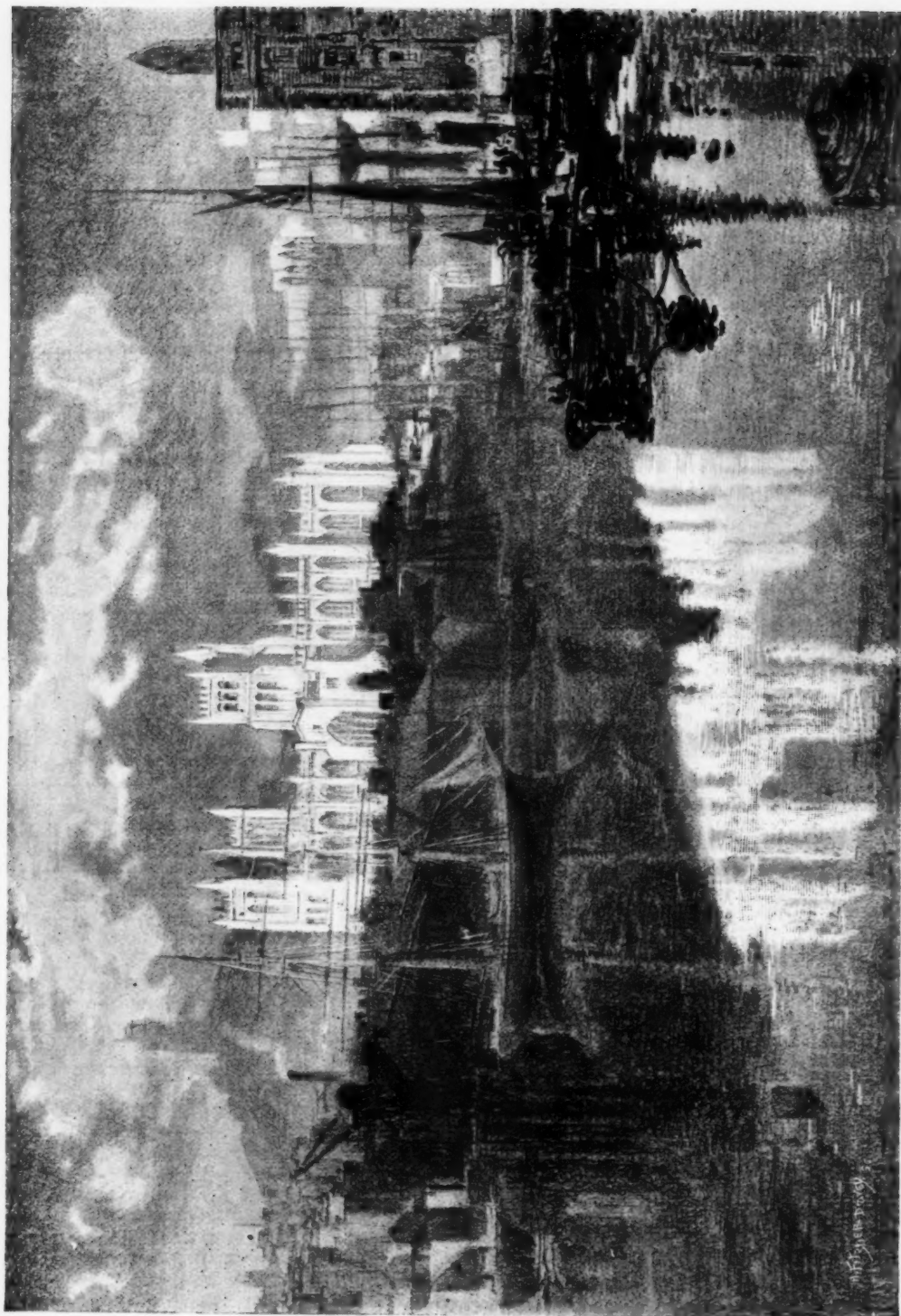
Sold by the principal Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters in the United Kingdom and Colonies.











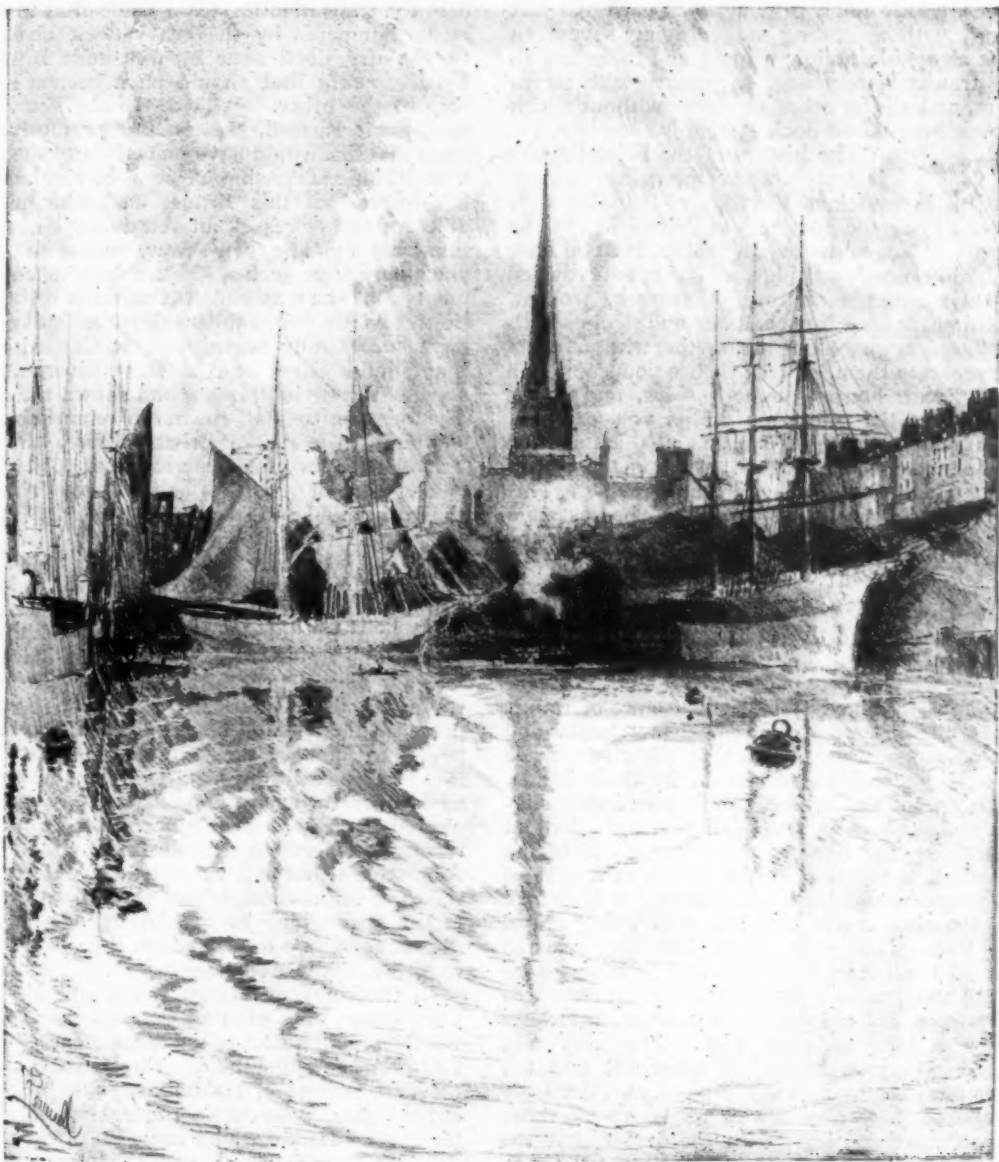
*Drawn for the "Letcher House" by Joseph Pennell.*

BRISTOL CATHEDRAL FROM THE DOCKS.

B  
the  
is  
has  
gro  
or



## THE PORT AND CITY OF BRISTOL



ST. MARY REDCLIFF

*Drawn for the "Leisure Hour" by Joseph Pennell.*

**B**RISTOL was not built yesterday. You can see by the narrow streets in the centre of the city that it was once a walled town; and the churches alone tell a tale of antiquity there is no mistaking. Like all populous places, it has had its ups and downs; but it has been growing by fits and starts for a thousand years or so, and there is a good deal of life in it yet.

Lately it became much larger all of a sudden, owing to its following the fashion in extending its boundaries, and to-day it has a population of 320,000, an area of 11,468 acres, and a rateable value of nearly a million and a half. Before its extension it had an income from its rates of £313,000, in addition to a net revenue of £22,000 from its landed property. As a

municipality it owed a little under a million, but as a dock owner it owed a couple of millions—and it will soon owe more.

It is no longer to sit quiet and wait upon fortune. It is to have a new dock like most of our western seaports, the one projected at Avonmouth. This dock, which is to cost nearly two millions of money, is to have an area of forty acres, a lock and a graving-dock each 850 feet long, with a landing stage giving seventeen feet alongside at low water; and there are to be transit warehouses, a granary with elevators, and all the other etceteras without which no well-organised dock system is complete.

The history of the Bristol docks is truly a warning against conservatism in trade and the folly of standing still. When Pope the poet was in Bristol in 1739 he wrote "You come over a bridge, built on both sides like London Bridge, and as much crowded with a strange mixture of seamen, women, children, loaded horses, asses and sledges with goods, dragging along all together without posts to separate them. From thence you come to a quay, with houses on both sides, and in the middle of the street, as far as you can see, hundreds of ships, their masts as thick as they can stand by one another, which is the oddest and most surprising sight imaginable. This street is fuller of them than the Thames from London Bridge to Deptford." And when the tide was out the vessels were all aground, so that the long street full of ships with houses on each side, "looked like a dream."

So far did the tide fall that the ships lay on the mud twice a day, much to the damage of those which were not Bristol-built. Every attempt to remedy this peculiar state of things was discouraged by the local merchants and shipowners, who feared that the city's trade would not otherwise remain in their hands. Many were the schemes of improvement suggested, the most promising being that of dockising the river at the western end of the Downs, a practicable idea which at a cost of £30,000 would have given Bristol a long lead of the rival ports that are now going ahead so fast. This project was, however, rejected as all the others had been, and little was done until 1804, when a new course for the river was cut from Totterdown to Rownham meadows with a lock at each end. The cost was £600,000, just double the estimate, and the company, to make their project pay, foolishly imposed dues about twice as heavy as those at competing ports, with the result that the shipping was driven elsewhere.

Although the citizens saw the trade going year by year they could not agree to do anything until 1848, when the docks were taken over by the corporation. The dues were then lowered and trade began to thrive. But the lethargy of the corporation led to private companies building docks at Avonmouth and Portishead, which the city had to buy in 1883 to save the trade from being lost again. Next year Bristol woke up a little and put all the

docks under a committee of the Town Council, who have improved matters generally by, among other things, erecting lairs, abattoirs, cold storage, and a prominent red granary which will hold 15,000 tons of wheat.

Where the granary stands was Old Wapping dock in which Patterson, for £63,000, built Brunel's *Great Western*, which opened from here the transatlantic steam trade that was to be so hampered by the heavy dock charges. In the dry dock near by was built Brunel's *Great Britain* that should have been a sister ship to the other. "Two *Great Westerns*," said Scott Russell, "early and promptly put upon that line would have made Bristol the first transatlantic steamship harbour of England;" but instead of this Brunel designed quite a different sort of vessel, altered during construction from a paddle to a screw, whose hull and machinery were such an assemblage of experiments that she was called a museum of inventions. With two similar ships a line could have successfully begun such as Cunard with four similar ships started from Liverpool as soon as the *Great Western* had shown the way. The mistake was all the more remarkable as shipping lines were a Bristol device, the old Bristol traders to America and elsewhere having been in groups of half a dozen or more, similar in build and size.

There seem to have been Bristol ships in the days of the ancient Britons. Before the Norman conquest we hear officially of Bristol ships being engaged in that astonishing trade, the export of white slaves to Ireland, as we hear afterwards of a similar trade to the American plantations which preceded the trade in blacks. The Bristol men began to improve their shipping accommodation in very early days. The Frome now runs as it does owing to its course having been altered in 1247 to form a new quay by cutting through the marsh at the east end of St. Augustine's church; and the most welcome of the local improvements has been the replacing of the drawbridge by St. Augustine's bridge, thus covering up the far end of this old harbour to form Colston Avenue.

In the days of Henry the Sixth, William Canynges, one of the greatest of Bristol worthies, had a fleet of ten ships measuring up 2,853 tons amongst them. Twelve years before the first voyage of Columbus, John Jay, in a Bristol ship, was out in the Atlantic looking for the land from which came the logs of the dye-wood, previously supposed to be purely East Indian, which was afterwards to give its name to Brazil. Then there was John Cabot to whom the tower has been built on Brandon Hill, the most conspicuous object in the city, that all Bristol may remember how on May 2nd, 1497, he sailed from the river below in the little *Matthew*, belonging to the enterprising firm of Thorne and Eliot—the latter of course a Scotsman—and on Midsummer Day landed in Labrador, whence he worked down the

American coast to Florida. An important voyage this, for it was undoubtedly the first discovery of the mainland, and on it the English based their claim to North America, which by force of arms they afterwards managed to make good. For his achievement Cabot received an annuity from the King of £20 a year payable out of the customs of Bristol. A relic of the voyage still exists in the belfry of St. Mary Redcliff, where what was described for years as the rib of Guy Earl of Warwick's dun cow seems to be a bone of the whale brought back by Cabot, which is referred to in the town records in 1497 as "ye bone of ye bigge fyshe brote over seas" for which VI pence were paid for "settyngge upp."

From the first, Bristol took the lead in the trade with America. As in the days of Canynges its ships were known in nearly every port of Europe, so in those of Colston, another of its benefactors, they were in almost every port across the Atlantic where freights could be had. Pepys, writing in 1685, says that there was scarcely a shopkeeper in Bristol who had not a venture on board some ship bound for Virginia or the Antilles. And as in the fifteenth century, so in the seventeenth, it was the first seaport of the kingdom. In the eighteenth it continued to go ahead steadily until the revolt of the American colonies, when it at once lost half its trade.

At present Bristol is a good way down in the list of our seaports, a result in some measure due to the unsuitableness of the river for the modern kind of ship. In old times, vessels were small and could come right up into the city; in these times they are much larger, much too large to be brought far up with safety. Hence the necessity of developing the dock accommodation at Avonmouth, and making it the real port for the ocean trade. That it will have quite enough to do, no one looking at the map can doubt; as a centre of distribution and collection, its position will be all that can be desired when the local railway facilities are improved as they are about to be.

**Industries.** It is significant that Bristol's imports are nine times as much as its exports, but, as a centre of distribution, too much importance should not be placed on either as a guide to the local industries. As an old city, accustomed for centuries to clothe and feed itself, it has necessarily many trades, some of which have largely developed, such as that in footwear, now its chief industry, owing mainly to Bristol being one of the three great leather markets of the country, the other two being Leeds and Bermondsey. It has more people engaged in making boots and shoes, mostly of the honest and solid kind, than in any other trade, but of these useful articles it exports none. Among its largest imports, however, is leather, of which it receives £160,000 worth a year. Another of its flourishing trades is that in ready-made clothing, carried on in factories and by outdoor workers in the suburbs and

neighbouring villages. Its tobacco factories, which, like those of its leather goods, are due to its imports, are of course well known, though it may be news to most people, that while it imports £40,000 worth of tobacco, it exports five times as much.

Its imports of timber have been increasing every year, and now reach about 150,000 loads, the increase being attributable to the Dominion liners to Avonmouth having practically monopolised the lumber export from Canada to the Bristol Channel, shippers finding it cheaper to charter to Avonmouth, and deliver to the other ports by lighters and small vessels instead of carrying to them direct.

Of grain it receives  $3\frac{1}{2}$  million quarters, but its grain trade is in rather a curious state. It does well with freights from South Russia and the Danube, because the shipments are in moderate sized steamers of light draught, that can get up the river to the granary already mentioned; but owing to the increasing size of the Atlantic boats, it is losing the American trade, a state of things which the new dock and new granary at Avonmouth are designed to remedy.

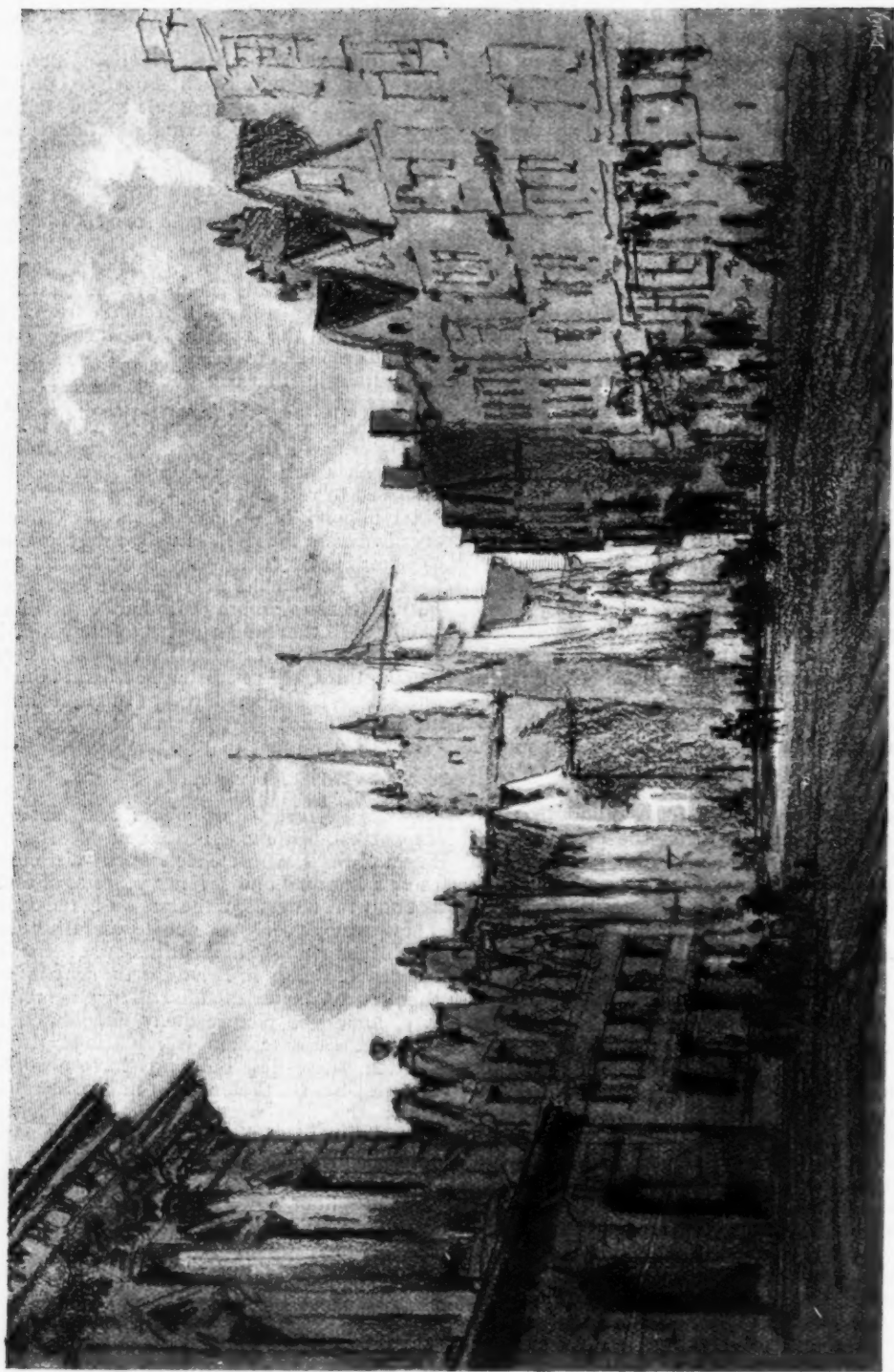
Its imports of provisions, mostly Canadian, are always on the rise. In 1878 they amounted to about 9,000 tons; they now exceed 40,000 tons. It is the chief port we have for Canadian butter, receiving more than double the quantity of all the other ports put together, and it is the next port to London for cheese, Liverpool coming third, the rest being nowhere. Currants and raisins it imports largely: of tea its imports are insignificant, so they are of coffee, but of cocoa they amount to £30,000 worth a year.

#### Cocoa.

Though Bristol's chief manufacture is of boots and shoes, its largest establishment is that of Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons, whose cocoa works were started there a hundred and seventy years ago, and are not only the oldest, but the largest in the country. They employ over 3,600 people, and the business is still growing; in truth, one of the most noticeable things in Bristol is the way in which these cocoa factories stand in the heart of the city, amid the picturesquely dilapidated tenements their extension is replacing. In their growth, these new buildings have absorbed a church—St. Bartholomew's, in consideration of which the firm were largely instrumental in building a new church similarly dedicated—a chapel belonging to the Baptists which is now used as a packing shop, a school—the old Trades School, now used as a factory for tins and canisters—and a gaol, the one erected after the riots, which was condemned in 1883 as not being in accordance with the Prisons Acts, and is now used as stables.

The business has spread into many branches, clustering about the main factories. Down among the docks is a large establishment, in which the wooden boxes and packing cases are made by much ingenious machinery, the output being extensive enough for the firm to import





*Drawn for the "Leisure Hour" by Joseph Pennell.*

OLD HOUSES NEAR THE DOCKS, BRISTOL.



their own timber. Here you see it sawn into boards and cut into lengths a dozen or so at a time, and made smooth in planing machines that rip the shavings off it as if they were cheese. There are some machines here which plane a box side in a single cut, removing the roughness in one broad shaving. In another part of the shop, the smooth boards are being printed on as if they were paper; in another they are being made up into boxes in nailing machines, which arrange the nails and drive in a whole side of them at one operation, as if the box were a boot heel. It is quick work. A grip and a corner is complete: another grip and another, and another, and the sides are together; a trimming of the edges, and on goes the bottom. It takes no longer to make a wooden box than a paper one.

Close to Colston's Avenue is the paper box factory where with paste, and gum, and glue, and paper, and silks, and satins, and pictures, and xylonite, gilt edgings and gold leaf, dozens of girls are engaged in converting straw-board into those attractive forms that every lady knows.

In the old Trades School, founded by the Merchant Venturers—who have replaced it by the stupendous technical school in Denmark Street—the making of canisters is carried on. Here sheets of tinplate bright and smooth hurry through a machine, and with a crunch and a shiver come out on the other side as sheets of scissel, the disks that form the canister lids having been punched out of them, embossed with the lettering, and fallen in a heap into a basket. In another machine these disks have their edges run over all round so as to fasten them over the canister bodies which are simply strips of tinplate with their ends fixed together. Not the least interesting thing in our visit to this place was the fact that our guide had passed his school life within these very walls, and that in one of the familiar class-rooms, noisy with machinery, was the very furnace which his old master used for experiments, now being used for soldering purposes.

The manufacture of the cocoa and chocolate takes place in the main factories, which are eight floors high. On the top floor are the cocoa beans, in hundredweight bags as they are imported, stripped from the long red and yellow pods and dried in the sun. Originally, cocoa came from Central America—in Mexico the beans were used as money—but now it is cultivated in many tropical places, and it comes not only from Colombia, Venezuela, Guiana and Brazil, but from Grenada, Trinidad and other West India islands, and, more largely every year, from Ceylon. Recognisable by some slight difference in shape and size, many of these varieties by many roads meet to be blended and dealt with here.

On the same floor is the roasting room, where the beans are carefully roasted as if they were coffee berries, but in much larger cylinders, gently revolving over coke fires until they are cooked to a turn. Into hoppers the roasted beans are shot, and down through the mill they

go to the floor below, shelled and winnowed on the way, so that when you see them again they are nibs and shells, the shells going to Ireland and the Continent to be made into a weak sort of drink with a cocoa flavour. Next the nibs go to the grinding mill, where, mixed with sugar, ground soft and silky as flour in a room which is thick with a sweet white mist, they are worked at a gentle heat in great revolving pans and between a wonderful array of rollers, and crushed and softened with their own fat into the deep brown dough which, flavoured with vanilla and what not, becomes the eating chocolate.

For cocoa the nibs are ground in another room, the most striking feature in the place. Here the mills are worked by vertical instead of horizontal gearing, the shaft, which goes right down to the engine in the basement, carrying a big toothed wheel geared into other wheels, that are geared into other wheels so that the ceiling seems to be crowded with clockwork, and the room looks as though it were turned sideways up. There is not a belt to be seen, and in such an arrangement there can be no slip; round the granite mill must go, steady and true, regardless of the resistance of the most refractory nib. From this room the cocoa goes in canvas bags to be squeezed into a solid mass in hydraulic presses which stand all of a row, looking like so many letter-copying machines, the oil being squeezed out into tins to form cocoa butter when it has been cooled in refrigerators worked with brine and ammonia as in cold storage factories.

The butter is used in the confectionery department; the hard cakes of cocoa are ground again into powder, and eventually after passing through sieves having 3,600 holes to the square inch, become the cocoa of the packets and tins. Among the noticeable ingenuities of the place are the automatic machines by which this same cocoa is weighed out into packages, the fall of the scale cutting off the feed, which the removal of the package immediately turns on again. Another automatic arrangement is in the confectionery department where the creams are made by dozens at a time, as the filler travels across the tableful of moulds, moulds of cornflour stamped in a press by hundreds at a squeeze. Another ingenious device is the making of the red and white creams, the moulds being filled from funnels of half red and half white that pour in equal quantities together. But we shall get lost among this cocoa in its multitude of fancy preparations, if we stray beyond the main features of the main track; and we have said enough regarding the largest commercial enterprise in Bristol.

There is one matter, however, that should not be overlooked, as it gives the key-note to the whole. At nine o'clock every morning it has been the custom of the house for many years to assemble their workpeople at a short religious service. This takes place in two or three places in different parts of the factories, the largest meeting being in a spacious lecture room at the top of one of the buildings. We were invited

to be present at this service, and it was really a noteworthy experience. There was a spirit of reverence and orderliness about it all that was delightful. In the room were about 1,300, 1,200 of them women and girls, as healthy and cheery an audience as any lecturer could wish. First a hymn was sung simply and heartily; then came a Bible reading from Timothy, given by Mr. J. S. Fry, which was just what such a reading should be, short, impressive as if addressed to each individual by some sincere friend, the few comments bearing strictly on the text in its practical application as a guide to conduct; then a prayer and another hymn; and group by group in silence the assemblage broke up so that in three minutes not one was left in the room.

Bristol bears an honoured name for charity, even the municipal charities amount to £30,000 a year, and the three Colston societies at their annual dinners collect some £4,000. Colston is certainly happy in his memory; for no other philanthropist we are aware of do a city's churches ring muffled peals all a day through as they do in Bristol on the thirteenth of each November, the round beginning at midnight from St. Mary Redcliff.

Churches, etc.

Of Bristol churches old and new much has been written, and the whole has not been said. Redcliff, grandly restored as it has been, is the first of them by repute, and looks well from every point of view. Rich in the memories of Canynges and Chatterton, it is one of the best known churches of the west. The cathedral, too—which now has a bishop all to itself—though regarded by some as poor in architecture, has a charm about it of which many are sensible though few could give their reasons. Let those, however, who are able, go and see the cathedral within and without before they judge by books and views alone. And let them go to St. Mark's close by, the Mayor's Chapel—for the Mayor of Bristol, more fortunate than other mayors, has a private chapel of his own, and a beautiful one it is, though it does lay north and south instead of the orthodox east and west. All Saints' in Corn Street, wherein is the monument to Colston that has the nosegay laid on it every Sunday, is by no means the commonplace church it looks from the outside; it has been where it is for over eight centuries, though of course rebuilt, its interior being now Perpendicular. St. Mary-le-Port, now also Perpendicular, was founded in 1170 by the son of the Robert of Gloucester of whom we heard so much at Cardiff. Another noticeable church is St. James's, where you find some of the fine old Norman pillars and arches in their original stateliness; and conspicuous among the tall buildings are the graceful tower of old St. Stephen's, and the leaning tower of the older Temple, which was formerly adorned with turrets and pinnacles in a similar way. Another church prominent as a landmark, of which, however, only the old

crypt was left when it was rebuilt in its present form, is that of St. Nicholas—the patron saint of sailors—recognisable at once by its spire and its clock with the second hand. At one time this stood on the town wall as St. John the Baptist's still does in Broad Street, a small and curious church, with windows only on its sides and none at either the eastern or western end.

During the last few years Bristol has changed much; streets have been widened, many of the old houses have been pulled down, and large blocks of shops and offices have taken their place. Baldwin Street, for instance, has been quite transformed, and with its handsome red brick and terra-cotta buildings is almost unrecognisable as it opens out on to the wide area of the tramway terminus on the new bridge. The peninsula, however, which Baldwin Street cuts off between the two branches of the harbour, remains much as it did. Queen Square still has its statue; the house where lived Woodes Rogers, who brought off Selkirk from Juan Fernandez, is still pointed out, as is that in which David Hume ended his career as a merchant's clerk in a vain endeavour to correct his employer's English; and on the quay, rightly or wrongly, is shown the inn where Stevenson found the original of his wooden-legged cook.

Libraries.

In King Street leading off from the quay, where is the hall of the Merchant Venturers, whose first governor, by the way, was Sebastian Cabot, is the Central Free Library, in its old, its very old, home, for it is one of the oldest free libraries in the kingdom, having been founded in 1613 in this very house, which has been but slightly altered and contains much good oak, including an elaborate chimney-piece by Grinling Gibbons. Besides this, Bristol has five branch libraries, one of them at the Museum in Queen's Road, close to University College.

Schools.

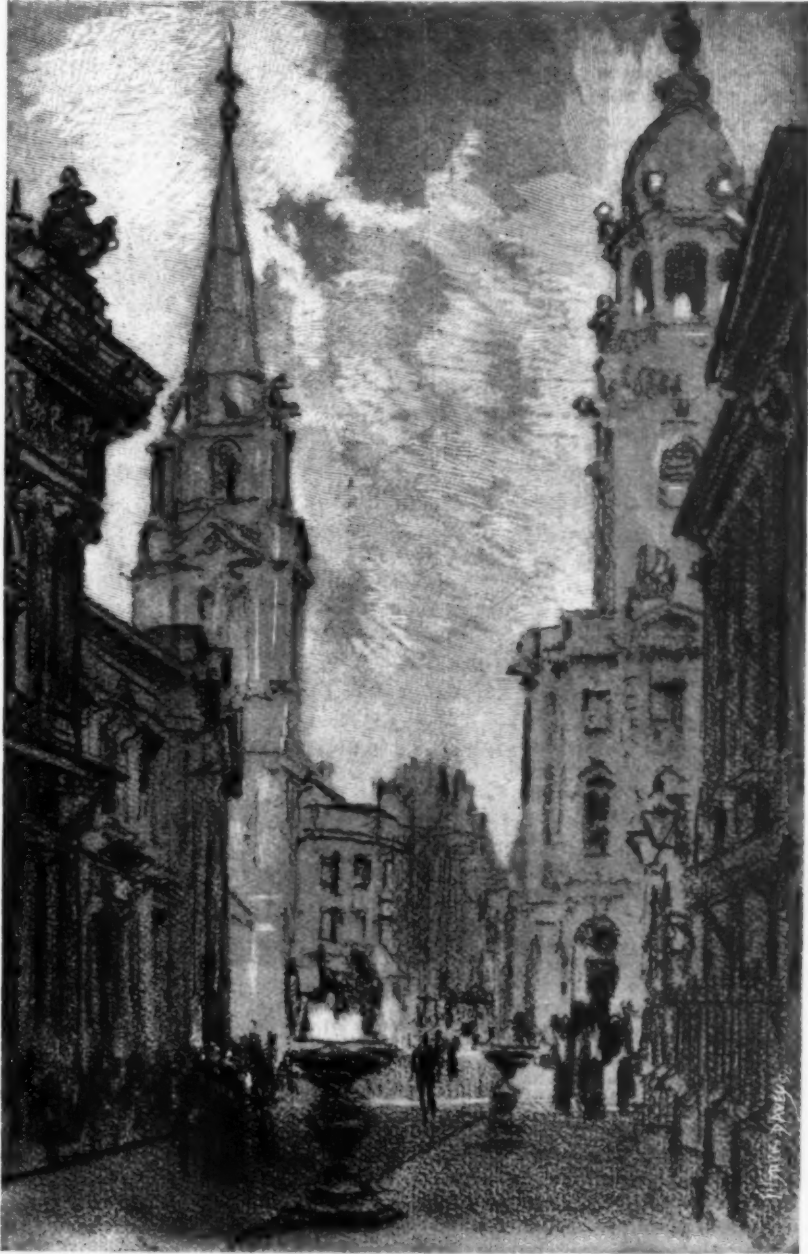
In education the city is by no means behindhand. In its elementary schools it has 50,000 children, and then there are its endowed and other schools of a more advanced character, including its Grammar School, its Technical School, and, of course, Clifton College and University College, which seems to be prospering at last. But there is no occasion for us to drift into a catalogue, which we should be obliged to do were we to mention but a tenth of the Bristol schools or public institutions. One enterprise, however, and the most recent, claims a word for itself; this is the Jubilee Convalescent Home, for which £100,000 is required, of which £80,000 has been received, a worthy object with the subscription list still open should anyone feel inclined to aid in making up the balance.

The Downs.

Bristol ought to be healthy if sanitary measures and open spaces have the merits they are credited with. Half a million of money, that is, half the municipal debt, has been spent on health matters, another £100,000 of the debt being for the electric instal-

lation which some would claim as a step in the same direction ; and so far as open spaces go it has 700 acres of them, including Clifton and Durdham Downs, which for healthy recreation are not to be excelled. There are few finer

diving in and out of them on either bank, and the vessels passing between, among them perhaps the *Britannia* or some other of the six Campbell steamers that run their pleasure trips to every part of the Bristol Channel down to



BROAD AND HIGH STREETS. *Drawn for the "Leisure Hour" by Joseph Pennell.*

views than that from the famous suspension bridge down along the gorge of the Avon when the tide is at the full 250 feet or more below ; the Somersetshire woods on one side, the Gloucestershire downs on the other, the scarred and rugged faces of the cliffs with the trains

Ilfracombe. No paper on Bristol, we were told over and over again, would be complete without some notice of these trips, which have brought to the Avon the customs of the Clyde and are among the many unmistakable signs of Bristol's awakening.

W. J. GORDON.

## DRIFTWOOD.

BY MARY E. PALGRAVE.



"WHAT'S THIS, OLIVER? YOU WITH A LADY'S GLOVE?"

### CHAPTER XVI.—AT THE END OF A TETHER.

THE "residential chambers" in which Graham now lived were in a street near the British Museum—a quiet, soberly behaved street in which there was never much traffic and here on Sundays an unbroken stillness reigned.

Graham, walking along the empty pavement, was a conspicuous object. So much absorbed was he in his own thoughts that he did not notice a woman's figure standing near the door whither he was bound, nor was conscious of being watched, from under the brim of a smart and spreading hat, by a pair of great black eyes. They noted every detail of his dress, and his prosperous, gentlemanly air, with a

peculiar expression, part admiring and part contemptuous. It was not until he had reached his own doorway and was turning to enter it that he became aware, with a start, of the onlooker, and of who she was.

"Maidie!" he exclaimed, stopping short on the door-step. "What are you doing here? Have you come to see me? I did not expect you at this time of day."

"No, I know it isn't the usual hour, Noll. But I had nothing particular on hand and thought a walk would do me good, and so I've made so bold to come and see if you were—well—disengaged! I thought on a Sunday afternoon there wouldn't be much risk of other visitors." Marjory's tone was less defiant than

usual  
came  
was  
here  
"  
the s  
you  
O  
top  
silen  
step  
paus  
but  
invi  
welc  
"  
you  
goo  
Sh  
up l  
with  
hand  
as if  
"  
with  
geti  
A  
veyi  
anxi  
Her  
than  
face  
was  
droo  
It  
paid  
occa  
poss  
busi  
wen  
as p  
scio  
distr  
igno  
amis  
to in  
the  
appr  
To  
in h  
hang  
to s  
with  
limp  
pale  
W  
tow  
Maie  
upri  
on h  
"  
faint  
It's  
after  
me  
and  
"



usual, though with the latter part of her speech came one of those stormy glances to which he was accustomed. "I've been waiting about here for the last hour."

"Indeed?" Oliver took a rapid survey of the street. "Come in. There's no reason why you shouldn't," he added, not very graciously.

Oliver's rooms were situated nearly at the top of a tall house. Marjory followed him in silence up the stone staircase, with so slow a step that he was obliged more than once to pause and wait for her. His plainly furnished, but comfortable sitting-room looked trim and inviting, and a bright little fire made a pleasant welcome.

"My word, Noll, you *do* know how to make yourself comfortable! And a fire—oh, that's good," cried the visitor, glancing round her.

She made straight for the hearth, pulled up his own particular chair and seated herself with her feet on the fender, spreading out her hands to the blaze with a caressing movement, as if a fire were a real treat, not recently enjoyed.

"You *must* let me toast myself, I'm starved with cold," she muttered, glancing half apologetically over her shoulder.

As for Oliver, he stood in the doorway, surveying his visitor with puzzled discomfort and anxiety. Some change had passed over her. Her dress was much less smart and *soignée* than he had grown accustomed to see it; her face was pinched and her eyes heavy. There was about her whole appearance a shabby, drooping air which puzzled and disquieted him.

It was but seldom nowadays that Marjory paid him a visit. His habit was, on those rare occasions, to ask her as few questions as possible about herself. It was no longer any business of *his* what she did and where she went, and his desire was to know as little as possible about her vagaries. But his consciousness told him that such obvious signals of distress as were now apparent could not be ignored. He should have to ask her what was amiss; though it was very annoying to be obliged to involve himself again, in any degree, with the affairs of a person of whom he totally disapproved.

To give himself time to get his temper well in hand before speaking, he left the room to hang up his coat. On returning he was startled to see Marjory leaning back in the big chair with her eyes shut and her arms drooping limply by her sides. Her face was so deadly pale he thought she must have fainted.

With an exclamation of dismay he hastened towards her. At the sound of his approach Maidie opened her eyes and dragged herself upright in the chair, with the shadow of a smile on her white lips.

"Don't look so scared, Noll," she whispered faintly. "I'm not going to die on your hands. It's the change to the warm room, I suppose, after a good trudge in the cold, that has made me feel a little giddy. Give me some water, and I shall be all right again."

"I don't understand it," said Oliver, as he

brought his sister the glass. "A Yorkshire woman *couldn't* call a day like this cold! Don't tell me it is that which has turned you faint. When did you last have anything to eat?"

Maidie laughed hysterically. "You've hit the right nail on the head, Noll. I had a cup of tea somewhere in the small hours, but I'll confess I've not had anything since. I haven't had time to get a meal ready. I didn't know I was hungry; but now you suggest it I believe I am. If you have got anything eatable on the premises, I'll devour it thankfully."

A bachelor's chambers do not usually supply much in the way of provisions; but some bread and butter and a box of sardines proved to be forthcoming, and Marjory set to work on them with a will. The food and some hot wine and water brought the colour back to her cheeks and the life to her eyes, and made her more like the Marjory her brother was accustomed to see.

He sat and watched her, and presently said abruptly, "This means, I imagine, that you are hard up, Marjory?"

Maidie nodded. "You're right, but it's not because I'm a failure, Noll. I've been getting on like a house on fire. You don't study the class of papers, of course, that chronicle the doings of the likes of me, or you'd know the hit I've made. Jim Poland, at the Frascati, has booked me for the rest of the season, and I've got lots of offers for the provinces this autumn. Maribel Green is all the rage, I promise you."

"Then why in the world are you so hard up? Your dress looks as if you hadn't a sixpence, and you own to being downright hungry. There's some mystery about it!" Oliver's tone betrayed his irritation, and Maidie's replies resumed some of their old provoking manner.

"Oh! you are too clever by half—it's simple enough!—I've had to throw up my engagements to nurse Sally Lunn. She's been very bad with bronchitis and pneumonia, and needed nursing night and day. I've *not* been gambling or drinking, you will be surprised to hear."

"How long have you been doing this?"

"Oh! let me see? Days have a trick of getting muddled, and one loses count when one didn't have one's clothes off for five nights on end—but it must be nearly four weeks since she first took ill. But she is nearly well now, and is up and dressed at this minute, I am thankful to say."

Oliver held his tongue, and Maidie glanced at him almost timidly. Her voice had grown gentle again.

"I expect you are thinking I ought to have had money by me, enough to tide us over," she continued. "But I never was good at saving, Noll, you know. I'm afraid it is 'light come, light go,' with my cash always. I've been doing a few stray jobs—designing illustrations for 'Stray Scraps' and 'Everybody's Laugh-maker'—which have brought in a few shillings; but somehow one's ideas don't flow when one is very anxious and unhappy and so tired one

can barely keep one's eyes open ; so I've not done as much in that line as I might. You see, Noll, Sally was within an ace of dying two or three times over, and it was so hard to be there with her all alone. However, I shall soon be able to go back to the Frascati again, if they'll have me—unless Sally were to take a turn for the worse. You'd hardly know the old soul, Oliver, she's so pinched and shrunk."

"Maidie, it's *too* bad ! I told you to be *sure* and apply to me if you were in a difficulty. I can't think why you didn't," burst out Oliver angrily.

Maidie smiled proudly. "*Can't* you think why, Noll ?" she asked quietly. "Are you the only one of us who has any pride ?"

"Well," he continued, after a moment's pause, "since you wouldn't come to *me*, then, why on earth didn't you send Sally to a hospital ? She would have been thoroughly well looked after, and you would have been free to go on with your employment. That would have been the only sensible plan. How can you tell that they will take you back at the music hall ? It is perfect madness to throw up an engagement when one is lucky enough to have made a start."

Marjory's cheeks flushed and her black eyes gleamed as they did when she was excited. She left the table and walked back to the fire with the step of a queen. "Madness or no," she said, "do you suppose, Noll, that I would let any hands but my own nurse the one creature in the world who really loves me ? Sally has stuck to me through thick and thin, and when she is ill no one but myself shall lay a finger on her. I daresay I did not nurse her very scientifically ; but we muddled along as best we could ; and she told me over and over again that she would far rather die where she was than get well in a hospital. And she wanted for nothing, Noll, on my honour she didn't. I might go short sometimes ; but *she* had the best of everything."

"I've no doubt she had," muttered Oliver. He was oddly shaken and touched by his sister's devotion. "You must at least let me give you some money, now, to carry you on till you begin earning again," he added in softened tones.

Five pounds on loan was all that Marjory would accept, and a silence followed, during which she sat enjoying the fire and the luxury of having nothing to do, and her brother's thoughts went back with a bound to the person from whom they were never long or willingly absent. It was long since the brother and sister had felt each other's company so little of a restraint, and since Oliver had been able to approve so cordially of any doings of Marjory's. In the enthusiasm of his pleased surprise he grew suddenly wishful to tell her of Katharine Marston and his newly found happiness, and to have the sympathy of the only near relation whom he possessed in the wide world. As the moments passed his wish became an intention ; and he was casting about, with genuine bashful-

ness, for the best way of opening such a tender subject, when his thoughts were arrested by a change, quick as lightning, which flashed over the face opposite him.

Marjory's eyes, as she sat warming herself, had been prowling round the room with a restless, hawk-like gaze peculiar to herself. They never tarried long on anything, but they scrutinised every detail of Oliver's sanctum, and noted his little *penates* and tidy, somewhat precise arrangements, with a half contemptuous amusement most irritating to their owner.

Suddenly the girl's face changed and hardened ; her colour deepened and an almost panther-like glitter flashed into her eyes. It must be something on the writing-table which had caught Maidie's glance—but what *could* it be that had power to kindle her anger as a spark sets straw in a blaze ? The table stood in the window, out of Oliver's range of vision from the seat which he occupied.

He turned hastily round, with a shiver of uneasiness and dread, to try and discover what the igniting cause might be ; but before his short-sighted eyes had made any discoveries, Maidie had darted past him and was standing by the table, holding up, between her finger and thumb, a small crumpled feminine glove.

"What's *this*, Oliver ?" she cried at the highest pitch of her shrill voice. "*You* with a lady's glove ? You've got a sweetheart—don't tell me you haven't !"

Oliver had sprung to his feet, and came towards the table. His eyes too flashed, and the colour flooded his pale face.

Again that family likeness between the brother and sister, which only strong emotion brought plainly to view, was printed on their faces.

"Put that down," he said, in a low voice, keeping his anger under control by a mighty effort. "I will not have you prying into my private concerns. Beso good as to remember you came here uninvited. That was not meant for you to see. Put it down at once."

"Not meant for me to see, wasn't it ? Well, it was lying in a tolerably conspicuous place. There's your precious treasure—I don't want to take possession of it !" She flung the glove upon Oliver's desk. It lay there, with its fingers slightly inflated, and the likeness it assumed to the little hand which owned it made Oliver's blood boil. It was as if something most intimate and sacred were being profaned by a coarse word or touch.

"It has let me into your secret, Noll, and I'm immensely obliged to it," went on Maidie, in her vibrating tones. "You've got a—you are engaged to be married. Now, isn't that the truth ? You've got a young lady, and you meant to keep it dark from me ! But I've found it out."

"You are right—I *am* engaged to be married. But I had no intention of keeping it a secret from you. I was just going to tell you when you flared up in this extraordinary way. You would have heard all about it in another minute—though, at the same time, I fail to see that

you have any *right* to know my affairs. If I choose to tell you I can, but it is no concern of yours."

"No concern of mine?" cried Maidie stormily. "Why, have you forgotten the promise you made, that I should come and live with you whenever you could afford it?—I haven't. If you can keep a wife, I suppose it means that you can keep a sister—and a promise is a promise, you must remember! I've never claimed it yet, but it's about time I *did*, it seems to me."

"A promise?" Oliver thrust his hands into his pockets and stared at his sister. The absurdity of her statements actually amused him and gave him back his coolness. He grew less angry as she grew more so. "Promises commonly have conditions attached to them; and if you think you have fulfilled the conditions attached to that promise, I don't. Let us have no more of such folly, Maidie. You know perfectly well that you don't want to come and live with me, and never did."

A paroxysm of sobs was Maidie's only reply. She leant against the table, with her hands clasped over her face, while her whole frame shook and quivered with the tempest of her tears. Oliver trusted that the storm of her jealous anger might exhaust itself by this outlet, so he held his tongue and waited, in hope of such a result. The whole scene had taken him by surprise. It could be jealousy only which had created this tempest; there was no other conceivable motive for it. But he had not supposed that his sister's feeling for him was strong enough to make her jealous of another person's getting the nearest place in his heart.

Suddenly Maidie lifted her head; the red light of anger still blazing in her face. She gave her brother back look for look—her eyes all one burning, searching interrogation.

"Oliver," she said, with a kind of hiss, "does this lady-love of yours—know of *me*? Have you told her of your sister Maidie? She's of the aristocratic sort, I'll be bound, lady-like and refined to the tips of her fingers. Does she know she will have a music-hall dancer and comic singer—one who nods, and winks, and kisses her hand to the audience, and has all the tricks of the trade—for her sister-in-law?"

Oliver fell back a step and his face whitened. There was a pause before he answered—a scarcely perceptible pause—yet in it he had reviewed the whole situation and settled on the course he should take. "No!" he answered—dwelling on the word as if desirous of giving it its full weight—"No, she does *not* know, and what is more, I do not intend that she shall."

"Don't intend?" screamed Maidie, starting forward so that her burning face was within a few inches of Oliver's. "And how are you going to prevent it? People can't ignore their relations, if they choose to show themselves. And when a girl is going to be married she knows she has got to reckon with her future husband's people—she expects to see them and

knows she will have to be friendly with them. I shall come and call on your young woman, and introduce myself under my theatrical name. A pleasant surprise it will be for her!"

"You will do nothing of the sort—I dare you to do it!" retorted Oliver, in a white heat. "And besides," he added, with an angry laugh, "you *can't* do it—you don't know her name or anything about her."

"Oh, trust me to find out. *That* shan't stop me long, I promise you!" Maidie tossed her head and smiled maliciously. She looked handsomer than ever. "It will be a fine test, Noll, of her feeling for you—whether she is willing to swallow Maribel Green into the bargain. If you don't find that she changes her tune on the discovery that her bargain includes *me* as well, I shall think her an uncommonly good sort, that's all! But she won't stand it, not she—she's a stuck-up smart lady, I'll be bound, who—" And Maidie, with a yell of discordant laughter, broke into a torrent of sheer abuse which, in its coarse abandonment, almost petrified her brother with surprise and horror. It seemed inconceivable that his own sister, a lady born, could be capable of descending to such depths.

After the first recoil of disgust was over he seized Maidie's arm in a grip like iron. "Silence!" he cried, in a voice not loud, but with such a concentration of force in its tones that her clamour died away, as a gust of wind suddenly spends itself in the midst of a storm. Oliver's face, white and rigid with anger, was close to her own; there was a steely glare in his eyes that filled her with actual terror. He looked capable of doing any violent deed. "Silence!" he said again, in that strange low voice. "If you say another word I don't know what I shall do to you. I think I could kill you outright, you degraded, unworthy creature. Leave this place this instant, or I shall turn you out. The most charitable thing I can think is that you have lost your senses."

The colour went fading, blanching out of Maidie's cheeks. Her great blazing eyes, which were fixed on Oliver's, flinched and contracted and gave way before his invincible stare. Her arms dropped limply at her sides; she gasped and shivered and shrank away from him.

"Don't, Noll," she whispered, "don't look at me like that! I think—I think I was possessed. I am sometimes. I didn't know what I was saying."

"Go," repeated Oliver sternly, pointing to the door. "I won't hear another word from you. I knew you had sunk low enough by the kind of company you elected to keep and the amusements you resorted to; but that a sister of mine could demean herself to utter the language you have been using is more than I would ever have believed. I did not think you had it in you, Marjory. Go at once. I won't endure you here a moment longer."

And Marjory went. With quivering fingers she pulled the great hat, which the storm of



her passion had disarranged, into its place again, and pushed back the disordered locks of her black hair.

She was still trembling with passion, but more with self-pity now than with anger.

"I'm the most miserable creature in the world," she sobbed out, as she moved unsteadily towards the door. "I wish I'd never been born. I shall go and drown myself—it will be best for me and for everybody else."

She paused a minute and looked back, but Oliver was standing where she had left him, and neither face nor attitude had changed by a hair's breadth. He had heard that threat before and taken its measure. She went away and slammed the door behind her.

Next day an envelope came, addressed in Marjory's handwriting. It contained nothing but the five-pound-note which her brother had given her the day before.

Oliver, who was still bitterly angry, shrugged his shoulders and locked it away in his desk. "Well, if she won't have it, it is no affair of mine," he said, half aloud. "At any rate here's an end of my responsibility. I've stood as much from Maidie as any man could be expected to stand from his sister, and more too, and I've come to the end of my tether. Henceforward she must be answerable for herself!"

#### CHAPTER XVII.—A NEW DEPARTURE.

**M**ARMADUKE GARDENS is a double row of smart red-brick houses which have been run up, by an enterprising builder, at the river end of an elderly and shabby Chelsea street and endowed with the sonorous title aforesaid.

In the drawing-room of No. 12 a young lady was standing, dressed ready to go out, and looking impatiently up the street, of which her bow window commanded a considerable stretch.

My readers were introduced to this young lady, not long since, as Miss Katharine Marston; she had, however, become Mrs. Oliver Graham some six weeks before this chapter opens, and she and her husband had taken possession of the house in which we see her about a fortnight previously.

There is something pleasant and homelike about the appearance of Marmaduke Gardens, despite their pretentious name. From Katharine's drawing-room window, on bright afternoons when the sun was getting low, a glint of the river could be seen between the plane trees on the Embankment; and when the south-west wind blew, sounds of river traffic and puffs of fresh air came pleasantly from the same direction. It was in June that Oliver and Katharine were married, and a hot July was the first month spent by them in their new home; so that everything suggesting coolness and bringing a reminder of green leaves and flowing waters was doubly welcome.

Katharine Graham thought the view from her little bow-window a marvel of delight, and

was never tired of surveying it. To-day, however, she had but distracted and impatient glances to bestow; and she did not look the river way at all, but only up the mean and dingy Malford Street—a quarter which she usually ignored as far as might be.

"It is really *too* bad of Oliver to be so late," was her thought, uttered half aloud. "He promised to be home to fetch me by five, and it's nearly half-past. And we've such a long way to go, and I am quite certain that precious thing will have been sold."

Katharine's pretty brow was puckered and she drummed impatiently with her foot on the floor. In the perfection of her cool summer dress, with its appurtenances all point-device, and her fashionable hat, she looked every inch a bride—only too much so for her own satisfaction. There are some people of whose clothes one instinctively thinks before thinking of the person inside them; and it must be owned that Katharine, at this period of her life, was one of those.

It was difficult to imagine what the "precious thing" could be, anxiety concerning which had power to ruffle that serene satisfaction with herself and the world in general which a bride is popularly expected to display. But possibly a glance round the room in which Katharine stood might have revealed, to a sympathetic onlooker, the nature of the quest on which its owner was bent, and of the anxieties which distressed her.

The drawing-room walls, certainly, were finished in the "latest style," wherein white paint, elaborate wood-work, and a wall-paper of bold design and colouring played important parts. But otherwise the room was as far as possible from completion. A large sofa and small table were pretty much all the furniture it could boast of, and they stood in disconsolate juxtaposition in the midst, as if at a loss to know their destiny. Strips of matting and patterns of carpets lay drifted about the floor; and streamers of stuffs, of many hues and various textures, were festooned over every hook or angle whereon their virtues might be displayed. Plainly here was a serious business going on—the business of furnishing and adorning a few cubic feet of space wherein a couple of human beings were to dwell and entertain each other and their friends—of adorning it so that it should be beyond challenge as to taste, and invite visitors to cry out "What a charming room!" It was not an enterprise to be lightly dealt with or disposed of at a sitting. Many were the consultations that went on before Oliver departed in the morning and after he returned on those long light summer evenings. He declared that a track was growing visible between the door and window, made by their feet as they paced out the question of carpets, and that, in the question of curtains and other draperies, his wife made up her mind every evening and changed it every morning. But then, as Katharine rejoined, what hurry was there to settle? Once chosen, the adornments



could not be altered. Seeing they had braved public opinion—represented by Aunt Matilda—by taking up their abode in the house before it could be called half-furnished, they might surely reap the fruits of their courageousness by making it as beautiful and satisfying as their means would allow?

Katharine's crumpled brow smoothed itself anon, and her eyes brightened, for they had caught sight of her husband's neat, trim figure proceeding homewards down Malford Street. As the latch-key rattled in the door she darted downstairs, crying, "Oh, Oliver, how late you are!—and we have such a huge way to go, and I am so much afraid that darling china-cupboard will be gone! The man said, you know, he would not keep it for us over yesterday. Come quick and have your tea, and let us be off."

Oliver looked tired and preoccupied, as if business had taken a good deal out of him. It had been unbearably hot in the City all day, and he hated hot weather. His wearied looks suggested that he would have preferred sitting still in the house with his pipe and letting the china-cupboard go to whoever chose to fancy it. But Katharine did not notice this. In her cool dress and with her smart sunshade she looked as fresh and dainty as a flower on a dewy morning, and was all eagerness to be off. A long pilgrimage on the top of a sun-baked omnibus, through the breathless, tired streets, was no hardship to her in the transfiguring happiness of her new life. To be going a-shopping for her own dear drawing-room was a joy great enough to sweeten the dustiest road. And besides, were not she and Oliver but six weeks married, and was it not still a bit of an excitement, and something that made a body feel curiously elated, to go out walking with "my husband"? She rattled the teacups and looked her Oliver over with an air of proprietorship that he found very entrancing.

"I'm charmed to see you, dear, but I never dreamt you would be so late," she said presently, in reproachful tones. "I thought you knew that the success of our whole room depends on our getting that particular cabinet? I've been dressed ever since half-past four and watching for you like any number of Sister Anns."

"I'm so sorry, darling. I didn't know your heart was so dead set on getting that particular gimcrack. And indeed I couldn't help being late."

"I thought, now you are one of the firm, you would be able to get away whenever you pleased? But it seems to me you stick tighter to the office than ever. I feel sure thin Mr. Mackenzie and fat old Mr. Sedge both put unfairly upon you because you are the junior partner!"

"No, indeed they don't," returned Oliver, who made it his business to answer his wife's petulant little speeches with a seriousness they scarcely deserved. "Sedge and Mackenzie are both excellent fellows, and we share alike all round. Of course I'm not tied to a minute, as I

was in my counting-house days, and I've not got to ask leave to absent myself, and so on. But as to the work—why it *does* mean sticking to it harder than ever, as you'll have to realise, little wife. I could scarcely find it in my conscience to leave, this afternoon, when I did, and I must get to the office half an hour earlier to make up. Business *must* be attended to—even before chairs and cupboards, my dear Kit. You must remember you are a working man's wife." So spoke five-and-twenty to two-and-twenty, with a solemn face, and it must be owned that two-and-twenty found the exhortation a trifle irritating. Had she not been endowed with a genuinely sweet temper, and possessed, moreover, with a certain wholesome awe of her sedate, resolute husband, the encounter, slight as it was, might have led to friction between them. But Katharine, happily for her own comfort, agreed as to the principle that "business is business," and only ventured to suggest that there *might* be a few exceptions—notably when it was a question of the doing or undoing of the entire drawing-room.

The pair were now on their way up Malford Street, towards the main thoroughfare along which flowed the stream of omnibuses. School hours were over, and the road was full of children—the dingy little population of Malford Street itself and of the courts and alleys adjacent. Katharine had already made up her mind that the children of their neighbourhood were dirtier and more unkempt, and rudier and more unmannerly, than any others. They were a daily trial to her equanimity, and she seemed inclined to take their presence in their own native street as a personal grievance.

Wheeled traffic down Malford Street was rare, and an organ-grinder had just taken up his position in the middle of the roadway with perfect confidence. The sound of his music striking up was the signal for a stampede from all quarters in the direction of the alluring sounds. Before the Grahams had reached the spot the pavement and roadway were black with little people, and a dozen small couples had paired off and were clasping each other round necks and waists and careering wildly about in the intoxication of a so-called valse.

Mrs. Graham drew her spotless skirts about her with an exclamation of annoyance, and held her dainty sunshade high in air as she advanced into the *mêlée*. Her husband did his best, with hand and voice, to shield her from the onslaught, but he was not quick enough to ward off the attentions of a couple of very rough little dancers, who came swinging towards them in an utter abandonment of joy—hair flying and eyes fixed on each other's faces—were brought up short by the curbstone, and tumbled all abroad against the young lady's delicate lilac dress, leaving marks upon it which, its owner vowed, it would carry to its dying day.

Katharine was much aggrieved, all the more so, it must be owned, because she had caught her husband's eye watching the little *gamins* with sympathetic glances, and because the tone

of his voice, when he bade them get out of the way, was a friendly, almost apologetic, one.

"It is really *too* bad," she fumed as they pursued their road, after Oliver had done what he could, with his pocket-handkerchief, for her injured finery. "Those little ragamuffins are a public nuisance. Why don't their mothers keep them indoors? Or at any rate things like organs and Punch and Judy shows ought to be forbidden to perform in the streets and collect them all into a mob, so that nobody can get by."

"Poor little beggars, you want to do away with their choicest excitements! One must remember how few pleasures they have. It's no wonder they get rather wild when 'The Blue Danube' strikes up in that enchanting way. They've got the natural instinct for dancing, like the rest of us."

"Dancing, indeed? It's nothing but vulgar romping," returned Katharine, her displeasure not appeased by this appeal to common ground. "If they must dance, the police ought at least to make the organs play in the back streets, where decent people don't want to come. Malford Street leads to Marmaduke Gardens now—unluckily! It really is a drawback to them, Oliver. The advertisement said this was an 'improving neighbourhood,' but I don't see many signs of it! There was a perfectly shocking quarrel, between two tipsy women, going on in the middle of the street yesterday afternoon, and *such* language flying about! I just took to my heels and ran!"

"I'm horribly sorry," said Oliver, with much concern. "But as regard the approach to our abode, darling, we must remember that it is less than two years since Malford Street was a slum leading nowhere. It's *we* that are the interlopers, coming and thrusting our smart new 'mansions'—as the house agents call them—right into the heart of a poor neighbourhood. There were at least a hundred families, I'm told, turned out to make way for our precious Gardens, and goodness only knows where they found house-room. They were first on the ground, and I suppose in equity that gives people some rights; only in law it is whoever can pay highest that gains the day. A speculator went and bought up the land over their heads. Don't you think it is *they* who must regard us as a nuisance?"

Katharine, who was still feeling shaken and ruffled by the push she had received, made no reply. Oliver glanced at her anxiously; he could not bear seeing her smile overcast, even for a moment. But he had a point to make, and, as was his wont, he worked steadily towards it.

"Of course that fight was simply disgusting, and I—well I'd have put on twenty policemen if I'd been there! Scenes like that in public places are a scandal and disgrace. But when it's merely the children playing, you know, Kit, as they were doing just now, I can't see any harm in them. I don't think we ought to mind their row. They are not doing anything *wicked*,

poor little beggars. They are just amusing themselves in their own way, and for my part I like to see them at it. I think one ought to realise the difference between the ways that are *bad* and those that are merely unpolished and not what we are used to. It doesn't do to condemn one as strongly as the other, you know."

Oliver recalled to mind a little incident of past days which had somehow stuck in his memory, as trifling things which yet have an inner meaning to them do stick now and again. Mary Bruton and he were crossing a certain street in South London, which lay between the former's home and a school-room where she went, whenever her health allowed it, to help in a boys' club. Champion Row forms the kind of parade-ground of a very poor and squalid quarter—the place, I mean, where everybody meets everybody else, where the busiest public-houses are, and where a Saturday-night market is held, the centre of life and excitement to all denizens of the neighbourhood. It was about ten o'clock on a hot Saturday evening when Graham and Miss Bruton struck into this street; the whole place was full of diffused light from the blazing windows of the gin palaces and the more dingy shop lamps, mingling with the flaring naphtha torches on the stalls and hand-barrows lining the roadway. Masses of people were moving up and down, and groups were hanging about at every corner. The hideous clamour and glare and the hundred smells of the place seemed to smite on their senses with overpowering force, as they plunged into it out of the quiet side streets.

"What a hell upon earth!" Graham exclaimed, with a vehemence accentuated by physical disgust. But Mary Bruton retorted, with equal vigour, "Not a bit of it! There are heaps of bad things in it, I know, but it isn't *all* bad. There are people as refined, in their way, as you and I, who get their fun and recreation here, and are never a scrap the worse for it. Look there!" She pointed to a family group that was passing along the fringe of the crowd at a little distance from them—a broad-shouldered, pleasant-faced working man, well groomed and cared for, with a chubby little boy in his arms, and a stout placid-looking wife, with a gentle motherly countenance, leading a little girl by the hand. The party were lingering a moment to peep between the shoulders of the crowd, at an auction of old clothes going on in a few vacant feet of the roadway, and were laughing and nudging one another, in intense enjoyment of the saleswoman's strident-tongued jokes. There was something in the way they looked in each other's faces and grinned, which spoke, more eloquently than words, of mutual happiness and perfect understanding. It brought the tears to Mary's eyes; and even to Oliver, who knew nothing, as yet, of life's sweetest possibilities and had never seen a glimpse of them in his home, came a wistful sense that these homely folks held a secret of joy and blessedness beyond his ken.

"And there are plenty like those," said the voice at his side, "who do their marketing among these scenes and carry on their business of life, and get no harm. Champion Row looks black in the mass, I admit; but when you take it to pieces you find it as variegated as any other bit of life."

Somehow the little rebuke, half playful as it was, and the glimpse of those homely faces smiling into each other's eyes, had lodged in the recesses of Graham's memory and come to the surface many times, when his ways had brought him among his poorer brethren. A little bit of the scales of conventionality had cracked and fallen off his eyes—a thing apt

got home—he couldn't see drawbacks like that from a practical point of view! It *was* a drawback, though, all the same; and if nobody came to call upon them she shouldn't be in the least surprised!

Graham insisted on taking his wife home in a hansom, from which vantage-ground the drawbacks of Malford Street were less prominent. It had cost him some effort to screw himself up to the pitch of enthusiasm and interest demanded by his young wife over the intended purchase. She was so very keen about her bargain, discussed its merits and defects so searchingly, and was so long in coming to a decision, that even the old Jew furniture dealer had become



SHE WAS SO VERY KEEN ABOUT HER BARGAIN, EVEN THE OLD JEW DEALER LOOKED AMUSED.

to happen through intercourse with Mary Bruton. He did not consciously wish that Katharine should see differently, nor even say to himself that they disagreed in their views. He only glanced rather ruefully and apologetically at his wife, at the close of his little harangue, and was grateful to the approach of the right coloured omnibus as an opportunity for changing the subject.

As for Katharine, she was far too anxious lest that desired china-cupboard should be gone, and too wishful to hear Oliver's opinion upon whether it would "*really* go with" the wall-paper and decorations, to take much heed of her husband's remarks. Of course a *man* did not mind what sort of street he went through, provided he

amused and had shown himself disposed to wink and grin—over the lady's shoulder—at the gentleman who stood so patiently by. Oliver hoped and thought, however, that he had acquitted himself to full satisfaction. He was rather taken aback when, on the drive home, after a few moments' silence between them, Katharine put her hand timidly on his arm and said—

"Oliver, you are beginning to think this furnishing an awful bore! You don't really care two straws whether the drawing-room is pretty or ugly." She laughed as she spoke, but her eyes were wistful.

Graham began to protest, in all eagerness and sincerity. "My dear child, what *can* you be



thinking of? Why, didn't I come away from the City a good hour before closing time, in order to go out shopping? Could a poor hard-worked chap give a stronger proof than that?"

"Ah, but you don't *really* care; you only did it to please me," pouted Katharine, her eyes filling with tears. Perhaps, strong as she was, the heat had been a little too much for her, and she was more tired than she knew.

Oliver, distressed beyond measure, cast about anxiously for the best way to comfort her. "My darling," he said, with a manifest effort, speaking softly, though they were alone together within the fastness of a hansom cab, "don't you understand that I care only too much? When a fellow has been knocking about in lodgings for years, with nobody to heed whether he goes out or comes in, or to give him a smile or a welcoming word, it's—it's almost *too* good to have—well, what you have given me, Katharine. I hardly dare to think about it, for when I do, it puts me nearly beside myself with happiness. I feel I understand *now* what idolatry means. They are words one is almost afraid of, Kit—*my* home, *my* wife—they seem to cover all one needs or hopes for, in heaven or earth, of good and sweet. I want nothing just now, of God or man, but that we should go on as we are for ever."

It was seldom, indeed, that Oliver spoke his inmost thoughts. Katharine was silenced and touched. When they had reached home and stood alone together in the hall, she kissed her husband without a word—with a long clinging touch different from the dainty bird-like kisses she usually bestowed—and went upstairs with a soberer step than commonly. How could she ever have suggested—even "to see what he would say"—that her husband cared less than herself about their home? It was wonderful—*wonderful*—how he loved it and her, his silly little wife. But yet, there *was* a difference, when all was said and done, between a man's love for his home and a woman's. Oliver *was* bored, in spite of all he had said, over the furniture choosing. She would write, that very night, and close with the old Jew's china-cupboard; and to-morrow morning she would select the matting and the curtains, without bothering him again, and go and see how quickly Maple could get them done. Oliver had bigger things to think of, of course; and men were so impatient over trifles! Still, if he only cared about pretty things a little more, and could enter into the deliciousness of having your own way and following your own tastes, after you had lived—ever since you could remember—in other people's houses, he would be—well, even more perfect than he was!

Those were some of Katharine's reflections. As for her husband, he plucked a bundle of business papers out of his office bag, and sat down with them and his pipe in the little back study which was his particular sanctum. There was plenty to occupy him in those papers; but the sort of glamour was still upon him which comes over reserved people just

after they have been able to speak, for once in a way, of something very near their hearts; and he leant back in his chair and smiled to himself—a slow grave smile of conscious well being.

A French window stood open into the tiny strip of garden which was such a joy to him and his wife—a joy of anticipation and of promise for the following spring—and a striped awning flapped pleasantly in the wind which was springing up with sundown. A cheerful clatter from the regions below suggested that dinner was preparing. From somewhere unseen Katharine's canary-bird was singing, sweet and shrill. Within, the room was pleasantly furnished, with bookshelves, and an arm-chair and a good steady table, such as a man loves. It was all very ordinary, very commonplace. There were nineteen other rooms, doubtless, very much like it, in the nineteen other houses that made up Marmaduke Gardens, and thousands of other such in neighbouring streets; and the sights and sounds that pleased him were the similar property, no doubt, of countless regiments of other respectable independent citizens of London town. But they were *his own*—unique for *him*; his own to cherish and work for, and to guard from all evils from which a man *can* guard what is



THE PAPERS DRIFTED UNHEEDED TO THE GROUND, WHILE OLIVER GRAHAM SAT WITH DREAMING EYES.

nearest and dearest to him in the world. To him they were priceless.

The papers drifted unheeded to the ground; while Oliver Graham sat with dreaming eyes—eyes from which the habitual sternness had altogether melted—lost in a dream of sweet content.



They are oases in the desert—those dreams—the golden moments of our lives; but they don't last long, for the most of us. A cold wind rises, unbidden, from some chilly quarter, and blows across the happy sunshine in which our prospect was bathed. Some ghost comes and looks in at the window; and lo! the colour changes for us, though the scene may be the same. Occasionally the ghost is of no making of ours; but more often it is the outcome of something in the past that had better have been otherwise—or not have been at all. A ghost came now and looked in at Oliver Graham's window—a ghost with wild black eyes and flaming cheeks framed in a maze of tangled locks—and his face contracted, his expression changed. He sat up hastily and snatched his papers off the floor.

## CHAPTER XVIII.—“NOT IN MY LINE.”

YOUNG Mrs. Graham's gloomy forebodings that, on account of the “ineligible” Malford Street, nobody would call on her were not by any means realised. People did call, and that in goodly numbers; and invitations followed in a steadily increasing stream. Katharine's pretty looks and becoming raiment made her attractive at first sight, and she soon showed that she had natural social talents and a ready tongue. With a little practice the shyness which her retired country up-bringing had engendered wore off, and her quick wit and bright, pleasant manner made her acceptable wherever she went. Happiness is to most people a marvellous improver, and under its influence Oliver, as well as his wife, brightened and thawed. A certain stiffness of manner, which had made people disposed to call him a prig, melted away, and he grew friendly and genial. Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Graham were a popular young couple, and soon achieved a distinct, though modest, social success. During the first winter and spring of their married life they went out a great deal, and, as no one expects newly married people to entertain their friends in return, they were free from the expenses and anxieties inseparable from giving parties.

Katharine's afternoons were well filled with paying and receiving calls, and with the various pleasant little engagements and occupations with which it is so easy, in a London life, to fill up one's time. Her mornings were busy with housekeeping and the multifarious jobs that housewives “to the manner born” can always find or make for themselves. Her pretty home—of which, ere long, the equipment grew complete—was an unfailing delight to her. She was of the kind to whom pretty things are in themselves a satisfaction and joy; and she never tired of tending her house and of busying her skilful fingers in its improvement.

To look happy and bright, and carry about, wherever one goes, a smiling face, is almost reckoned as a virtue, it is so pleasant and in-

spiring. Katharine Graham possessed that virtue, in an eminent degree, at this period of her life. People turned, as they passed her in the street, to look after her pretty, radiant face; and kindly, older women of her acquaintance told each other “it was a pleasure only to see little Mrs. Graham come into a room, she looked so beamingly happy and contented with herself and her surroundings. There could be no question as to the happiness of *her* marriage!”

It puts good heart into a man, and nerves his courage to face the anxieties of life and work, when he can feel sure that, on turning his latch-key and putting his house-door between himself and the world, he will find a happy smile on his wife's face and a serene content shining in her eyes. The blissful certainty of finding these made Oliver's heart daily glow within him as he trudged down the despised Malford Street in the direction of his home. It was such a cosy fireside to come back to. Katharine had always so much to amuse him with about the day's doings; such lively histories to tell of the people who had called, or descriptions to give—invariably favourable to 12 Marmaduke Gardens!—of the houses where she had been returning visits. Or else some tempting, unexpected invitation had come, over which she was innocently exultant. Oliver liked to tease his wife by telling her that she was getting “dreadfully stuck-up” and a regular “society” lady; but her happiness was an intense though silent satisfaction to him.

And yet, happy as he was in his married life, and unalloyed as was its blissfulness, Graham looked at it, and knew that he looked at it, from a different standpoint to that of his wife. He often half envied his Katharine her serene and cloudless happiness, and felt himself oddly staid and disillusioned and middle-aged beside her bounding youthfulness and light-heartedness. Surely it must be a mistake that he was but three years her senior—he felt so much more like thirty-five than five-and-twenty! He longed to enjoy life, and live in the present, and take things easy, as little Katharine did. He was so young still, and had had so many cloudy days in his childhood and youth. Life had been so hard all the way along, and had had so little sunshine on it and so many thorns and briars. There were arrears of happiness—of the uncareful joys which are the birthright of childhood—due to *him* too. Why might he not enjoy them now, when a smoother piece of the way had at last opened before him?

During the first year of his married life, Oliver Graham tried hard to be happy—in the way that people commonly count happiness. He shut his ears to the voices that had begun to sound in his heart—the voices of the suffering and the poor, of his brothers in the great brotherhood of all for whom Christ died, of those whose chances had been yet fewer than his own, and to whom life meant all one long struggle, and that an unsuccessful one. He tried hard—though not quite successfully—to throw himself into

the daily round of occupation and amusement which to his wife appeared so all-sufficing; and would not own, even to himself, that it was but a selfish round, after all.

Graham came home one evening—it was in November, when the first grip of the winter's cold was making the thought of those unprepared to meet it a troublesome consciousness to some people, and when his own fireside seemed, by contrast with the foggy gloom without, a more enchanting place than ever—to find his wife with a less unruffled brow than usual. She looked slightly perplexed, and yet more annoyed.

"What is it, Katharine?" he asked, missing the smile which usually greeted him. "You look as if somebody had been stroking your feathers the wrong way!"

Katharine laughed, and gave herself a shake to settle her plumage. "Do I?" she said. "Well, it's no wonder if I do. I've had *such* a woman here this afternoon, Noll, telling me the way I should go. Masterful isn't the word for her! She knocked me down and rode roughshod over me."

"Poor little soul! And who was this appalling female?"

"Miss Joanna Dickenson," read Katharine, picking up a card which lay on the table. "She's sister of the vicar of St. Stephen's—*our* parish, she tells me—and she lives with him and keeps his house, as she had informed me before she was well inside the door. She rushed in like a whirlwind. 'How d'ye do, Mrs. Graham—you don't know me, but I'm your vicar's sister, and I live with him, as he is a bachelor, you know, and look after the women's work of the parish. It's no light task, I assure you, and I never go into society or pay calls in the ordinary way. I only go and look people up when I think there's a chance of getting hold of them and making them useful.' So I said, was that the reason why she had called upon *me*? because I was afraid, if so, she would be rather disappointed. I wasn't of the useful sort. She didn't seem a bit taken aback, Noll—she only laughed and said, 'That's what everybody says, but it's the kind of answer I never will accept. I've got work of all sorts, suited to every capacity, down to the meanest. You must let me take you round the parish, and show you our clubs and classes and guilds, and then you will have an opportunity of seeing what is most congenial to you. When will you come? To-morrow I've the Mothers' Meeting, but Thursday—I'll expect you on Thursday at two o'clock.'—Wasn't she rather a mouthful, Oliver?"

"An uncommonly big one, I should say. I expect she was immensely struck with your capable appearance, and determined to get hold of you before anybody else had the chance!" said Oliver, laughing.

"She can't be much of a judge, then! Do I look of the parochial sort, Oliver? You know the sort of clothes they wear! And Miss Dickenson might have known better too, for she was studying my gown all the time she

was talking, just as if I were a doll in an exhibition! I could have knocked off her peering eye-glasses," cried Katharine vindictively. "So I said I could not come on Thursday—I was engaged—and I didn't think it would be worth while my troubling her to take me round at present. That kind of thing wasn't much in my line, and I was very busy besides. So at that she looked extremely shocked, and said: 'Surely I ought to recognise that the parish in which I lived had some claims upon me?' And I said I really hadn't known, till she told me, what parish we did belong to. My husband and I were always in the habit of going to church on Sundays, when we were in town, but we generally went to St. Paul's Cathedral, because the music was so good."

"I've been thinking we ought to settle down soon and stick to a church in our own neighbourhood," put in Oliver, giving voice to an opinion which had for some time been in his mind.

Katharine raised her pretty eyebrows rather scornfully. "Really? You never told me! I thought we agreed that it did not matter where we went to church, so long as we went somewhere."

"Well, not exactly, did we?—I really think, though, that last Sunday was the first time it occurred to me, when we got to St. Paul's so shockingly late because I hadn't got up in the morning!"

"You side with Miss Dickenson, then, against *me*," cried Katharine, looking rather hurt. "And I suppose I had better be prepared to go to St. Stephen's from next Sunday onwards—no, Sunday week, as next Sunday we shall be staying with the Merivales. Well, I trust Mr. Dickenson has got a different sort of voice from his sister's, or I shall never be able to sit out his sermons. Hers is the most strident, nasal screech you ever heard."

"Well, but how did the visit end?" inquired Oliver, as Katharine paused to give the fire a displeased poke. "Did the good lady make you a district visitor or a Sunday-school teacher on the spot? You said she was very overpowering."

"No, indeed she didn't, though she tried her best! The utmost she got out of me was a sort of half promise that I'd go to tea with her this day week and be introduced to her brother—'Your vicar,' as she called him—but I mean to have a cold or an engagement when Monday comes! Oh, and she would *insist* on leaving the parochial report behind, and made me promise I'd show it you, Noll, to see what you would subscribe to; though I told her it was no use expecting anything at present from this house, for we'd spent every penny we possess on furnishing!"

Oliver put out his hand for the report. "I fancy Dickenson is a good sort of fellow," he remarked, "and works awfully hard. That nice Miss Norton, whom I took in to dinner the other night, was full of his praises."

"He may be perfection, but I don't want to

go and see him. He'll be asking me to take a district or a class or something, and I shall be saying Yes, for want of courage to say No. It's so much easier to stand up to a woman than it is to a man. You don't want me to turn into a parish lady, now *do* you, Oliver?" Katharine's tone had changed a little, and her look had grown wistful and perplexed. She came nearer to her husband and laid her hand on his knee. Something in the expression of his face had caught her eye and arrested the current of her thoughts.

He put his hand over hers and held it in his strong clasp, but for the moment he said nothing.

"Now, Oliver, you *know* you don't! It's our business to go about and get to know nice people, and we're not at all rich at present—we've not got a penny more than we need for the housekeeping, and cabs, and trains, and so forth. And, besides, we are going to enjoy ourselves now we are married—you *promised* that we should. There'll be plenty of time to think about the sad and dismal sides of life by-and-by. We shall have our share of troubles, I suppose, like the rest of the world; but we needn't go and meet them half-way, by interfering in other people's affairs when they can look after them so much better themselves. You *do* want me to be happy, don't you, Oliver?"

"Yes, indeed, my darling, with all my heart I do." Graham's tone was fervent enough to satisfy even his wife. She nestled up closer to him upon the hearthrug, which was a favourite seat of hers, and laid her cheek against his knee.

"Well, then," she whispered coaxingly, "don't go pulling a long face and looking like a displeased judge if I fight shy of 'our vicar' and his redoubtable sister! Just think—of what possible use should I be among sick or naughty people? I never could make the little rustics behave themselves, much less attend to me, when I taught in the Sunday School, in old days, at granny's. I always told the little imps a story as soon as the superintendent had moved away—I'm no good at that kind of thing. So we agree about it, don't we, Noll? and I *may* have a headache on Monday, mayn't I?"

"You must obey your own conscience about that, my dear," returned Oliver, laughing; and thereupon the subject was dropped between them. But Oliver wrote a modest cheque, before he went to bed, for the charities of his parish, and left it next day, with his card, for the vicar of St. Stephen's.

Besides his own innate seriousness of nature and the influence of Mary Bruton, there were cares and anxieties weighing on Oliver Graham which hindered his enjoying his new-found happiness with a whole heart. When giving up his chambers in Bloomsbury, at the time of his marriage, he had purposely avoided letting the caretaker there know his new address. Shortly before leaving Manvers Street he had

written to Maidie, saying that he was giving up his rooms, and that if, in the future, she had any occasion to write to him, she might do so to his place of business. He had thus, he hoped, effectually prevented her from tracking him to his new home. Still there was always the chance of her plucking up courage to waylay him outside his office—or that he might stumble upon her by accident in the streets. It must be owned that, during the first few months of his married life, Graham never emerged from his office without a wary look around him, and that a nervous terror was often dragging at his heart as he threaded his way through the great wilderness of London streets. He expected, at any moment, to see that bold, handsome face, with its flushed cheeks and restless, wobegone eyes, appear before him, and hear himself greeted by that high-pitched, insistent voice.

Another lurking anxiety of Graham's was the fear lest his wife should ask him some question about his family, to which there would be nothing for it but to answer with a sheer untruth. It was sufficiently against the grain with him to abstain from volunteering the facts; to give his wife the lie direct was a course from which his whole soul shrank. Happily, however, for his feelings, Katharine, being an only child herself, was not keenly interested in the subject of brothers and sisters. She was also a young woman whose interest lay more in the present than in any other part of existence. She was not disposed to dwell much or in detail upon childish days, either his or her own; and the questions she put to her husband concerning his old home and the life there were neither frequent nor searching. She had never said to him, "Have you no brothers or sisters, Oliver?" or put any other question which made a falsehood, or anything approaching one, seem the sole way of escape. Still, it was the one subject on which Oliver had any concealment from his wife; and the consciousness that there was this skeleton hidden away pressed sometimes heavily upon him.

The time came, however, that Oliver could breathe more freely. The weeks and months went by and no sign came from Marjory—no hint nor token that she was ever going to trouble him again. His courage rose. He threw himself with more gusto into the mutual pleasures and interests of their life, and into the pursuit of the business by which he earned their daily bread, and flung aside the anxieties which had weighed so heavily. He told himself that his duty now was to himself; his sister had had her chance and thrown it to the winds. He was in no wise responsible for what she might do or become.

Still, now and then, in an unoccupied moment, the ghost of Maidie came and looked at him with great haunting, mournful eyes; and he found himself longing, with a keenness that surprised himself, to know how it was faring with his only sister upon life's rough way.





YOUR mother.

The woman who loved you when you were a baby.  
Can there be a greater love than that?  
The woman who used to *think* you pretty, when other women *said* you were.  
And very likely lied.  
As women will.  
About babies.  
For they are only human.  
I refer, of course, to the women.  
You were not a remarkable baby—yet she made remarks about you.  
And loved you.  
And loves you yet.  
Though you are not rich, nor clever, nor handsome, nor good.  
What a wonderful thing is a mother's love!  
It makes you out to be what you are not.  
And what you never will be.  
It covers your defects.  
What vastness!  
For they are many and large.  
It magnifies your virtues until it can see them.  
What power!  
For you have not any, and it has first to imagine them.  
Yet it cannot see a girl who would be good enough to be your wife.  
What blind folly!  
There are forty millions good enough.  
Thirty millions too good.  
And it cannot imagine a woman who would make you a worthy mother-in-law.  
And any woman would.  
Oh, the powerful weakness, and the small blind vastness of a mother's love!  
Though you have grown up and left home, she has not lost all interest in you.  
Would not be seriously offended if you wrote to her often.  
Even you, who have nothing to say.  
She used to listen to you when you were a child, with nothing to say.

And when you took a very long time in which to say it.

And she enjoyed it—in a way.

A mother's way.

They cannot help it—fortunately for them, for it is a cheap pleasure, suited to a poor world.

For children can at least talk—until further orders—and very often after them.

She used to take an interest in your games and give you toys.

Let her know at what game you are playing, now that you buy your own toys.

For that also is a cheap pleasure, suited to a poor world.

Go and see her as often as you can.

That is to say, with no inconvenience to yourself. Always be careful of number one, and kind and indulgent with him.

For if you were to neglect him, and he were to die, you would never forgive yourself.

Your mother is no longer young.

But that is not her fault—nor her misfortune.

For it is no advantage to be old—nor to be young; but simply a natural phenomenon.

She may not know the present-day fashionable jargon.

But she can talk.

And talk sense.

If she tries hard.

Which is all you can do.

There may be women more brilliant, but there are none more true—to you.

Not even your wife, nor your mother-in-law.

Then try to come up to her expectations.

If you come up to them you will be clever—as Shakespeare; and handsome—as Apollo; and brave—as David; and rich—as Midas; and good—as St. John.

You have already been all that—in embryo—when you were a baby.

If you do not come up to her expectations she will forgive you; for if you are not equal to the five rolled into one, you are superior to any one of them—to her—with her marvellous love.

Poor foolish mother.

God bless her!

THOMAS PORTER.



## THE GREAT AVALANCHE ON THE GEMMI IN 1895.

BY EDWARD WHYMPER.



THE SITE OF THE CHALETs OF SPITALMATTE.

ON September 12, 1895, I was at Sierre, in the Canton Valais, Switzerland, about to go to Geneva, when news arrived that something of a very extraordinary nature had occurred on the Gemmi Pass. The reports were confused, and all one could make out was that an immense avalanche had fallen, which had obliterated the road and done much mischief. On the next day I started at an early hour for Leukerbad (accompanied by a Valaisan who was intimately acquainted with the Pass), and there obtained more authentic information. The glacier, we were told, which crowned the top of the mountain called Altels had broken away on the morning of Wednesday, September 11, and fallen *en masse* on to the Gemmi route. Everyone below had been killed, the Alp as a pasturage had been destroyed, and hundreds of cattle had been slain. Wonderful things were related of the avalanche flying thousands of feet in the air from the tops of cliffs, and clearing forests at a bound without touching or harming them, though levelling others farther away merely by the blast it created. While I suspected there must be exaggeration in the description, it seemed that this had been an exceptional avalanche, and we continued our way, towards the scene of the disaster, to learn the truth.

The Gemmi, many people need not be told, is a much-frequented mule-pass which leads from the Canton Valais into the Canton Berne. Until the opening of the railway from Lausanne through Fribourg to Berne it afforded the readiest means of communication between the two cantons. It is approached from the Valley

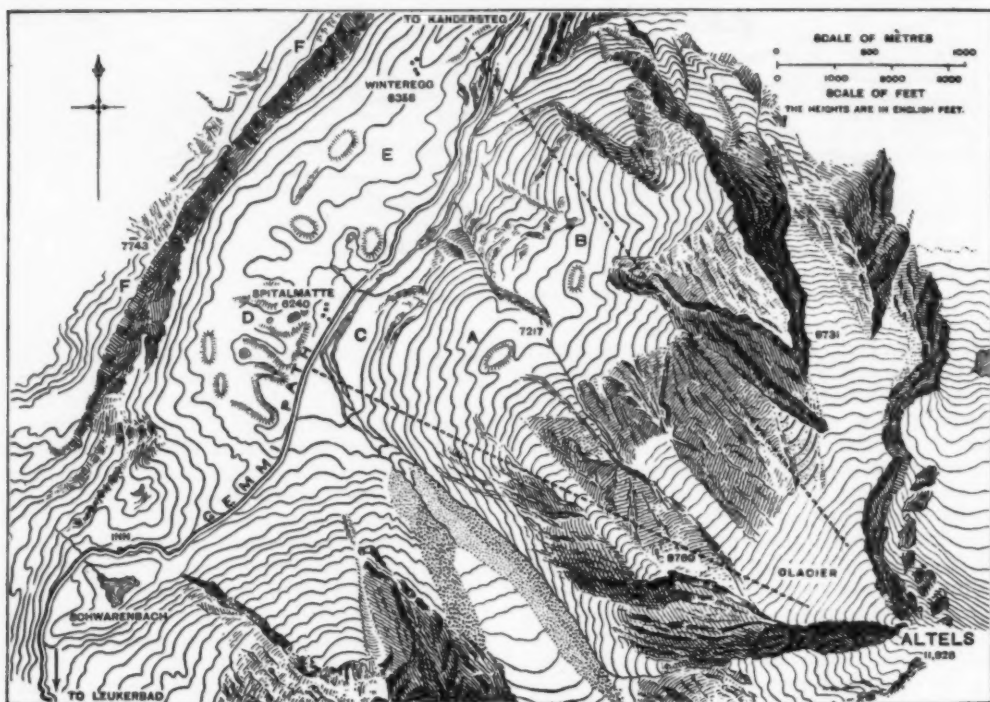
of the Rhone, on the south, by the Valley of the Dala. About six miles up one comes to Leukerbad (4,629 feet), and there the valley is surrounded by a range of almost perpendicular cliffs on the North and West. In the north-west corner of these cliffs there is the famous part of the Gemmi Pass, where the path is carried up the very face of the crags, zigzagging to and fro with wonderful cleverness. Although constructed more than a century and a half ago, its like cannot be found elsewhere in the Alps; and after passing over it one feels that a road might be made *anywhere*, if the same ingenuity could be brought into action. The summit (7,641 feet) is reached soon after the top of this cliff is gained, and the path then descends steadily towards the north-north-east—for most of the way with moderate gradients—at first skirting the brink of the gloomy Daubensee, then passing around a still more dismal tract, the basin of a nearly defunct lake, on the verge of which there is the little inn of Schwarenbach,<sup>1</sup> the nearest house to Altels, and there we stopped to make inquiries. The waitress, a Bernese girl, though outwardly bright was dull within, and little information could be extracted from her. "At what time did it occur?" I asked. "At five minutes after five in the morning." "How do you know that?" "Because I had got up to see an Englishman and his daughter go away." "Was anyone else stirring?" "No," she said, "they were all in bed." "Did they feel anything?" "Yes, they felt a shock."

<sup>1</sup> See the accompanying Plan. The Schwarenbach Inn is near the left-hand bottom corner.

"How long did the noise last?" "About five minutes." Nothing could be drawn from her except by close questioning, and at last I said in desperation, "Well, tell me, what did it sound like?" She reflected for a few moments, and then replied, "It sounded like an avalanche." This was too much for me, and we went on our way. So far we had learnt scarcely anything definite, except that there had been an avalanche, and that it had fallen from Altels.

The kind of avalanche most heard about is that which one of our poets has termed "the thunderbolt of snow." At first nothing more than a simple snow-slip, it descends with accelerating velocity, and ultimately sweeps all before it with irresistible force. "With regard

"catching a fowl, plucking it and eating it raw, using the feathers to put under her neck, which was in contact with the snow." Ultimately, she and the baby were rescued. It was computed that a single avalanche which came down at this time in the Valley of Susa contained 360,000 cubic metres, and weighed 45,000 tons! Three years later much property was again destroyed in the Alps by avalanches, and more than 100 lives, it is said, were lost by them in the Northern Italian Valleys alone. In the same winter, in Tyrol, 510 head of cattle and 53 persons fell victims to them, and more than 1,200 buildings were destroyed. The Valley of Saas, in Switzerland, is rather notorious for its snow-avalanches. In 1741 there were



PLAN OF ALTELS AND THE SCENE OF THE AVALANCHE.

to avalanches," says Mr. Leslie Stephen, "it is impossible to exaggerate the danger when they really do occur. A man in an avalanche is as helpless as a fish in a waterfall." In most Alpine regions they recur from time to time, generally in winter and spring. In January, 1885, enormous avalanches fell in some of the Alpine valleys of Piedmont, and buried houses and hamlets under 40, 50, and 60 feet of snow. In the Provinces of Turin and Cuneo more than 200 persons were killed. In some dwellings entire families perished, either from suffocation, starvation, or injuries. In one chalet there was a man and wife, a boy and a baby. The man was killed outright by the fall of a beam, and the wife was fixed down immovable by another. The boy cried for assistance for 36 hours and then died. The woman prolonged her life by

many—it is said to have been "a year of avalanches," and that in one of them a woman was swept away and lay for *one hundred hours* buried under the snow. She could hear the people digging, and even listen to them speaking, but they could not detect her smothered cries. At last she and her spinning-wheel were found and saved!

Avalanches of *ice*, although occurring frequently, are not much heard about by the world at large, because, as a rule, they do not come down in situations where they will be destructive to life or property; but everyone who has frequented the glaciers of the High Alps knows that falls of this description are common, almost everyday occurrences, that they descend with tremendous fury, and that the noise which is created by them will sound like

thunder or the roar of cannon, miles away.<sup>1</sup> I give an instance in Chapter XII of "Scrambles amongst the Alps" of the fall of a tower of ice (a *sérac*) which created an avalanche that would have annihilated my party if it had come down a few minutes earlier. A single occasion of that sort is enough to make one keep out of the way in the future; and, as the places where this kind of avalanche generally falls can be foretold almost to a certainty, those who value their safety usually avoid the track of an ice-avalanche.<sup>2</sup> But even the best men sometimes do unaccountable things, and it is incomprehensible to me why Messrs. Tuckett and Whitwell with the guides Christian and Ulrich Lauener (all of them mountaineers of large experience) did such a naughty thing as to get in the track of an ice-avalanche on the Eiger, in 1871. The Eiger, one of the principal mountains in the canton Berne, has a glacier on its north-west side, between its great and little peak. This glacier, after descending for some distance in a conventional and orderly manner, comes to slopes which are too much for its coherence, and large masses of ice constantly break away from its lower edge and fall *en avalanche*, at first over slopes and then through a sort of rocky ravine, on emerging from which they arrive at more moderate slopes, where they stop, and build up a fan-shaped mass of *débris*, which is a prominent and permanent feature of the mountain. Anyone proceeding over this *débris* is liable to be attacked by a fresh fall. The persons named contemplated an ascent of the Eiger, and were proceeding up the left-hand side of the fan, having on their left some rocks, bounding the ice.

"All of a sudden," says Mr. Tuckett, "I heard a sort of crack somewhere up aloft . . . A huge mass of *sérac* broke away, mingled apparently with a still larger contingent of snow from above . . . Down came the mighty cataract, filling the couloir" (the ravine) "to its brim, but it was not until it had traversed a distance of 600 to 800 feet . . . and it appeared as if by magic to triple its width, that the idea of danger to ourselves flashed upon me. I now perceived that its volume was enormously greater than I had at first imagined, and that with the tremendous momentum it had by this time acquired it might . . . sweep the whole surface of the glacier" (the fan) "ourselves included, with the besom of destruction."

"I instinctively bolted for the rocks . . . yelling, rather than shouting, to the others, 'Run for your lives' . . . We were all straining desperately through the deep, soft snow for dear life, yet with faces turned upward to watch the swift oncoming of the foe. I remember being struck with the idea that it seemed as though, sure of its prey, it wished to play with us for awhile, at one moment letting us imagine that we had gained upon it, and the next suddenly rolling out a vast volume of grinding blocks and whirling snow, as though to shew that it could outflank us at any moment it chose."

<sup>1</sup> In October, 1896, when I was upon the opposite side of the Valley of Chamonix, a great avalanche fell, six miles and a half away, from the upper part of the Glacier de Tacconnaz, underneath the Aiguille de Gofier, on to the lower part of the glacier. The noise made by this fall was quite as startling as that which is caused by the firing of heavy guns at a similar distance.

<sup>2</sup> The death on Mont Blanc in 1866 of Capt. Arkwright, whose remains were recovered in Aug. 1897, embalmed in the Glacier des Bossons, more than three miles away from the place where he was killed, was owing to his getting in the track of an avalanche, which might have been avoided by passing either to the right or left.

"Nearer and nearer it came, . . . now it has traversed the whole width of the glacier" (the fan) "above us; and now run, oh run! if ever you did, for here it comes straight at us, still outflanking us, swift, deadly and implacable! The next instant we saw no more; a wild confusion of whirling snow and fragments of ice—a frozen cloud—swept over us, entirely concealing us from one another, and still we were untouched—and still we ran. Another half-second and the mist had passed . . . It will naturally be supposed that the race was one which had not admitted of being accurately timed by the performers; but I believe that I am speaking with precision when I say that I do not think the whole thing occupied from first to last more than five or six seconds . . . Ulrich's" (Ulrich Lauener) "momentary lagging all but cost him his life; for, in spite of his giant stride and desperate exertions, he only just contrived to fling himself forwards as the edge of the frozen torrent dashed past him . . . He assured me that he felt some fragments strike his legs."—"Alpine Journal," vol. v. pp. 342-4.

This was a narrow shave. But why get into such a predicament? If all four had lost their lives they would not have been entitled to much commiseration, for one might have foreseen what happened. The difference between such an occasion and the Great Avalanche on the Gemmi is this. In the one case the danger could have been predicted and avoided, and in the other the unfortunates who lost their lives were unconscious of the impending peril. Indeed, if the greatest expert who could be found had suggested in the summer of 1895 that persons on this part of the Gemmi route were in danger of avalanches from Altels, his suggestion most likely would have been treated with ridicule.

Beyond Schwarenbach the path leads towards the east, and then bends round to the north-east, and passes through a chaotic assemblage of rocks which have fallen from a considerable mountain called the Rinderhorn (11,342 feet), lying to the south-west of Altels (11,928 feet). Shortly after this bend is turned the view opens out, and looks across what is termed the Spitalmatte Alp, a sort of upland valley, about a mile and a quarter across—a well-known and esteemed pasturage, to which a number of people in the Canton Valais send up their cattle in July or August for the rest of the summer season.<sup>3</sup> The Alp mounts a few hundred feet towards the west-north-west, in gentle undulations, as far as the foot of the cliffs that are shown on the left of the Plan, and on the western side of these cliffs there is another little valley, called the Ueschinen Thal. The Gemmi path goes along the eastern and lowest part of the Alp, skirting the foot of Altels, which at first rises somewhat abruptly, then more moderately, but on approaching the summit it slightly steepens again. The angle of

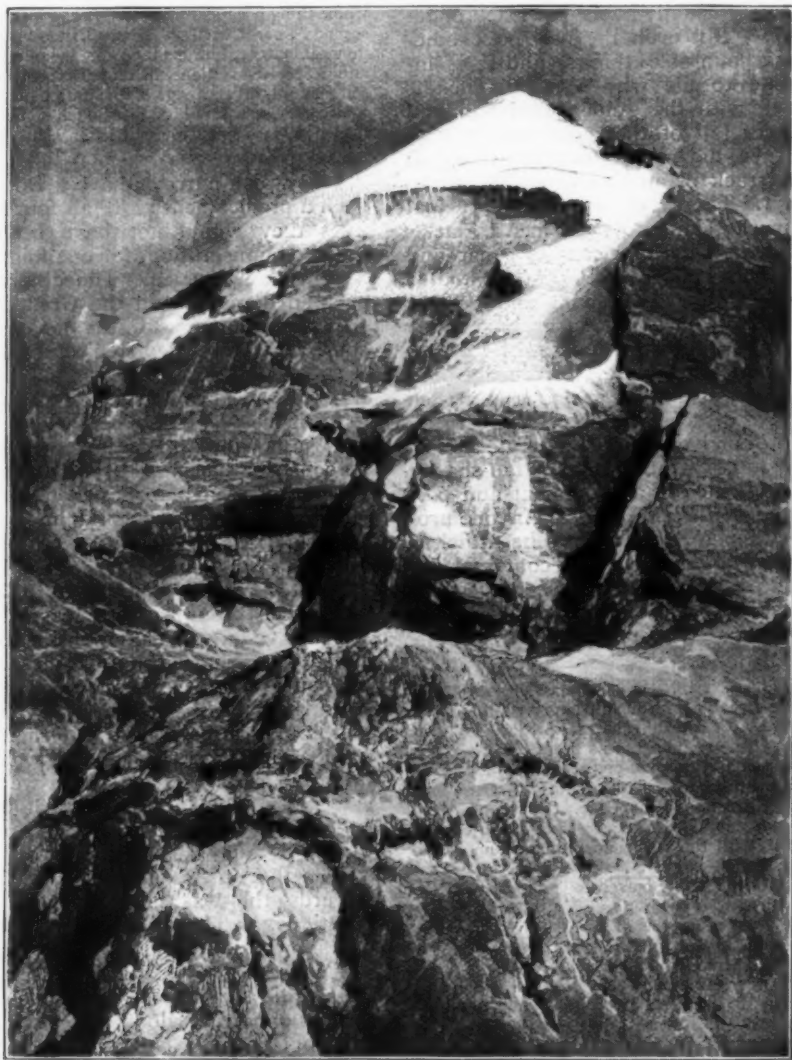
<sup>3</sup> This is a very common practice in Switzerland. Many people who possess cows have not got pasturage, and the cattle are sent to an "alp" to graze, and are put under the charge of a herdsman or "Senn," who looks after the milking and cheese manufacture. The way in which matters are usually managed is thus described by Berlepsch. "To be able to arrange the amounts due to each individual owner on account of cheese and butter, as different cows do not give the same amount of milk, all the persons concerned go up on two appointed days during the season, each cow is milked in the presence of the sharers, the milk is measured, and according to the result the proportion of the share of each is determined."



elevation of the summit of Altels when seen from the chalets of Spitalmatte is scarcely  $26^{\circ}$ ; that is to say, if one continuous slope connected those two positions it would only rise at that moderate inclination. The top of Altels is crowned by a small glacier, which descends towards the north-west. It is seen almost in profile shortly after leaving Schwarenbach, and

from the surrounding cliffs—churning itself into an indescribable conglomerate of earth, ice, and rock; and finally taking a flying leap a thousand feet high through the air and coming down plump on the Spitalmatte Alp, that the verdant expanse was changed into a howling wilderness.

Though that was the case, when we arrived



ALTELS AFTER THE FALL OF THE AVALANCHE.

there is nothing about its appearance that conveys an impression of insecurity. Yet it was through a portion of that small glacier breaking away on the morning of September 11, which came sliding downwards with accelerating velocity, crumbling into myriads of fragments that bounded forward with constantly increasing fury, shaving the slopes and denuding them of their soil; radiating right and left, dashing off splinters and dislodging boulders

at the part where the path bends to the north-east, my first impression was that we had come on a fool's errand. There was the Alp, 500 feet or so below, looking much as usual. Except that it was dotted all over with a multitude of little white specks or points (which we rightly guessed were masses of ice) there was nothing which suggested that a great catastrophe might have happened. We descended to a point just to the north of the lower dotted line on the Plan

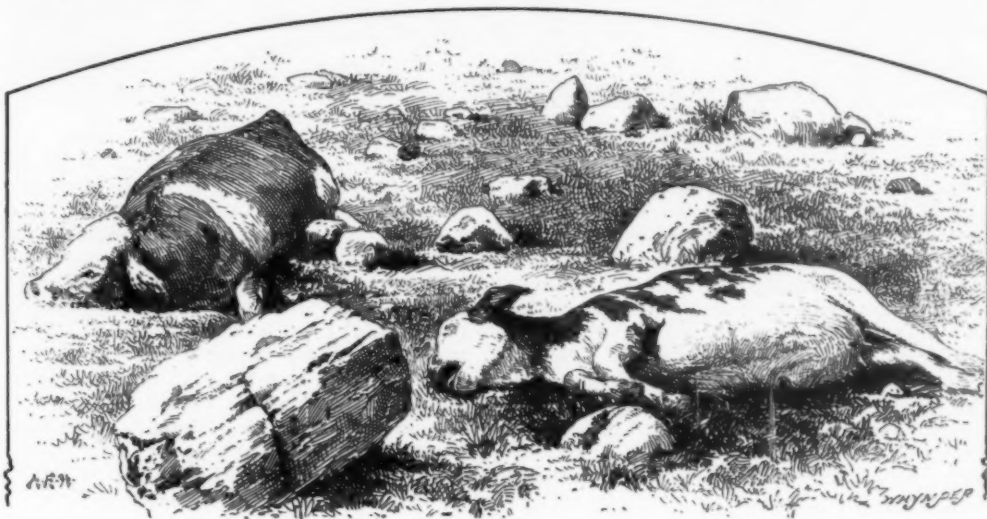


before there was anything to be seen, and then there was nothing very remarkable about what we saw. The path at that part was covered for a distance of about 250 yards with a sort of muddy mixture—a confusion of ice, stones, and dirt—nowhere thickly, the deepest part was not perhaps more than about fifteen inches thick. After this, the path was uncovered for another 250 yards or thereabouts; but farther on, for about a mile, it was completely overwhelmed.

This first portion of the avalanche was a sort of outside splash, disconnected from the rest. Obviously it had proceeded from Altels, for it could not have come from any other direction; and it was equally clear that it had descended, as it were, from the skies. On turning towards the mountain and looking over the flat expanse marked c on the Plan (which is a torrent-bed of boulders and stones about 300 yards across) it was evident that nothing had fallen *there* except a few of the spherical masses of ice which will be referred to more particularly presently, and they were close to the path, on the western bank of the stream. On the farther (or eastern) side of the torrent-bed the slopes rose steeply for some hundreds of feet, thickly covered with trees; then there was a bit of precipitous cliff, crowned by forest; and above this the slopes continued to rise rather steeply, so far as the letter A on the Plan. Between A and c there was no trace of the avalanche. The trees were unharmed, untouched. The descending splash had jumped laterally in the air for about 3,000

how many buildings had stood there. The main fall did not extend so far to the south—the grass was visible round about the ruins—and, though the ruins had been bombarded by the spherical masses of ice which were lying round about, the destruction of the buildings must have been due to something else. The beams for the most part were not broken or dented. They and the planking had been *torn asunder*, and some were carried away hundreds of feet to the west; and the ruins presented much the same appearance as would a handful of firewood if dashed and scattered along the ground. The great copper pot, which is the principal feature in an Alpine cheese-making establishment, lay doubled-up flat amongst the debris. Most of the utensils had been blown to the winds. Either here or at the chalets farther on there had been six persons, all of whom were killed. The bodies of three were speedily found, and they were interred at Leukerbad just before we passed through.

Round about the chalets of Spitalmatte, and on the outskirts of the avalanche generally, if a man had rushed for cover, at the very first note of alarm, to one of the great boulders which were lying about, it might have been possible to have escaped with life; for, although upon the sides of these boulders that faced Altels the ice-balls were piled up in heaps, their western or lee-sides were clear; but in the centre of the avalanche no such thing would have been possible, as even the largest boulders were



NEAR SPITALMATTE.

feet, over slopes, forest, and torrent-bed before it fell on to the path.

We then made our way to the site of the chalets of Spitalmatte.<sup>1</sup> Although they had been on the *outskirts* of the avalanche, they were so completely destroyed that it was scarcely possible to trace their plan, or to say

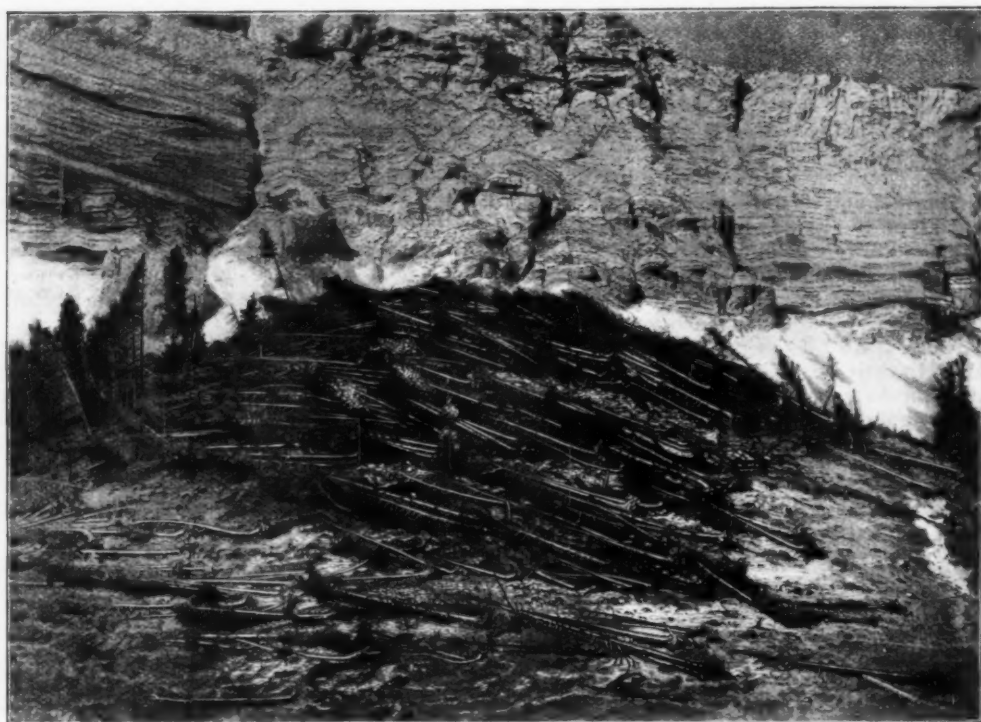
<sup>1</sup> The accompanying engraving is from a photograph taken on September 13, 1895.

surrounded almost equally on all sides with the curious conglomerate of which the main fall was composed, that would inevitably have destroyed everything upon which it descended.

Besides some workmen who were already engaged in attempting to clear the path, there was no one about except a few sorrowful people—poor, silent, unhappy peasants, who went from one carcass to another, vainly searching

for the animals that had maintained them in the past, and which they had hoped would be their support in the future. Within a quarter of a mile of the site of the chalets of Spitalmatte, there were, I suppose, at least forty carcasses lying here and there, mostly isolated, though sometimes in groups, and a battle-field could

descend upon the carcasses of the cattle. Farther away to the west, in the vicinity of the letter D, an entire clump of trees had been levelled—apparently at one blow—and the trunks were disposed in parallel rows with marvellous regularity. A few isolated balls of ice had come as far as this, and may have struck



THE LEVELLED FOREST.

not have presented a more hideous spectacle. Many of the animals were so crushed and mangled that it was difficult to know what one was regarding. Some had a horn and the side of the head carried away; with others a limb or more than one had gone; and others, lacerated in the body, had galloped to and fro, trampling out their vitals. Thirty or so more I saw in other places, but the remainder of the 172,<sup>1</sup> which it was said had to be accounted for, were invisible, lying under the main mass of the avalanche.

The trees near Spitalmatte had suffered severely, though unequally, and it was difficult to understand why some had escaped while others had been up-rooted. The birds nesting in them had been overtaken so suddenly that they were unable to escape, and were lying dead in and around their nests amongst the tangles of splintered stems and broken twigs. Some of the trunks, though retaining their branches, were stripped of every atom of bark! Eagles and crows hovered around, ready to

them, but the *uprooting*, certainly, had not been caused by *them*.

After passing the levelled forest we went towards the precipice which is seen in the background, and then turned northwards, to the right. At the foot of the cliffs (marked F, F, in the Plan) there were slopes of *débris*, and at the base of the slopes there was a hollow. The main avalanche had not got into this depression, though it had *flown over it* on to the slopes above and beyond, and was lying there in patches and streaks. On the *débris* below the cliffs I saw the body of a cow about 800 feet above Spitalmatte, another at 650 feet, and a third a little lower—the latter nearly buried in the dirty conglomerate. It was the opinion of my companion that the destruction of the chalets and the levelling of the forest were due to a blast which was created by the avalanche, and that the three animals referred to above had been transported from somewhere in the neighbourhood of Spitalmatte to the positions in which we saw them merely by the force of this wind.

The white balls or blocks of ice were distributed all about this part. They covered the

<sup>1</sup> There had been 175 head of cattle on the Alp, and only three were found alive. These survivors must have been on the outskirts.

slopes at the foot of the cliffs, and had dashed against and even stuck in clefts of the precipice! I saw some that were 1,500 feet above the Gemmi path, and 15,000 feet from their starting-point on Altels! Continuing our circuit, we presently came to the position from which the view of Altels was taken which is given on p. 366. It represents the mountain on September 13, 1895. The part underneath the summit from which the ice broke away looked as if a *bite* had been taken out of the glacier. The long tongue of glacier which appears in the Plan remained intact, but of the rest nearly one-half had disappeared.<sup>1</sup> The descending mass, anyone can see without explanation, could not have radiated much at first, when falling over the rocks below, though it would be broken up into myriads of fragments. But upon arriving at the basin between A B—comparatively flat ground—it spread out right and left over the area which is bounded by the dotted lines, and its speed would be somewhat checked as it plunged into the soil; and there, mixing itself up as it were in a gigantic mortar, rolling onwards and grinding up all the time, it churned itself into a dirty conglomerate, which, when the ground steepened again, sprang over the top of the cliffs on to the Alp beneath. We completed the circuit of the avalanche to its northern extremity, and then returned over it from north to south. Four days later I came back again, and traversed it in several other directions.

The composition of the main mass of the avalanche was unlike anything which might naturally have been conjectured. The battlefield when looked down upon from a distance seemed of a brownish hue, and blackish-grey when walking over it. At no part was there the *whiteness* which might have been expected from ice which had been pulverised. While the bulk of the composition was unequivocally ice, it was everywhere pervaded with boulders, stones, soil, and grit, and a point which was particularly striking was what may be termed the homogeneity of the mass. The quality of the compound was the same everywhere—its character was preserved over the whole of the area which was covered; and the conclusion could not be resisted that the avalanche must have been pounded up into this conglomerate before taking its flying leap on to the Alp.

I now come to the blocks of pure glacier-ice, not mixed with soil or stones, which were scattered over the surface of the main avalanche. They were of all sizes from seven feet diameter downwards, and were mainly spherical or globular in form—shapes which broken-up glacier-ice is known to acquire by attrition, when descending pell-mell. The smaller morsels speedily melted, but the larger ones remained for a long time, and were seen by a number of persons, some of whom have expressed their inability to account for that which appeared to them to be inexplicable. The explanation,

<sup>1</sup> The Plan is copied from the Siegfried Map, and represents the glacier before the avalanche occurred.

however, is of the simplest character. They were obviously the result of a final fall, or of several falls, which occurred when the main avalanche had come to rest; and following in its wake, after it had scoured the slopes of Altels of *débris* and soil, came down uncontaminated. As they fell from a greater height, so they would travel faster and farther and would radiate to a greater distance. I saw them extending in all directions *beyond* the area covered by the main avalanche, even up to the top of the ridge separating the Spitalmatte Alp from the Ueschinen Thal. I heard, indeed, after my departure, that some of them flew *over* the ridge into the valley beyond. There is very little difference in the elevation of this ridge at any part (the Siegfried Map gives 7,746 feet for the northern and 7,743 feet for the southern end), and, as the whole of it is 3,000 feet below the spot where the glacier broke away on Altels, the statement does not seem incredible.

It is certainly a matter for congratulation, considering how much the Gemmi is frequented, that so few persons were upon it on September 11, 1895. Had the avalanche occurred earlier in the season the loss of life might have been very severe; but the weather had been bad for some time previously, and had driven tourists away. None, indeed, are known to have been on the Pass at that time except the Englishman and his daughter at the Schwarenbach Inn. There were positively no eye-witnesses of the occurrence. On the other hand, it is a matter of regret that the avalanche did not occur a few hours later. September 11 was the date fixed for driving the cattle down from the Alp, and at five in the afternoon it would have been deserted.

All estimates which may be made of the volume of the mass that descended in this avalanche must necessarily be more or less conjectural, though it is possible to frame one possessing some degree of probability. From the Siegfried Atlas (the great Official Map of Switzerland) it appears that the area of the ice which broke away measured something like 420 yards square. The thickness of the central part of the ice-wall which is seen in the illustration on p. 366 is not, I imagine, *less* than 100 feet. The thickness of the glacier would diminish towards its termination and its sides, but it is unlikely that the mean depth of the entire mass that gave way was less than 48 feet. Multiplication of these dimensions gives as a result 2,822,400 cubic yards, to which must be added the enormous quantities of rock and soil which were shorn by the ice from the lower slopes of the mountain. This calculation may be checked by reference to the area which was covered completely, or all but completely, by the avalanche. It measured, approximately, 1,600 by 1,000 yards. In many places it was impossible even to guess the thickness with which the soil was covered; but over a large part of the area the depth was certainly not *less* than 6 feet, in some



certainly as much as 20 feet, and possibly more.<sup>1</sup> If it is assumed that there was an average thickness of 6 feet over the entire area, the total comes out 3,200,000 cubic yards.

In the middle of October, 1897, I went a third time to inspect the scene of the avalanche, to note what changes had occurred during the lapse of twenty-five months. The road or path has been re-opened, but traces of the catastrophe will remain for many years, and for the present the Alp as pasture ground is destroyed. Except around the site of the chalets of Spitalmatte, which was, as I have said, almost out of range, the ground for a clear mile from North to South is strewn with myriads of fragments of rock, and in the centre of this mile the desolation is complete—it is a waste without a trace of verdure. Close to the base of Altels large masses of ice remain unmelted, and there is a strong probability that half a mile and more from the base of the

cows some had the body parted in two, in such a way that one half laid here, the other there; others had their horns torn off, others the head or a limb separated from the body. Many were transported on to the slopes of the hills, some as far as the other side of these hills, and others have been entirely buried under the enormous debris of stone and glacier. There were on the Alp 62 cows and more than 20 goats and sheep, and that is not all! There were also on the Alp the Spitalmatte 3 cows, one heifer, and 5 pigs, which were near the spring and met the same fate.

"The cattle of the Spitalmatte, which come out of the Doschen forest to take their midday meal, would have been likewise destroyed if the accident had happened half an hour later. For from the spring of the Spitalmatte to the Grechtalhalten neither man nor cattle could have escaped death, in fact all this area as far



ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE AVALANCHE.

mountain there is an immense quantity of ice still imbedded amongst and concealed by what appears to be nothing but a wilderness of stones. The present appearances are that the Alp will never recover from the catastrophe. This, however, is probably a false impression, for there is a record in the Archives of Leukerbad which shews that the locality suffered from a similar visitation a little more than a century ago. It runs thus:

"Let it be made known that in the year 1782, the 18th of the month of August, through a dreadful and terrible slip of a glacier, all the cattle which were on the alp Wintereggen in the part called Altematten were crushed and destroyed even to the last cow. Of these

up as the slopes of the mountain looks no longer like a pasture, and is nothing but a heap of stones and ice. Also the chalets of Wintereggen were so much shaken by the crash and tremour of this slip that the herdsmen who were in them expected to see them fall down upon them every instant.

"The fright, the pain and lamentations of those who suffered by this disaster can be imagined by all. For there was not only the loss of cattle but the death of human beings. Four persons leading two horses with products of the chalets, going through old Spitalmatte to come back again, were victims of this dreadful slip, lost their lives and were buried under the stones and ice. These unfortunates were Joseph Leuer, shoemaker, living in Leukerbad, a son of the bailiff; Johann Brunner, a boy eight or nine years old; Barbara, daughter of Johann Minnig; and Johann Meichtry. The body of Barbara Minnig was found at once, that of the

<sup>1</sup> Some Valaisans who were on the spot when I returned on September 16, expressed the opinion that the avalanche was 50 feet deep in certain places, but I saw nothing to lead me to suppose that this was the case.



young Brunner a little later; but those of Joseph Leuer and Johann Meichtry were recovered only in the next spring. They were all on the meadows of Spitalmatte near each other. They were transported to Leukerbad and given a Christian burial, amid the tears and sympathy of all who assisted. The bodies of the two horses were also found, but not a trace of the loads which they had carried. What a pitiful fate is that of Maria Catherine Leuer, the widow of the above-mentioned Joseph Leuer, who lost her husband, her two cows, her cheese and butter. All she owned was on the Alp, and has been destroyed by the stones and the glacier!

"I have been instructed by the proprietors of the Alp of Winteregg to tell these facts, to leave an eternal souvenir to posterity: I have tried to do so in the clearest and shortest manner, and to witness to the truth of my tale I sign

JOHANN JOSEPH LORETAN,

*Former magistrate and public notary."*

From this record it appears that there was almost perfect parallelism between the two occasions—in the rapidity with which the disaster occurred, the manner in which the cattle were maltreated and transported long distances, and in the complete, though temporary, effacement of the Alp as pasturage. In 1860, when I first passed this way, it had quite recovered from the effects of the avalanche of 1782, and there was nothing to indicate that one had ever fallen. There seems some prob-

ability, however, that the catastrophe of 1782 was less severe than that of 1895. The chalets of Winteregg appear to have come off more lightly than upon the last occasion. The shake, says Herr Loretan, made the herdsmen think that the buildings might fall in at any moment. But in 1895 they were erased, and some of the massive logs with which they were constructed were wafted like straws a thousand feet away. The present appearances are, as I have said, that the Alp will never recover from the disaster, and for a certain number of—perhaps for many—years it must wear an aspect of utter desolation. Then, no doubt, verdure will gradually reappear, it will again become a pasturage, and things will go on as before.

The route over the Gemmi Pass has been reopened, and follows almost exactly the line that it took before this disaster. It would be difficult to adopt any safer way over this part of the pass, except by tunnelling. I will not undertake to predict what will happen in the future. It may exceed a century before such a calamity occurs again, or some more slices from the perpendicular walls of the remnant of the glacier which still crowns the summit of Altels may break away to-morrow. For some years at least, this mighty avalanche will remain fresh in the recollection of those who dwell in these parts, and tourists who pass under the cliffs of Altels will be reminded by their guides of September 11, 1895. Should they hear a crack or roar aloft, and see a cloud descending from the summit towards the Alp, let them say their prayers quickly, for in two or three minutes, most likely, they will be dead men!

---

## THE NEW MOSAICS AT ST. PAUL'S.

SIR W. B. RICHMOND'S WORK.

AMONG the arts by which man seeks to express ideas of beauty to his fellows, it is in architecture—the noblest of them all—that he is doomed most frequently to leave his work unfinished. In no case are the masterpieces of the builder's genius executed by a single pair of hands; and the co-operation and fellowship in labour which architecture needs is perhaps one of the chief secrets of its charm. The builder is either a unit in a body of craftsmen, each subjecting himself to the discipline of membership, and contributing his share of strength and talent to the whole, or, if he be the controlling designer (*the architect*, as we inaccurately call him), he will not only have to put all the practical work into the hands of others, but must often leave it to future generations to finish, at their own discretion, the task he has begun.

It will be no surprise to London lovers and frequenters of St. Paul's to learn that Sir Christopher Wren's designs for the Cathedral are still very far from being fully carried out. His intention to cover all the flat and curved surfaces of the interior with mosaics is now beyond doubt, and the long delay in fulfilling that purpose is due not only to public apathy, and even hostility to the change, and the consequent lack of funds in the Chapter House, but more especially to the fact that the art of mosaic has almost ceased to exist in England during the past three hundred years. It has been reserved for an English artist to revive that classic and beautiful method of decoration, and to apply it to our great metropolitan cathedral by the hands of English workmen, with materials made almost entirely in our own land. Apart from all ecclesiastical preferences, the work has

now so far advanced as to have a national interest.

Sir William Blake Richmond, R.A., K.C.B., is one of the ten children of the late George Richmond, R.A., the well-known portrait-painter, whose monument, designed by the same son's hand, is familiar to visitors in the crypt of St. Paul's. From 1861 to 1897 he exhibited frequently at the Royal Academy,

The whole question of art in churches is, of course, a vexed one, and a sincere sympathy must be felt with those to whom the dangers of symbolism seem to outweigh the advantages of its reverent use. We know how, in the Middle Ages, it became a source of abuse and superstition, a hindrance instead of a help to prayer; and with what ruthless zeal the great Puritan movement cleared our churches of everything



*From a photograph by Fred Hollyer.*

and, inheriting his father's talent, gained considerable success and distinction in portraiture. He was made A.R.A. in 1887, and R.A. in 1896. For some years past, however, he has devoted himself almost entirely to sacred art, especially as it may be brought to bear upon the decoration of churches. Applying himself in particular to the study of mosaics, the artist has sought by travel and research to discover how they have been best used in Christian history, and how they may be wisely and worthily restored to a place in our houses of worship.

*Your very truly*  
*W.B. Richmond*

that might thus become a stumbling-block to the spiritual life. We know also that in olden times our parish churches, throughout the length and breadth of England, as well as our abbeys and cathedrals, were richly adorned with mural paintings, frescoes and mosaics, stencil

and coloured decoration of every kind, so that the bare stone walls to which we are accustomed in our modern church interiors were to our forefathers almost an unknown thing. As St. Paul denounced "the wisdom of the Greeks," which in the earlier ages accounted the greater Christian doctrine as "foolishness," so in later times many have feared lest the refinements of art should overlay the deeper beauty of a simple faith. Protestants of to-day need as jealously to guard this simplicity, yet do not consider a chastened symbolism within due bounds as incompatible with a spiritual Christianity.

It is now more than five years since Sir William Richmond began his almost herculean task of decorating the great upper spaces of St. Paul's, and of these only the choir and sanctuary are as yet completed. Here we find, among many other beautiful designs, the reproduction of the picture seen at the Royal Academy in 1895, "Melchisedek blessing Abraham," a work full of solemn dignity and charm. The treatment of the walls immediately surrounding these, and looking down upon the choir-stalls, has been a matter for scarcely less consideration than the mosaics themselves. The difficulty has been to relieve the coldness of the grey-white stone, and to obtain the effect of a warmer setting for the colours of the pictorial scheme. This has at last been accomplished by stencilling the walls with a light but close pattern of Indian red, which is applied in a medium free from oil, and staining the body of the stone in a clean and durable way.

Looking upwards from the floor of the Cathedral, the first mosaics that meet the eye are the figures of the four Evangelists, occupying the spandrels above the four chief arches which intersect the dome. These, however, are not the work of Sir William Richmond, but of Mr. G. F. Watts, Mr. Alfred Stevens, and Mr. W. E. F. Britten, and are executed, as we shall presently see, in a method wholly different from that followed in the work now in progress. They are, in fact, mosaics of the modern Venetian school, in which the artist works at his picture from behind instead of in front—laying his cubes of colour on a thin screen on which the subject is outlined, then fixing these at the back in a matrix, which, in its turn, has to be fixed to the wall, and finally removing the screen from the surface when the mosaic is safely in its place. Sir William Richmond's method is precisely the opposite. He first prepares the surface of the wall by a layer of bricks of very firm and adhesive quality; over this he spreads a peculiarly hard-drying kind of putty, the manufacture of which is his own secret, and in this ground he sets the mosaics themselves, working inch by inch upon the actual surface to be covered by the design. His contention is that the Venetian method, though producing a much smoother surface and a more soft and mellow effect, well suited to a Gothic building, is not bold and broad enough for massive architecture like

that of St. Paul's. He claims that the play of light on a rugged surface gives a more brilliant and striking result. Over this point the controversialists are busy still, and we shall be better qualified to decide it when we examine closely the more recent work.

Two of the four great quarter-domes, or concave spaces at the four corners where the central dome is intersected by the transepts, nave, and choir, are now in the mosaic-setters' hands. By the courtesy of Canon Scott-Holland, who is watching the work with keen enthusiasm, the present writer was recently enabled to visit the craftsmen in their wonderful little workshops in mid-air, where, with the platform swaying under their feet, and hardly room enough to spread out the artist's original coloured cartoons, which they are faithfully copying on the roof above and around them, the intelligent and willing toilers are daily at their task. Sir William cannot speak too highly of the little band of men whom he has personally trained thus to translate and execute his designs. He says they have shown extraordinary quickness in applying what he has taught them, and the artistic spirit they have developed has enabled them to modify his suggested colouring at their own discretion, according to the light in which each portion will appear. He has endeavoured to treat them as brother-artists and friends, and not one of them has yet left his service. He considers that we have in England both draughtsmen and craftsmen as capable as any that the world can show.

The artist's purpose is to work upwards from the quarter-domes, proceeding next to the great band round the Whispering Gallery, which covers the entire circuit of the dome. The key of colour in the quarter-domes is a rich indigo-blue, upon which both gold and silver are being freely used.

The subjects chosen for the quarter-domes are intended to illustrate the doctrine of the Atonement. They represent the Crucifixion, the Entombment, the Resurrection, and the sending forth of the Apostles to preach the Gospel to all the world. The mosaic of the Crucifixion has been considerably altered in the course of its growth. The original design represented our Saviour as being nailed to an actual tree—the Tree of Life, "whose leaves are for the healing of the nations"—a conception often found in old illuminated missals and other ecclesiastical antiquities. This idea, though very beautiful and touching, was thought a little too mystical and archaic for so solemn a theme and so important a position. With much difficulty and labour, the mosaic was partially taken down and reconstructed, and a simple cross inserted behind the central figure; while the growing tree still forms the background of the picture. Right and left is a flowery meadow, with sheaves of corn, and from the base of the tree issues a broad stream symbolising the Gospel. Beside the Cross are St. John and the Mother of Jesus, with Mary Magdalene and the other Mary, while on the

extreme left and right are Adam and Eve, as symbols of humanity. Adam seems to be preaching to the spectator, and pointing to the Sacrifice accomplished, while the Virgin Mary stretches out her hand to the kneeling figure of Eve. In the design for the Entombment the scene is laid in a garden of roses, with an empty Cross visible in the background. The body of the Saviour is about to be laid in the tomb, and the Apostles are gathered round in sorrowful adoration. In the foreground flows the river of life, giving a note of hope and promise even in the presence of death. The third picture, representing the Resurrection, shows us the same fair garden, bright with flowers, and in the distance we can see the Garden of Olives and the walls of Jerusalem. The day is dawning over the hills, flooding the sky with silvery light. Contrasted with this is the golden splendour which radiates from the central figure of Christ, Who is coming forth from the tomb, clad in white garments. Two angels stand, partially in shadow, opening the doors of the tomb, which is built after an old Etruscan model, with inner and outer chambers. The angels are of gold and silver, with red wings. Roman soldiers, in bronze and silver armour, lie sleeping under a hedge. Over the borders of the picture is spread a great wing—the old Egyptian symbol of righteousness—which we may take as suggesting that perfect righteousness of God which the Resurrection

made possible to man. The fourth design, treating of the Apostles' Mission, gives us again the figure of Christ in the centre, and standing round Him the doctors of the Church, with St. Peter and St. Paul. Here Pope Gregory is introduced, and at his side are the two boys of whom the famous utterance, "Non Angli sed Angeli!" is said to have been spoken, which prompted the mission he afterwards sent to England. The background is filled with vine-trees loaded with grapes, symbolising the True Vine, of which the Apostles were the branches.

A very interesting project is under consideration for the frieze surrounding the Whispering Gallery. Sir William Richmond proposes to fill it with an allegorical representation of the older religions of the world, and to show how they all in some way foreshadow the great central teaching of the Christian faith—working from the idea that mankind has in all climes and ages blindly sought after the knowledge of God.

A sum of £16,000 is now needed to complete the quarter-domes, the circular frieze, the small saucer-domes in the choir-aisles, nave, and transepts, and the panels in the walls of the choir. Four of the great City Companies are contributing liberally to the work, and the ancient order of Freemasons are also subscribing. The great dome would require seven years to finish, and would cost a further sum of £40,000.

ESTHER WOOD.

## The Forest.

SWEET it was in Summer's day  
'Neath the forest trees to stray;  
When from shadows in their dance  
Stole a sweet persuasive trance,  
And a willingness to stay.

When green leaves, all lightly bound,  
For the breeze a love song found,  
Like the far, far distant roar  
Of great waves upon a shore;  
'Twas a lazy, drowsy, sound.

Sweet it was in quiet nook  
With a well beloved book;  
While in chorus, and alone,  
Cried in homely monotone,  
Wisely, sleepily, the rook.

When by petty cares distrest,  
Or by city din opprest,  
Oh! how quiet the leafy bowers,  
And how sweet the forest flowers;  
What beatitude and rest!

But a spirit with a song  
Passed the woodland walks among;  
And she sang, "Oh, it is time!"  
Down the avenues of lime,  
"Leaves and flowers to God belong!"

Then the windflower hung her head,  
And, before the dawn, lay dead;  
And the harebell in faint chime,  
Echoing patiently, "'Tis time!"  
Stretched her on a mossy bed.

North wind shook the leaves away;  
Winter bade the life sap stay;  
Melancholy moon rays mourn,  
Searching branches bare and shorn,  
For the life that's gone away.

One sear leaf all crackle-dry  
Falling, floats, and rustles by;  
Great grey stems loom dearly;  
Tired boughs hang wearily;  
'Twas the last of leaves to die.

E. M. W.



## GREENWICH OBSERVATORY.

BY E. WALTER MAUNDER, F.R.A.S.

### STORM AND SUN.—II.



MR. W. C. NASH, F.R.M.S., SELECTING A SITE IN GREENWICH PARK FOR THE NEW MAGNETIC PAVILION.

#### THE MAGNETIC OBSERVATORY.

In the arrangements at Greenwich a second department is closely connected with the meteorological. This is the magnetic, and it is because the latter department has been associated with the meteorological that the building devoted to both is constructed of wood, not brick, since ordinary bricks are made of clay which is apt to be more or less ferruginous. Copper nails have alone been employed in the construction of the buildings. The fire-grates, coal-scuttles, and fire-irons are all of the same metal.

The growth of the Observatory has, however, made it necessary to set up some of the new telescopes, into the mounting of which much iron enters, very close to the magnetic building. The Astronomer-Royal has therefore determined to erect a magnetic pavilion right out in the park at an ample distance from these disturbing causes. The Superintendent of the Department,

Mr. W. C. Nash, is seen in the photograph engaged in prospecting for the most suitable site.

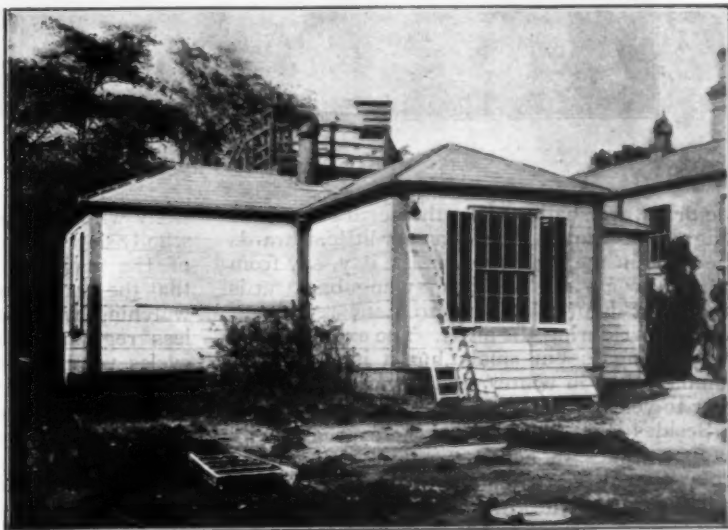
#### MAGNETIC DECLINATION.

The object of the magnetic observatory is to study the movements of the magnetic needle. The quaintest answer that I ever received in an examination was in reply to the question, "What is meant by magnetic inclination and declination?" The examinee replied:

"To make a magnet, you take a needle, and rub it on a lodestone. If it refuses or declines to become a magnet, that is magnetic declination; if it is easily made a magnet, or is inclined to become one, that is magnetic inclination."

One greatly regretted that it was necessary to mark the reply according to its ignorance, and not, as one would have wished, in proportion to its ingenuity. Magnetic declination, however, as everybody knows, measures the deviation of the "needle" from the true geographical north and south direction; the inclination or dip is the angle which a "needle" makes with the horizon.

At one time the only method of watching the movements of the magnetic needles was by direct observation, just precisely as it was wont to be in the case of the barometer and thermometer. But the same agent that has been called in to help in their case has enabled the magnets also to give us a direct and continuous record of their movements. In principle



MAGNETIC OBSERVATORY.

(From a photograph by Mr. C. A. F. Davies.)

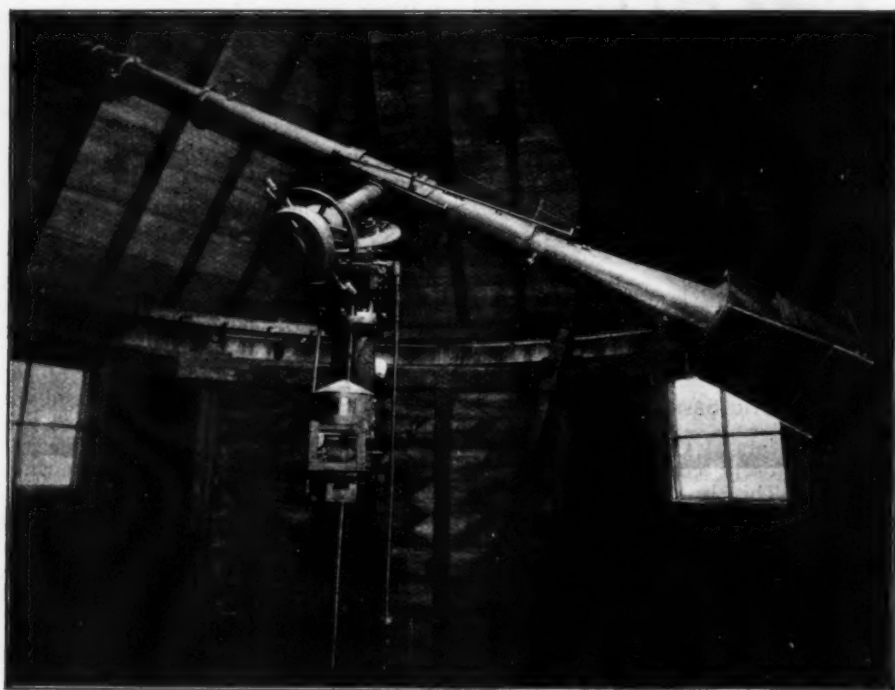
the arrangement is as follows: A small light mirror is attached to the magnetic needle, and a beam of light is arranged to fall upon the mirror, and is reflected away from it to a drum covered with sensitive paper. If, then, the needle is perfectly at rest, a spot of light falls on the drum and blackens the paper at one particular point. The drum is made to revolve by clockwork once in twenty-four hours, and the black dot is therefore lengthened out into a straight line encircling the drum. If, however, the needle moves, then the spot of light travels up or down, as the case may be.

#### MAGNETIC DAILY RANGE.

Now, if we look at one of these sheets of photographic paper after it has been taken from

These great storms are felt, so far as we know, simultaneously over the whole earth, and the more characteristic begin with a single sharp twitch of the needle towards the east.

A greatly enhanced interest was given to these observations of earth magnetism when it was found that the intensity and frequency of its disturbances were in close accord with changes that were in progress many millions of miles away. That the surface of the sun was occasionally diversified by the presence of dark spots had been known almost from the first invention of the telescope; but it was not until the middle of the present century that any connection was established between these solar changes and the changes which took place in the magnetism of the earth. Then two observers, the one interesting himself en-



THE "DALLMEYER" PHOTO-HELIOGRAPH.  
(From a photograph by Mr. E. Walter Maunder.)

the drum, we shall see that the north pole of the magnet has moved a little, a very little, towards the west in the early part of the day, say from sunrise to 2 P.M., and has swung backwards from that hour till about 10 P.M., remaining fairly quiet during the night. The extent of this daily swing is but small, but it is greater in summer than in winter, and it varies also from year to year.

Besides this daily swing, there occasionally happen what are called "magnetic storms"; great convulsive twitchings of the needle, as if some unseen operator were endeavouring, whilst in a state of intense excitement, to telegraph a message of vast importance, so rapid and so sharp are the movements of the needle to and fro.

tirely with the spots on the sun, the other as wholly devoted to the study of the movements of the magnetic needle, independently found that the particular phenomenon which each was watching was one which varied in, a more or less regular cycle. And further, when the cycles were compared they proved to be the same. Whatever the secret of the connection, it is now beyond dispute that as the spots on the sun become more and more numerous, so the daily swing of the magnetic needle becomes stronger; and, on the other hand, as the spots diminish, so the magnetic needle moves more and more feebly.

This discovery has given a greatly increased significance to the study of the earth's mag-

netism. The daily swing, the occasional "storms," are seen to be something more than matters of merely local interest; they have the closest connection with changes going on in the vast universe beyond; they have an astronomical importance.

#### SOLAR AUTOGRAPHS.

And it was soon felt to be necessary to supplement the Magnetic Observatory at Greenwich by one devoted to the direct study of the solar surface; and here again that invaluable servant of modern science, photography, was ready to lend its help. Just as, by the means of photography, the magnets recorded their own movements, so even more directly the sun himself makes register of his changes by the same agency, and gives us at once his portrait and his autograph.

In order to photograph so bright a body as the sun, it is not in the least necessary to have a very large telescope. The one in common use at Greenwich is only four inches in aperture, and even that is usually diminished by a cap to three inches, and its focal length is but five feet. This is not very much larger than what is commonly called a "student's telescope," but it is amply sufficient for its work.

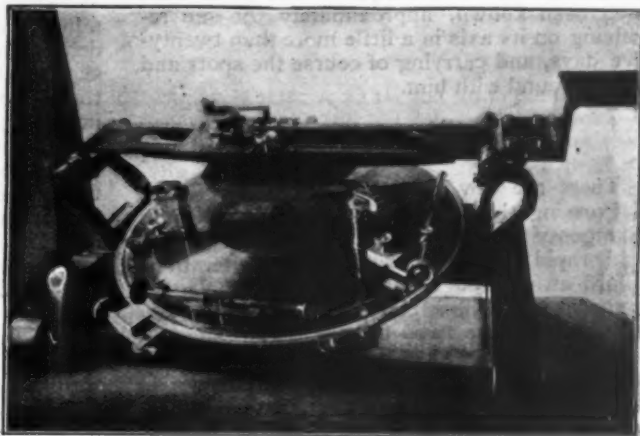
This "Dallmeyer" telescope, so called from the name of its maker, is one of five identical instruments which were made for use in the observation of the transit of Venus of 1874, and which, since they are designed for photographing the sun, are called "photo-heliographs."

The image of the sun in the principal focus of this telescope is about six-tenths of an inch in diameter; but a magnifying lens is used, so that the photograph actually obtained is about eight inches. Even with this great enlargement, the light of the sun is so intense that with the slowest photographic plates that are made the exposure has to be for only a very small fraction of a second. This is managed by arranging a very narrow slit in a strip of brass. The strip is made to run in a groove across the principal focus. Before the exposure, it is fastened up so as to cut off all light from entering the camera part of the telescope. When all is ready, it is released and drawn down very rapidly by a powerful spring, and the slit, flying across the image of the sun, gives exposure to the plate for a very minute fraction of a second—in midsummer for less than a thousandth of a second.

Two of these photographs are taken every fine day at Greenwich; occasionally more if anything specially interesting appears to be going on. But in our cloudy climate at least one day in three gives no good opportunity for taking photographs of the sun, and in the

winter time long weeks may pass without a chance. The present Astronomer-Royal, Mr. Christie, has therefore arranged that photographs with precisely similar instruments should be taken in India and in the Mauritius, and these are sent over to Greenwich as they are required, to fill up the gaps in the Greenwich series. We have therefore at Greenwich, from one source or another, practically a daily record of the state of the sun's surface.

A photograph of the sun taken, it has next to be measured, the four following particulars being determined for each spot: First, its distance from the centre of the image of the sun; next, the angle between it and the north point; thirdly, the size of the spot; and fourthly, the size of the umbra of the spot; that is to say, of its dark central portion. The size or area of the spot is measured by placing a thin piece of glass, on which a number of cross-lines have been ruled one-hundredth of an inch apart, in contact with the photograph. These cross-lines make up a number of small squares, each the ten-thousandth ( $\frac{1}{10000}$  in.) part of a square inch in area. When the photograph and the little engraved glass plate are nearly in contact, the photograph is examined with a magnifying glass, and the number of little squares covered by a given spot are counted. It will give some idea of the vast scale of the sun when it is stated that a tiny spot, so small that it only just covers one of these little squares, and which is only one-millionth of the visible hemisphere of the sun in area, yet covers in actual extent considerably more than one million of square miles.



SOLAR MICROMETER.

(From a photograph by Mr. E. Walter Maunder.)

The dark spots are not the only objects on the sun's surface. Here and there, and especially near the edge of the sun, are bright marks, generally in long branching lines, so bright as to appear bright even against the dazzling background of the sun itself. These are called "faculae," and they, like the spots, have their times of great abundance and of

scarcity, changing on the whole at the same time as the spots.

After the solar photographs have been measured, the measures must be "reduced," and the positions of the spots as expressed in longitude and latitude on the sun computed. There is no difficulty in doing this, for the



E. WALTER MAUNDEN, F.R.A.S.

(From a photograph by Elliott & Fry.)

position of the sun's equator and poles have long been known, approximately the sun revolving on its axis in a little more than twenty-five days, and carrying of course the spots and faculæ round with him.

#### SUN-SPOT CHANGES.

There are few studies in astronomy more engrossing than the watch on the growth and changes of the solar spots. Their strange shapes, their rapid movements, and striking alterations afford an unfailing interest. For example, the amazing spectacle is continually being afforded of a spot, some two, three, or four hundred millions of square miles in area, moving over the solar surface at a speed of three hundred miles an hour, whilst other spots in the same group are remaining stationary. But a higher interest attaches to the behaviour of the sun as a whole than to the changes of any particular single spot; and the curious fact has been brought to light, that not only do the spots increase and diminish in a regular cycle of about eleven years in length, but they also affect different regions of the sun at different points of the cycle. At the time when spots are most numerous and largest, they are found occupying two broad belts, the one with its centre about  $15^{\circ}$  north of the equator, the other about as far south,

the equator itself being very nearly free from them. But as the spots begin to diminish, so they appear continually in lower and lower latitudes, until instead of having two zones of spots there is only one, and this one lies along the equator. By this time the spots have become both few and small. The next stage is that a very few small spots are seen from time to time in one hemisphere or the other at a great distance from the equator, much farther than any were seen at the time of greatest activity. There are then for a little time three sun-spot belts, but the equatorial one soon dies out. The two belts in high latitude, on the other hand, continually increase; but as they increase, so do they move downwards in latitude, until at length they are again found in about latitude  $15^{\circ}$  north or south, when the spots have attained their greatest development.

#### A DISTURBING NEIGHBOUR.

Besides the movements of the magnetic needle, the intensity of the currents of electricity which are always passing through the crust of the earth are also determined at Greenwich; but this work has been rendered practically useless for the last few years by the construction of the electric railway from Stockwell to the City. Since it was opened, the photographic register of earth currents has shown a broad blurring from the moment of the starting of the first train in the morning to the stopping of the last train at night. As an indication of the delicacy of modern instruments, it may be mentioned that distinct indications of the current from this railway have been detected as far off as North Walsham, in Norfolk, a distance of more than a hundred miles. A further illustration of the delicacy of the magnetic needles was afforded shortly after the opening of the railway referred to. On one occasion Mr. Ellis, then the Superintendent of the Magnetic Department, visited the Generating Station at Stockwell, and on his return it was noticed day after day that the traces from the magnets showed a curious deflection from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M., the hours of his attendance. This gave rise to some speculation, as it did not seem possible that the gentleman could himself have become magnetised. Eventually, the happy accident of a fine day solved the mystery. That morning Mr. Ellis left his umbrella at home, and the magnets were undisturbed. The secret was out. The umbrella had become a permanent magnet, and its presence in the lobby of the magnetic house had been sufficient to influence the needles.

#### A WIDESPREAD STORM.

The clearest connection between the magnetic movements and the sun-spot changes is seen when we take the mean values of either for considerable periods of time, as, for instance, year by year. But occasionally we have much more special instances of this connection. Some three or four times within the last twenty years



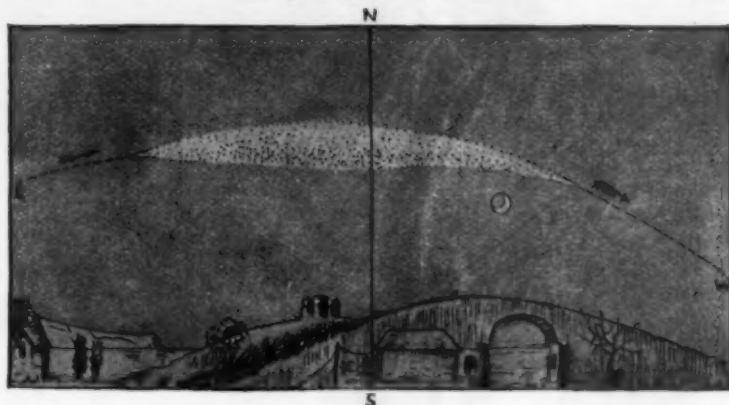
an enormous spot has broken out on the sun, a spot so vast that worlds as great as our own could lie in it like peas in a breakfast saucer, and in each case there has been an immediate and a threefold answer from the earth. One of the most remarkable of these occurred in November, 1882. A great spot was then seen covering an area of more than three thousand millions of square miles. The weather in London happened to be somewhat foggy, and the sun loomed, a dull red ball, through the haze, a ball it was perfectly easy to look at without specially shading the eyes. So large a spot under such circumstances was quite visible to the naked eye, and it caught the attention of a great number of people, many of whom knew nothing about the existence of spots on the sun.

This great disturbance, evidently something of the nature of a storm in the solar atmosphere,

or stars, till it set in the west two minutes after its rising.

So far we have been dealing only with effects. Their causes still rest hidden from us. There is clearly a connection between the solar activity as shown by the spots and the agitation of the magnetic needles. But many great spots find no answer in any magnetic vibration, and not a few considerable magnetic storms occur when we can detect no great solar changes to correspond.

Thus even in the simplest case before us we have still very much to explain. Two far more difficult problems are still offered us for solution. What is the cause of these mysterious solar spots? and have they any traceable connection with the fitful vagaries of earthly weather? It was early suggested that probably the first problem might find an answer in the ever-varying combinations and configurations of the



THE AURORAL BEAM OF NOVEMBER 17, 1882.

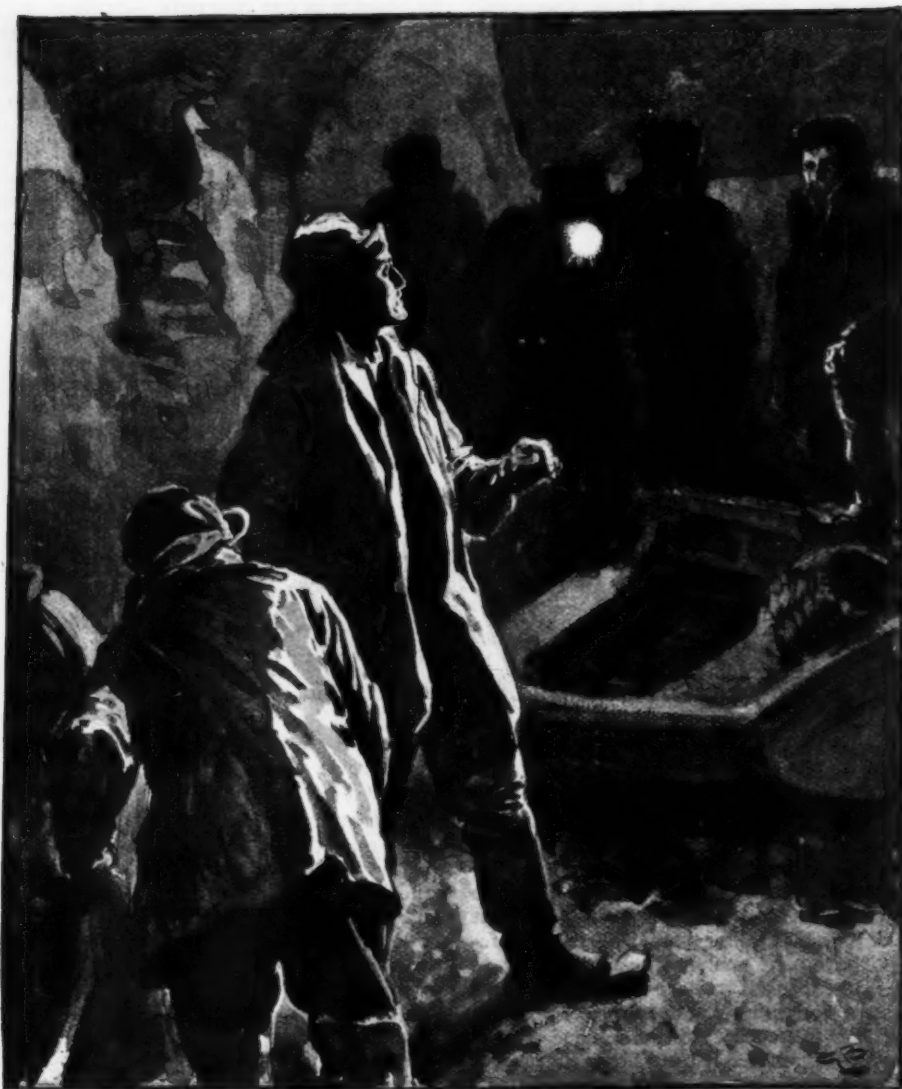
(After a sketch by J. Rand Capron, F.R.A.S., F.M.S.)

stretched over one hundred thousand miles on the surface of the sun. The disturbance extended farther still, even to nearly one hundred millions of miles. For simultaneously with the appearance of the spot the magnetic needles at Greenwich began to suffer from a strange excitement, an excitement which grew from day to day until it had passed half-way across the sun's disc. As the twitchings of the magnetic needle increased in frequency and violence, other symptoms were noticed throughout the length of the British Isles. Telegraphic communication was greatly interfered with. The telegraph lines had other messages to carry more urgent than those of men. The needles in the telegraph instruments twitched to and fro. The signal bells on many of the railway lines were rung, and some of the operators received shocks from their instruments. Lastly, on November 17, a superb aurora was witnessed, the culminating feature of which was the appearance, at about six o'clock in the evening, of a mysterious beam of greenish light, in shape something like a cigar, and many degrees in length, which rose in the east and crossed the sky at a pace much quicker but nearly as even as that of sun, moon,

various planets, and that the sun spots in their turn might hold the key of our meteorology. Both ideas were eagerly followed up—not that there was much to support either, but because they seemed to offer the only possible hope of our being able to foretell the general current of weather change for any long period in advance. So far, however, the first idea may be considered as completely discredited. As to the second, there would appear to be, in the case of certain great tropical and continental countries like India, some slight but by no means conclusive evidence of a connection between the changes in the annual rainfall and the changes in the spotted surface of the sun. Dr. Meldrum, the late veteran Director of the great Meteorological Observatory in Mauritius, has expressed himself as confident that the years of most spots are the years of most violent cyclones in the Indian Ocean. But this is about as far as real progress has been made, and it may be taken as certain that many years more of observation will be required, and the labours of many skilful investigators, before we can hope to carry much farther our knowledge as to any connection between storm and sun.

## PAUL CARAH, CORNISHMAN.

BY CHARLES LEE.



A ROUND EYE OF LIGHT GLARED AT HIM SUDDENLY.

### CHAPTER XX.

**PAUL** rushed down to the quay like one possessed. He dared not allow himself to pause and reflect, lest the terror at his heels should overtake him. To stifle thought he must move and act with desperate energy. If there was a coherent idea in him, it was that by bustle and rush he might confuse, as it were, the powers invisible, and so get away, leaving them baulked of their spring.

Dummy was waiting by the boat, fretting and gesticulating about something. As Paul approached, he ran forward, alternately pointing to the dark shadows about the fish-cellars, and making vehement signs, among which one, by its recurrence, left a faint impress on Paul's whirling senses. It was the hand to the mouth and head thrown back, signifying drink to all the world, and Steve Polkinhorne to Dummy's familiars. Paul noticed it, and mechanically translated it; and out of his brain it flitted,

driv  
forg  
him  
wit  
pec  
stup  
him  
eve  
His  
mon  
hor  
wer  
him  
rem  
risk  
too  
but  
mee  
like  
play  
T  
on  
wat  
back  
Dum  
of  
veh  
who  
of d  
hom  
turn  
stari  
back  
went  
be a  
sign  
M  
unfa  
a far  
was  
Perh  
his d  
was,  
alone  
quay  
throu  
back  
bled  
resig  
Ther  
Fate  
Aw  
blow  
lappi  
grew  
regar  
inter  
perso  
next  
imper  
work  
hare'  
an a  
the w  
wand  
leavin  
cottag

driven by Dummy himself. Dummy! He had forgotten Dummy. Dummy must not go with him. Strange! in all this welter he realised with extraordinary vividness that he felt a peculiar tenderness for Dummy, his simple, stupid, faithful follower. If Dummy went with him, two would be involved in the fate—whatever it might be—that was meant for one alone. His wits flashed back to him, and at this moment of supreme test, with an unknown horror hanging over him, they worked as they were apt to work but seldom, for another than himself. Dummy must not go. Dummy must remain safe on shore. It introduced a tangible risk, for the wind was fresh, and the boat was too large for one man to manage with safety; but for that he cared nothing. He must go to meet his fate alone. He must play the game like a man, for it might be the last he would play.

The boat was under the quay, just floating on the rising tide. He strode through the water and swung himself in, waving Dummy back as he prepared to follow. At the gesture Dummy stood, his feet in the water, a picture of blank astonishment. Paul repeated it vehemently. You know the behaviour of a dog who has surreptitiously followed his master out of doors, when he is discovered and ordered home again. Just so behaved Dummy. He turned back a yard or so, faced round, stood staring, advanced a timid step, was waved back, retreated a little farther, stopped again, went forward with desperate assurance, only to be arrested once more by yet another impetuous signal.

Meanwhile Paul was getting the oars out and unfasting the painter. This done, he waved a farewell to Dummy, and pushed off. What was passing in Dummy's mind one cannot tell. Perhaps he read peril in Paul's face, perhaps his dog-like instinct warned him. If peril there was, he could not leave his master to face it alone. As Paul thrust with his oar against the quay wall, Dummy rushed forward, splashed through the water up to his waist, clutched the backward-pointing bow of the boat, and scrambled in. Paul waved a despairing gesture, and resigned himself. He had done what he could. There must be no turning back that night. Fate held the tiller; what was to be must be.

Away from the land, with the fresh sane wind blowing against his face, and the waves lapping steadily under the bows of the boat, he grew cooler and more collected. He began to regard the situation with a calm, dispassionate interest, as a matter in which he had no personal concern. With some curiosity, with next to no alarm, he wondered what shape his impending fate would assume. He tried to work out a grotesque rule-of-three sum. If one hare's foot was equal to a sprained wrist and an attack of sea-sickness, what result would the whole animal produce? Then his thoughts wandered altogether away, to the shore he was leaving behind, to the village, to the Joses' cottage. He pictured the scene in the kitchen

—the shaded lamp on the table, Ben Jose and Jennifer on either side of it, their faces in a half shadow, their hands moving in a bright light, the father's slowly and steadily guiding his footy little pen over the paper, the daughter's jerking with swift short abruptness as they manipulated the gleaming needles. Were they thinking of him, he wondered? With calm consideration he reviewed the past months, reading them through as he would a story-book. They were interesting, full of vivid incident—he delivered no further judgment on them; the queer sense of detachment was complete. He felt without hope, without fear, completely purged of all human emotion. 'Twas as if he had broken loose from life already, and sat surveying it from afar.

The appointed spot was reached, exactly at the appointed time. He peered about through the darkness for signs of the approaching vessel; nothing was to be seen. By agreement an hour's grace was allowed. The floats of the trammel made blacker spots on the black water hard by. He had not meant to do so, but, after all, he might as well haul up while he was waiting; it would help to pass the time away. He signed to Dummy, and they set to work.

The trammel was heavy to rending-point with fish. Never since it was first put out had it come up so full. To Paul it seemed an ironic joke of Fate, smiling in her grim way on her victim before delivering the blow. He laughed back in her face, not in defiance, but in frank acknowledgment of the humour of the thing.

A light waved up and down in the darkness ahead. Here they were! Paul seized the lantern and swung it thrice in the air. A dim bulk loomed up and swept quickly past. There was an excited chatter of foreign voices, a hail—"All-a-raight?" in broken English, an echoing response from Paul, the splash of a heavy body in the water, and the stranger receded, dwindled—was swallowed up in the night.

They rowed up and hauled in. Three kegs and two tarpaulined packages were distributed under the thwarts; the barrel that served as a buoy was staved in and set adrift, and the boat's head was turned homewards. Nothing out of the way had happened so far. As the *Swiftsure* slipped through the waves, nearer every moment to home and safety, the brooding horror was lifted from Paul's spirits, and they rose buoyant. Nothing had happened yet; and what could happen now? The wind, though fresh, was fair and steady, his hand was firm on the tiller, the trusty Dummy was with him—what was there to fear? In an hour he would be stretching his limbs between the sheets in warm security. Surely the blow, if it had been delivered, had fallen short, balked by his agility, checked by his show of calm confidence. And was it not all nonsense and foolishness, as he had ever declared—an old wives' fable, fit to frighten children, but which it were shame for a man to heed?

The land grew up black against the dark sky.



Presently the town was to be made out, a grey patch daubed against the cliff, glimmering as if the walls and roofs were giving out a dim phosphorescence stored up in the hours of sunlight. Paul steered in, cautiously watching. The quay was deserted, not a light showed in a window. All was safe; and there was no need for noisy oars; the wind was good to take him right in under the quay.

Quay-head was rounded, the sails came down with a subdued rattle, the boat glided slowly into the shadow of the cliff, and was stayed under the windows of the shop. Paul stood up and gave the signal—a curlew's cry—twice repeated. He waited, but nothing stirred. He signalled again, and, after a longer wait, a third time. Still no sign that he was heard. What was up? Had Reseigh fallen asleep while waiting? Paul held anxious debate with himself what to do. Should he go ashore and knock Reseigh up? And knock up half the street too! Or put out again, and sink the goods by the store-pot? Scarcely wise, when he suspected that prying hands had been meddling thereabouts. The best plan seemed to be to take his cargo—fish and all—up to the cellars, and leave it there for the present. All this time he was standing, oars in hands, with his face to the bow, keeping the boat steady against the tide with an occasional dip of the blades in the water. Now he leaned forward, pushing a long stroke. In a moment the boat's keel kissed the stones, and he and Dummy leapt ashore and seized the painter.

A round eye of light glared at him suddenly from behind a boat, a clatter of feet and a dropping fire of shouts broke the silence, and half a dozen men in blue jackets were round him. His fists went up, he struck one blow, the pebbles clinked as a man fell backwards; and then, with a calm "Twas to be," he dropped his arms and resigned himself.

Two men held him, two were struggling with Dummy, who showed desperate fight, and the other two were ransacking the boat.

Dummy was overpowered, though not until a rope was round his wrists, the contraband was thrown ashore and shouldered, and the procession started up the beach.

Paul jerked his captors to a standstill.

"*Would 'ee mind haulin' up the li'll boat, soare?*" he pleaded. "*She dedn' know what she was about, an' 'a edn' fair she should come to harm.*"

The two men behind good-naturedly complied.

"Thank 'ee kindly," said Paul. "An' now forwards."

On the capstan at the top of the beach a man was sitting, swinging his legs and singing a traditional stave, in a squeaky tenor voice:

"A starless night,  
No moon in sight,  
An' no land-waiters handy;  
Come mates away,  
We're off to say,  
To fish for kegs o' brandy."

It was Steve Polkinhorne, unable to resist the temptation of coming to gloat over his enemy's downfall.

"Haul' tongue, thou lemb!" growled one of the men in disgust, and kicked contemptuously at him in passing.

As they went up the street, on their way to the coast-guard station, lights twinkled in upper rooms, windows were pushed open, and pale, curious faces were thrust out. At one window there were two faces, side by side, and Paul heard a whispered "Who is 'a?"

"Tes me, Paul Carah, caught smugglin'," he called out, not in bravado, but simply as one supplying courteous information. The merest gleam of elation shone in him when he heard an amazed, half-admiring murmur of "Him agin? what a chap!" At any rate he had given Porthvean one more shock of surprise. Tongues would be clacking to-morrow. If he never came back, here was an exit, dramatic enough, in all conscience.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

TO Jennifer, sitting listlessly by the fire in the kitchen, her father entered, a newspaper in his hand.

"Jennifer," he said, "'tes all in the paper 'bout Paul; an' I've brought en round, thinkin' you'd like to hear. Shall I read en out?"

She set her face and nodded.

Mr. Jose unfolded the paper, instituted a muttering search, and after scanning three pages in vain, hit on the right place.

"Here 'a es, squeezed in a corner, as ef 'twas nothin' at all," he said, quite disappointed. "Now listen—'East Trenwith Petty Sessions. Paul Carah, twenty-eight, an' Albert Edward Hendy, forty-six—' (Why! he broke off, that's Dummy, 'spose. His da was Ozias Hendy, sure 'nough; but I never knawed his name before. Wonder how they got hold of en. Albert Edward—that's our Dummy! Think o' that—Albert Edward!)"

Jennifer's fingers clutched at her gown. "Go on, da," she said, in a close voice.

"Ess, my dear. Where was I? Aw ess—'Paul Carah, twenty-eight, an' Albert Edward Hendy, forty-six—' (Albert Edward!—well, well!)—'forty-six, were charged with smugglin' contraband on the night of April the fourteenth, an' also with assaultin' the preventive officers in the execution of their duty. On bein' placed in the dock, the younger prisoner—(that's Paul, Jennifer)—prisoner egzitedly addressed the bench, assertin' that his companion—(that's Dummy)—'was deef an' dumb, an' totally incapable of understandin' the natur' of his offence or of the charge brought against him. To a question from the magistrates, the officer in charge replied corrobbyratin' the statement, an' addin' that the man was a well-known char'cter in the district—' (That's right! they've got en right; everybody do knaw Dummy, sure 'nough)—'district, an' was little more than a harm-



less idiot.' (Idiot! That's so much as they'd know about et!) 'On hearin' this, the bench ordered the prisoner Hendy to be released, sayin' that he should never have been brought before them.'

Mr. Jose laid the paper down, beaming.

"Dummy's all right, then," he said. "They hadn't the heart to do nothin' to he. An' Paul stood up fur 'n. Magistrates or no magistrates, he wouldn't stand by an' see harm come to Dummy. He spoke up to wance, like the brave chap he allers was. Noble, wadn' 'a, Jennifer? Not a word for hisself; 'twas on'y Dummy he guv a thought for. Noble wadn' 'a?"

She did not give voice to her assent. "Go on, da," she said.

Mr. Jose took the paper up again. "'The charges against Carah were then gone into. Evidence was given of the smugglin' an' of the assault, an', the prisoner offerin' no defence, the magistrates imposed fines amountin' altogether to fifty pounds, or in default, three months' imprisonment.'—Fifty pound! Three months! Law me! 'A'll be Bodmin fur 'n, I'm afraid. How's goin' to pay all that? Fifty pound!" He glanced again at the paper. "Hullo! Here's another bit. 'Some egzitement was caused in court by the be'aviour o' the man Hendy, who, when the prisoner was removed, attempted to follow him. It was necessary to use force to prevent him. The uproar he raised at this was so great that the magistrates ordered him to be ejected.' Poor chap! He knawed there was somethin' wrong, an' he belonged to stand by his friend. Poor chap! What 'a'll do without Paul I don't knaw. An' we shall miss him too, sim' me. Brave an' queeat we shall be, without the bustlin' ways of en, an' the loud spache of en. Kep' us goin', he ded, sure 'nough."

The paper dropped from his hands as he mused.

"Nothin' but things happenin' ever sence he came here. Seven years away an' six months here; put the wan agin the other, an' there's more happened in the six months. 'I'll wake 'em up,' said he to me wance; an' so 'a ded, sure 'nough. Never was such a wan for bustlin' an' schemin'; an' yet, somehow"—he hesitated in a puzzled way—"somehow, nothin' do seem to come of et all. They're talkin' a lot 'bout en over to cove, an' I said to Jim Boase, said I—'Give en a better chanst than he's had, an' he'd 'a been a rich man 'fore now.' An' Jim, he said to me—'Ben,' said he, 'et's well a wild cow has short horns, or creation 'ud be upst brave an' quick.' That's what Jim said to me, manin' the sayin' for Paul. Poor chap! A pretty place all his schemin''s landed him in."

He woke from his musings to find Jennifer kneeling beside him, her eyes shining.

"Daddy, dear," she said in a low, eager tone, "we do belong to get him out."

"We, my dear? How?"

"Look! There's the money you've saved—

two hundred pound, edn' 'a? An' 'tis for me, edn' 'a? Fifty pound out o' that do leave a brae lot yet—more than I look to have. How shouldn' we send en to Paul, to get him out?"

"Jennifer! The money I've scraped an' saved for 'ee, so's you should be comfortable when I edn' here no longer!"

"Don't matter 'bout me," she urged. "I can work. Don't matter, so's we can save Paul from disgrace. Paul in prison! 'Twill kill him. Send en off to wance, daddy, I beg of 'ee!"

Mr. Jose pondered, eagerly watched.

"No!" he said firmly. "Et caan't be done. I'm brave an' fond o' Paul, an' I'm brave an' sorry fur 'n, an' I do wish to help en—but fifty pound o' your money, no! Mus' think for you first, li'll maid. You're my cheeld; Paul edn'. You're a weak woman; Paul's a man, an' do belong to stand on his own feet. Fifty pound! No, no, et caan't be done."

"Daddy, I beg of 'ee!" The tears were in her eyes. "Haven't 'ee always said Paul was wan of us—wan o' the fam'ly?"

Mr. Jose shook his head. "That's on'y in a manner of speakin'," he said—"jokin', like. 'Sides, I thought—" he broke off, glancing at her, and a cunning expression came into his face. "Wan o' the fam'ly! Now, ef there was any chanst o' that; ef you an' he—"

"Don't, daddy!"

"Listen to me, Jennifer. Ef there was anythin' between 'ee, now, 'twould be different. Then what's yours 'ud be his. I've never spoke ti' 'ee about et, but you d' know how I wish en to be. If you can tell me 'tes like to be as I do hope for'n to be, I'll g' up wi' the money to-morrow, so I will. Come, li'll maid o' mine, tell your auld da. Has Paul ever said anythin' ti' 'ee?"

For a moment she was ready to forswear herself, and save Paul with a yes. But she saw the uselessness of it and the danger and wrong of it. Her head dropped, and—"Nothin'," she said.

"Nor he edn' like to?"

"No."

Mr. Jose sighed. "I do believe, ef you'd trated en defferent, he'd ha' spoke," he said, with a spice of reproach. "I'm sure he's fond of 'ee, or ready to be so. An' you couldn' find a smarter chap nowheres. But you allers were a strange maid. I love 'ee dear, I'm proud of 'ee; but—well, 'tis your natur'. I don't say nothin' agin natur'. I do believe what you say, an' I caan't help feelin' sorry for 'n. An' I'm sorry for Paul; but sence 'tis as you say, he mus' look out for his own self."

She knew on what an inflexible foundation his easy-going nature was built. She could tell by his voice and manner when the foundation was reached. There was no hope for Paul from this quarter. Whence, then? She thought and thought, that which was within her lending her wits a supreme clarity to see, a supreme steadiness to weigh and judge. She

thought and thought, and a hope came to her, and a determination. A desperate hope, and a desperate venture; but desperate courage was there to urge her on.

She waited till night closed in. Then she put a shawl over her head, and went across to the village. At the shop-door she stopped and entered. The girl behind the counter stared at her. Jennifer in the village was a rare sight; Jennifer in Reseigh's shop was almost unique. Porthvean knew next to nothing about her; there were no fetters on its imagination; to what its imagination evolved it cheerfully committed itself; so the girl stared.

Jennifer asked to see Reseigh. He was in the parlour, the girl said, but she would call him.

No; Jennifer wished to see him alone; she would go in to him. Her heart fluttered as she walked across to the door; but her head was clear and cool, and the hand she laid on the latch was quite steady.

Reseigh was sitting in a comfortable arm-chair, his fat hands folded before him, enjoying the good man's well-earned rest after labour. He objected, as the best of men will, to being disturbed after business hours; and when the door opened, he called out quite crossly, telling the intruder to be off and not come plaguing him. Then he looked up and saw Jennifer. His features had learned to repress all involuntary movements in the iron school of his will; but for a moment they forgot themselves, and allowed his surprise to show itself. Then in a flash they were a blank mask. He knew little of Jennifer, but he knew enough to judge that no trivial errand had brought her to his shop, and, unbidden, into his presence.

"Well, my dear, what can I do for 'ee?" he said affably. He was always polite when he saw no reason to be otherwise.

"I've come to spake ti' 'ee," said Jennifer.

"Ess, well? Set 'ee down. What is 'a?"

"I'll stand," said Jennifer. "'Tis about Paul I've come."

"Have 'ee, now? An' what about en, I wonder?"

"Paul's in prison," she said.

"So 'a es, the fullish fellow. I'm sorry fur 'n, but he's a fullish fellow."

"Paul's in prison," she continued steadily, "an' 'tes all through you that he's there."

If he had been walking on the quay, and one of a heap of fish had suddenly reared itself up, and denounced him as an infamous trafficker in the flesh of its brethren, he could not have been more genuinely astonished. He was actually impelled to laugh.

"What nonsense are 'ee a-tellin' of, my dear?" he said genially. "All through me? Sim' me, you edn' azackly. You'd better fit an' go home."

"All through you," she repeated. "You spoke en fair, an' led en on, an' put this business into his head, that he'd never ha' thought upon else. You made en think he was doin' a fine thing.

He never saw nothin' but good in you; he always stood up for you. An' you've brought en to ruin. 'Twas for you he went out; you sent en. An' now he's in Bodmin, an' the fault's yours."

Reseigh was more amused than ever. "There's a pretty li'll ballat for 'ee!" he said in good-humoured contempt. "An' not a word o' truth in et from beginnin' to eend. An' supposin' there was—jus' supposin' for the sake of argment—what then?"

"I look for 'ee to get him out," said Jennifer.

"Oho!" he exclaimed softly. "That's et, is 'a? I'm to pay fifty pound to get a rogue out of jail, am I? Out o' friendship, like? Fif-ty pound!" the sum seemed to swell immeasurably on his lips. "Beggin's your arrand, then? An' for fifty pound!"

"I don't beg o' you," she said. "I do know better 'n that. Edn' beggary to ask a right; an' that's what I'm doin'. 'Twas through you he was caught; 'tes for you to get en out."

The good man was unused to such language. He may be pardoned for losing his temper a little.

"Aw! 'tes for me to get en out, is 'a?" In his irritation he abandoned his pretended ignorance. "The rogue's lost me a matter o' ten pound already through his carelessness. An' now I'm to throw fifty more into the say, am I? Sorry for 'ee, my dear, but without you do pay the fine yourself, he mus' rot in jail, mus' your fancy man."

She never flinched at the insult. "You've got to get en out," she repeated. "An' 'a 'll be the worse for 'ee ef you don't."

A threat! "Off wi' 'ee," he said roughly. "Out o' this house to wance! I've no time to listen to such stuff. An' let me tell 'ee, they that do threaten me are like to be sorry fur 'a arterwards. Off you go!"

"Ef I go," she said, "I go up to the coastguard cap'n, to tell en there's smuggled goods in your cellar."

She spoke quietly, but she trembled. All depended on the shape Reseigh's caution had taken, whether he had removed the goods and disposed of them at once, or whether he had judged it safer to keep them by him for a while. The sight of his face set her fears at rest and her heart a-leaping. For a moment he sat paralysed; then for once in his life the mask fell completely away, and he burst forth in a torrent of evil speech. She waited, till he checked himself abruptly and fell into a sullen meditation. After a minute's silence, she moved towards the door.

"Wait!" he said sulkily. She paused, while he continued to reflect. Presently he looked up with cunning eyes.

"Ef they're there," he said—"I don't say they are, but ef they are—who's to tell they're smuggled?"

"'Tis for you to show they're not," said she. "Sim' me, they'll ask you to show the receipts."

"That's so, sure 'nough," he said, and thought again. Again he looked up, and now his face showed what was meant for frank admiration.

"You're a sharp wan!" he exclaimed heartily. "For a queeat li'll maid, you're a sharp wan. The auld chap's fairly beaten.



PRESENTLY HE LOOKED UP.

Ess, you've got the better o' me this time, an' there edn' many can say that. I don't bear no malice. My life! what a sharp wan you are!"

If he thought to disarm her with flattery, he failed. "The money," she said.

"Ess, 'tes all right. I'll send en to him. I'll send en to-morrow, never you fear."

"No," she said. "You'll give en to me now."

"Dost doubt my word?" cried injured innocence. "I pass my word I'll send en to-morrow. What more do 'ee want?"

"I want the money," she said. "There wouldn't be no 'ccasion for 'ee to send en to-morrow. The goods 'll be gone 'fore then. Gie me the money."

"D'ye suppose," he snarled, "I keep all that money by me? Fifty pound! Ef I've got so much in all the world, I'm richer than I thought for. I caan't give what I haven't got, can I?"

"You're a savin' man," she said; "you've got en. You're a careful man; you've got en by 'ee. Gie me the money."

The reiterated demand was like a blank wall, against which he ran his head at every evasive twist.

"No!" he ejaculated, and swore as profusely as if the metaphor was a statement of fact. Without another word, she turned away to go. He threw up his hand.

"Stop! You shall have en," he growled. In silence he went to his desk, and unlocked it. A pile of notes rustled between his fingers; she wondered if he could hear her heart beat above the rustle. The little sounds of movement were portentously magnified in her ears—his heavy breathing, the flutter of papers, the chirping of the keys in his hand, the thud of wood on wood as he closed the desk, the metallic click when he turned the lock, and behind all, the indifferent, inconscient murmur of the sea without.

He turned about, and 'twas as if all the evil passions in this world had flown together and settled on his face. Jennifer's eyes were on his hand and the bunch of notes in it. She stretched out her hand.

"Hauld on!" he said, in a voice of venom. "How am I to know where this money's goin' to? 'Tes a brae lot, a temptin' lot. May be Paul 'ull have to stop in jail arter all."

She looked at him, and stretched forth her hand again.

"An' ef you do send et, you'll get the credit, 'course, 'stead o' me." It was certainly hard, when one was performing a good action, even if against one's will, to think that another was in a position to appropriate the glory of it.

"Shall be in your name," she said coldly.

"He'll never knaw I had a hand in et."

"So you say," he sneered.

"So I say," she replied. "Gie me the money."

He flung the notes on the table. She gathered them up, and turned to go. As she went out into the shop, he followed her. Two women were at the counter, being served. In their presence, and for their benefit, he dealt a parting stab in her back.

"You're well matched, you an' your man. Jail-bird an' light woman—you're a pair."

Her remaining strength took her safely through the street and past the last of the straggling houses along the cliff. Then the tension snapped. She stumbled off the road, and sank on the hedge-bordering grass, shivering and sobbing, utterly wearied and supremely happy.

## CHAPTER XXII.

IN the kitchen Mr. Jose was making feeble attempts to smoke an after-dinner pipe.

Jennifer was quietly clearing away the dishes, and Dummy was sitting in a corner, his elbows on his knees, his chin on his hands, his face contracted with puzzled anxiety. The canary was singing its loudest and merriest, and as Jennifer went out to the door with a



basin of dish-water, she stopped and chirruped to it. Mr. Jose made a gesture of irritation.

"Sim' me, Jennifer," he said, "you edn' got much feelin' in 'ee. How can you be so cheerful? Even Dummy, poor chap, do take on more 'n you do. Look at en—there he goes agin!"

For the hundredth time in the last few days, Dummy jumped up, clutched at Jennifer's arm, and imitated Paul's characteristic gait, with a gesture of vehement inquiry to follow. And for the hundredth time, Jennifer assured him, as plainly as hands and face could speak, that Paul was coming back to-morrow.

"Poor Dummy!" mused the old man. "A brae many to-morrows before you see your partner agin. Aw me now! I knawed I should miss en, but I never thought to miss en so much. Every minute I look to hear en come stavin' along, whistlin' an' singin'. In he comes. 'Hallo, uncle!' says he, an' bangs down 'pon a chair, fit to smash the legs of en. 'Where's denner?' says he. 'Hurry up wi' my denner,' says he. He allus was a rare wan for his vittles. But there!—there wadn' nothin' but what he took an int'rest in. Sim' me, that's what made him such good comp'ny. This here life's a dull business to most, but wi' he 'twas as ef he was diggin' your ribs all the while, p'intin' out the int'rest of en—fun in this, roguery in that. An' now he's gone, 'tes as ef the taste o' life's gone too. Aw me! I do feel kind o' tired."

Jennifer lifted her hand, listening.

"Here 'a do come," she said in a low, glad voice.

The old man started. "Who? Paul? My nerves! you made me jump. You shouldn', my dear; you shouldn' play tricks like that. Edn' no fun in be'avin' so."

"'Tes he, daddy; I edn' jokin'. Do 'ee think I don't know his step?"

"Paul? How can 'a be?" But he listened, and heard a step crunching on the path, a quick, impetuous, familiar step. Then through the window a momentary glimpse of swinging arms and stooping head, and as they sprang to their feet, Paul stood among them, grasping hands all round, laughing, shouting, as of old.

"Hullo, uncle! Dummy, auld chap! Jennifer! Dedn' expec' to see me, ded 'ee? Guv 'ee all a surprise, aha! That's my way. I'm glad to be'old 'ee all agin. Looks to me as ef you were glad too. Heya, Dummy! Look at the chap! He'll have a fit direckly. Had denner, I see. Fit an' get me a crust, will 'ee, Jennifer? I'm rawnish."

Mr. Jose slapped his thigh delightedly. "The same auld Paul!" he laughed. "Just the same! Edn' changed a bit. Glad to be'old 'ee, sonny? I should think so! But how come you to come back so soon?"

"Uncle," said Paul impressively, "never you say another word agin Reseigh as long as you live."

"How?" exclaimed Mr. Jose. "Don't mane to say——?"

"'Twas he that got me out; that's what I'd mane to say."

"Reseigh?"

"Reseigh, an' no mistake. I asked about et arterwards. The money was sent in a letter, an' I see the letter. 'A wadn' in Reseigh's fist, but there was his name, sure 'nough. There's a friend for 'ee! I went over to thank en, 'fore come here, but the maid said he was out. But there's a true friend for 'ee! An' to think that last time I see him, I was angry wed 'n, an' profaned agin him, the good auld man! But never you say a word more agin him!"

"I waan't," said Mr. Jose humbly. "I couldn' arter that. But I'm puzzled, to tell 'ee the truth. 'A edn' like Reseigh to pay away fifty pound without he's fo'ced to."

"There you go agin!" cried Paul irritably. "There wadn' nobody fo'ced him. He's an hon'rable man. I stood by en, I never spoke his name; I went to prison for 'n, you may say. Course, he felt bound to stand by me an' help me out. A good, hon'rable man, I tell 'ee, an' a true friend as ever was. Now that I'm leavin' the auld place agin, there edn' many I'm sorry to say good-bye to, but Reseigh's wan of 'em."

"Paul! You're talkin' o' leavin' already, an' you not back home five minutes. But you edn' goin' just yet, s'pose!"

"Soon's I've finished the crust Jennifer's gettin' for me."

Clumsy Jennifer let fall the plate she was carrying. The clatter started Mr. Jose's eyes from Paul's face, but in a moment they were back again, staring in astound.

"Paul?"

"Ess, uncle, I'm off this time for sure. All this while I've been makin' my plans, an' now 'tes settled. Back to the States I go. I edn' for Porthvean no longer."

"Paul! You'll wait a bit, 'fore go. You'll liv us see you for a bit, an' get used to the notion. You allers were a sudden chap; but you'll wait a bit wi' your friends, won't you?"

"Not I, uncle. I'm sorry to leave 'ee, but I edn' wan to wait. When I'm set upon a thing, I go fur 'n to wance—that's me! No diddlin' about for Paul Carah. Haelf an hour, an' I'm off. Nothin' to keep me here, 'a b'lieve—not even a swettard, aha, Jennifer?"

She was in his confidence; she knew his views on that subject; and he gaily winked at her as she set a plate before him. He fell to with a zest. Mr. Jose watched him with a melancholy interest, prattling his regrets the while.

"'Twas to be, uncle," said Paul, as he pushed his plate away. "I belonged to go back as I came. 'Fore ever I set foot in the place, I had a warnin' how 'a was to be. I never tauld 'ee 'bout that, did I? Strange 'a was, sure 'nough."

He related the story of the flock of plovers and the solitary bird. "An' now the token's come true," he concluded, in a suitable tone of



dramatic melancholy. "Off I go into the dark alone, like the bird."

"Not alone, Paul!" said Jennifer, her heart bursting into speech at last. "Not alone; our good wishes do go with you."

"Ess, that's so, Paul," her father added earnestly. "Jennifer do say right; our best wishes 'll follow 'ee wherever you d' go."

Paul was touched. "Then they mus' look to v'yage a brae long way," he laughed, ashamed to show it. Then he was ashamed of his laughter. "But 'tes good of 'ee to say so, an' I thank 'ee both fur 'n. 'Tes good to think I do leave friends behind. But, bless you,

knew what you're a-goin' to say, but you mus'n' say et. I don't want nothin' but my fingers an' my brain to get along wi'. I shall do very well, never you fear. Gum!" he broke off. "Look at Dummy; he caan't make out what's up."

Dummy's attention had been arrested and his imagination excited by the bundle. He was hovering about it, examining it dubiously, and casting uneasy glances at Paul. A bundle meant a journey. It was Paul's bundle. Was his newly restored friend and master about to desert him again already?

"Poor Dummy!" Paul exclaimed pityingly.

"Ess, auld chap, I'm goin' to leave 'ee agin' an' 'tes for good this time. You'll have to fit an' find another partner. My ivers!" he cried, suddenly deserting pathos for animated narrative. "That minds me o' somethin' I clane forget to tell 'ee. When I come out o' the station at Henliston this mornin', I see the back of a man in front o' me. Thinks I, I knew that man. So I staved along an' caught him up. An' who d'ye think 'a was? 'Twas Will Oliver, the man that sold me the boat. An' such a wisht, wretched-lookin' chap as he was I never see. 'Hullo, soase!' said I. 'You mind me?' So he stared at me, mis'rable like, an'—'Ess, I mind 'ee,' he said slowly. 'Where you from?' said he. 'Bodmin jail,' said I, for I edn' ashamed to liv 'em know. 'Where you from?' said I. 'London,' said he, 'an' a worse place than jail.' 'How?' said I. 'Yes, worse!' said he, an' 'a made me jump, the way 'a said et. 'Curse the men that built et!' garmed he. 'Curse the ground et's built on! I'm out of en at last,' said he, 'but I've left my money behind, an' my stren'th, an' my hope. An' I'm goin' home to my wife an' a cheeld I never set eyes on, an' we're all goin' to starve together, says he. An' then, ef 'a dedn' start snoolin' like a baby, call me a Devon man to wance! So a thought come to me, an' said I, 'Cheer up, soase,' said I. 'Look,' said I, 'you sold me your boat.' 'I d' know that,' said he, bitter like. 'Well,' said I, 'ef you've a mind to take en back, you

can do so. I've guv up fishin',' said I. So he laffed, an' 'a wadn' pretty to hear en. 'I'm in rags, as you d' see,' said he, 'an' there's holes in my pockets. All the money's kind o' slipped out,' said he. So I said, 'Money I don't want.' 'How?' said he. 'Thanks is all I do want,' said I. 'Take the li'll boat, you're welcome,' said I. That's what I said to en, for et come into my mind that I had bested en to g' upp to London, an' no man shall put the fault of his ruin 'pon me. So, 'Take the li'll boat,' said I; an' you should ha' seen the face of en. Thanks! Ef thanks were gold, I'd have a sackful, sure. Ess, I guv the li'll boat away as ef 'twas nobbut a pair of auld boots. An' I don't take no credit fur 'n, nuther."



PAUL GIVES BACK THE BOAT.

they d' know me out in the States. I've fifty friends there for wan over here. That's the place for me. Hooraw for the States! I'll go an' put up my things to wance."

Up the stairs he clattered, and the silent folk below could hear him whistling and singing as he stamped about over their heads. In five minutes he was down again, bundle in hand.

"All my worldly goods!" he exclaimed, flourishing it; "barrin' a knife an' five shellin's in my pocket."

"Paul," said Mr. Jose eagerly; "ef I can—"

"Stop there, uncle!" he interrupted. "I d'

All the same, he beamed round for applause. Just like Paul, thought the one who knew him best; as careless and uncalculating in his generosity as in his selfishness, and as determined as ever to give his right hand the fullest information of the doings of his left hand.

"But come!" he exclaimed, starting up; "mustn' stay yarnin' here. I'm off. Come to the gate, all of 'ee, an' see the last o' Paul Carah."

As he strode out, the garden lay before him, patched all over with bright green. He paused, and an expression of genuine emotion now first appeared on his face.

"Lookin' grand, edn' 'a?" he said. "There's a brave scheme all come to nothin'. Ef I wadn' goin' away, I'd—I've a mind to—Pouf! What am I a-tellin' of? There's other plans, an' bigger wans, in my heed now. Forward, Paul!"

He hurried to the gate, and turned to await them.

"An' now, good-bye, friends all. Good-bye, li'll house! Good-bye, uncle! Stick to your maps. Good-bye, Dummy! Good-bye, Jennifer! I'll send 'ee all a letter 'fore long, an' you mus' write back. An', ha-ha!—look, Jennifer! Ef Dummy's got his four-master by then, you mus' liv me know, an' I'll send 'ee a tay-pot for a weddin' present."

Dummy, realising the situation completely at last, was blubbing profusely. Mr. Jose

blinked and blew his nose. Jennifer's eyes were dry, unnaturally dilated, fixed on Paul with an unwinking stare.

Paul lingered, seeking a final dramatic word. But it would not come. Somehow, at the last moment, with his hand on the gate, a true and deep emotion mastered him. Dear, kindly folk—'twas a wrench to part with them. He never thought to feel it so much. The name friend suddenly had a new meaning to him; he realised that tendrils from without had, all unknown, penetrated his self-contained, self-enclosed nature. In the presence of the great commonplaces of life—birth, death, meeting, parting—all but the most commonplace words are apt to fail us. And so Paul found it.

"Friends, good-bye!" he repeated over and over again. "Good-bye, friends! My heart's sore to leave 'ee. Ess, there's grief in my heart to leave 'ee, friends. True friends—we won't forget wan another. Maybe I'll come back some day; ess, sure, I'll come back to my friends."

He stood dumb for a moment; and then, with one more abrupt, almost savage, "Good-bye, friends!" he turned and hurried away.

Up the hill, at the turn of the road, he looked back to wave his hand. The three figures were like statues at the gate. Once more the new-found word came to his lips.

"Friends! I'm leavin' true friends behind me."

Yes, and one who was something more, if he only knew.

#### THE INTELLIGENCE OF INCUBATED CHICKS.

Professor Lloyd Morgan, who has for some years been engaged in the study of instinct and intelligence in animals, recently described the results of his observations at the Royal Institution. Birds were hatched in an incubator, being thus removed from parental influence, and a careful analysis of their behaviour during the first few days of their life was made. It appears from Professor Morgan's observations that as soon as a chick begins to peck, it pecks at all the materials placed before it, without any discrimination between tasteful and distasteful substances; in other words, there is no evidence that the little bird comes into the world with anything like hereditary knowledge of good and evil in things eatable. Bits of orange peel, bees, and wasps, are seized with not less readiness than natural food, such as grain, seeds, grubs, flies, and other palatable insects. There is also no dread of natural enemies; some young pheasants and partridges showed no sign of alarm when a dog came into the room, and even pecked at his claws, while a chick tried to nestle down under him. Other chicks took no notice of a cat.

But the lessons taught by experience are quickly learnt, and the birds have very retentive memories.

If distasteful objects are repeatedly given to chicks, after a while the little birds cannot be induced to peck, and may even die of starvation. Under natural conditions, of course, the parent bird indicates with her beak the appropriate food, but where this parental guidance is absent, the birds have to acquire this knowledge by bitter experience. Even when water is placed before thirsty chicks and ducklings recently hatched, it is not recognised, and the birds may run through it and remain unaffected by its presence. A chance peck at a bubble on the water or at a grain in the bottom of the dish containing it, brings the beak in contact with the water, and as soon as this happens the bird begins to drink. Professor Morgan's observations thus go to show that the actions and emotions of chicks which are not given the opportunity of imitating the ways of other birds are largely the result of individual experience, little knowledge being inherited. Professor Poulton's study of the behaviour of young lizards points in the same direction. According to these results of observation, animal instinct is but the ground plan of activities which are afterwards moulded by intelligence and logical thought.

## JUSTICE AT KHETRI.

FAR up in the hills, some miles beyond his palace and town of Khetri, the Rajah Ajeet Singh had built a "bund," or embankment. A river flowed down from those hills, and, in the rainy season, ran wide and full through Khetri, to lose itself in the sands a few miles farther down. But all through the long dry season the river bed was nothing but a sandy, stony road, along which the camels passed with their burdens, going down to Khetri, and the wayfarers trudged and stumbled on their journeys backwards and forwards from the outlying villages. All the precious rain-water was wasted—was, indeed, rather an inconvenience to the merchants and the travellers while it flowed away down the river bed which was their only highway, until the Rajah bethought him of building a dam, and storing it all up there among the hills above Khetri, where water was always wanted for irrigation. There was much fertile land up there which would bear two crops in the year, but which had never been cultivated because of the want of water through all the dry season.

The Rajah's Brahmin private secretary, who had worked in the English engineers' office at Jeypore in his youth, was ordered to choose a site and build a bund. After many days he chose a spot, past which the river flowed, where there was a small, deep valley, shut in on three sides by hills. He built a small bungalow on one of the hills, gathered together two or three hundred workmen, encamped them with their wives and families round about him, and dwelt there for two years while he built a high and broad embankment to close in the fourth side of the valley, and transform it into a lake, with sluice gates, and canals to lead away the stored-up water, all through the year, into the barren land beyond.

There was a great function up there among the hills when the bund was finished. The political agent came from Jeypore to the opening, and the civil engineer, and one or two globe-trotters who were doing Jeypore. And they praised the Rajah, and made speeches in his honour, and the heart of the Rajah was glad within him, because he had pleased his powerful English masters.

The rains came and filled the lake, and it lay fair and still among its hills, with a little green island on its bosom; all about it, on the barren lands, crops grew and ripened, and tiny villages sprang up; all through the driest and hottest summers the water flowed out to them from that cool and lovely lake among the hills.

The Rajah built a tiny temple on the bund to the god of the waters, and put a Brahmin priest there to make offerings and say prayers, that the water might never fail. And he sent out two watchmen from his city of Khetri to watch there day and night; to measure the rain that

fell year by year, and to open and shut the sluices for the seed-time and harvest.

The ladies of the zenana came up there sometimes from Khetri, and rowed on the lake, and spent a night or two in the little bungalow. And the Rajah sometimes lived there for weeks together. The Brahmin rode up twice a week to hear the watchmen's report, and see that they never failed to mark the rainfall and the outgoing of the water.

One day the Brahmin called the two watchmen to him.

"Gomar and Beemar," said he, "the Rani Sahiba is going away to the hills, and I am to travel with her. The Rajah has gone to Jeypore, and will stay many months. See that you look well to everything while I am gone."

"Jo hookum" (you have ordered), said the watchmen, with low salaams.

"Forget not to write in the register day by day. Watch well that no one opens the sluices or touches the machinery, and see that none enters the bungalow, where his Highness has left his clothes and jewels. I leave all things in your charge. You can go."

"Jo hookum," they said, and, salaaming, turned away.

The Brahmin stood looking out a little regretfully over the lake, lying so fair and tranquil between its guardian hills. He had made it, it was his child, and he loved it. Then he walked away thoughtfully along the broad, gravelled top of the bund towards the little temple, to say a few words to the priest who lived there, and bow himself before the little gold idol niched therein.

The months slipped swiftly by. Beemar and Gomar kept their watch, and faithfully, day by day, noted the height of the water, and opened or shut the sluice gates, for they both feared and loved the Brahmin. From time to time they opened the deserted bungalow, and spread out the Rajah's rich garments, and sleeping rugs, and blankets, in the sun, and shook and dusted them.

It was now six months since the Brahmin had gone away across the desert with the Lady of Khetri, and there was as yet no word of his coming back. Two or three times his clerk, whom he had left behind, had come up to the bund to see that the watchmen were not neglecting their duties, and to bring them messages from their master. He came again one afternoon, as the two men sat idly smoking on the slope of the bund; looking up from where they sat, they saw him picking his way warily down the stony slope towards them. They rose respectfully and saluted him.

"Is all well here?" he asked, as he returned their salute with all the dignity of a learned clerk, high in his master's confidence.

"All is well. Will your honour see the



register? When is the master coming back?"

"I have had to-day a letter from the Punditjee, but there is no talk yet of their returning. Her Highness the Rani Sahiba has gone down to Bareilly; the little Raj Kumar is not well. The air of those cities of the English folk is not good for the children of the State."

"The gods send that they return soon to their State," said Gomar piously.

"Is his Honour the Brahminjee at the temple?" the clerk inquired.

"The holy one went down to his own village, to a marriage festival yesterday," answered Beemar.

"Whose marriage?" the clerk asked indifferently.

"How should I know? The Brahminjee tells us not of his plans," said Gomar.

"I will look now at the registers, that I may write to my Lord the Punditjee, and tell him that his servants are faithful, and have not neglected to do his bidding," said the clerk, leading the way to the bungalow. Beemar and Gomar followed him respectfully. The registers were kept in the first or outer room of the bungalow, the second was used by the Rajah as a sleeping room when he came to the bund, and in the third a few changes of clothes were kept, and two or three not very valuable jewels, which he had forgotten and left there on the occasion of his last visit.

The clerk examined the registers, gossiping idly as he did so with the two watchmen. Then he unlocked the door into the inner room, and strolled into it; he did this sometimes to assure himself that everything was in order.

"You have removed the rugs and bedding, I see," he remarked carelessly; "I suppose you have taken them inside."

"Hazaar?" the men asked, looking at him inquiringly.

"His Highness the Rajah Sahib's rugs and bedding were in this room last time I came up here," said the clerk, advancing farther into the room, towards the second door at the end, which led into the third room.

The two men looked at each other with blank faces, and then stepped across the threshold into the Rajah's sleeping chamber. It was a small square whitewashed room, with a low wooden charpoy in the middle of it, and no other furniture. They stared at the bed as if their eyes would dart out of their heads. There was neither rug nor blanket over the bare plaited webbing of the charpoy. The clerk meanwhile had passed on into the third room, and now came out again.

"Where have you put His Highness' apparel and jewels?" he asked, with some impatience. "You were told to keep them in these rooms. Where are they?"

A silence of sudden consternation fell upon the men, and their eyes grew bloodshot.

"The things are there, your Honour," murmured Gomar. "We brushed and dusted them only yesterday. I saw them with my own eyes."

"Come and look, then, dogs and fools," shouted the clerk, falling into sudden violence. Then the two men began to talk loud and fast, and pushed and jostled each other to the inner room, which was empty. Gone were the Rajah's silken and velvet coats, his gold-laced and jewelled turbans; the niches wherein, but the evening before, they had laid the string of pearls for his neck, his rings, and the golden wristlet with his watch in it, was empty. At that sight they all three began to vociferate and gesticulate together like madmen; screaming, shouting, vituperating, cursing, as the fierce Rajput can do on occasion.

The clerk was the first to recover himself. "I shall send for the police," he cried.

"Yes, yes, bring the police; we are not afraid, we have touched nothing, no one has been into the bungalow. We will go to Bareilly to the Punditjee; we will explain everything to him; he is a just one, he will know his servants are not thieves, that they should touch the apparel and the jewels of His Highness the Rajah." They all burst out of the bungalow together and stood on the gravelled walk of the bund, again arguing and gesticulating.

"It is getting late," said the clerk at last; "I must go back to the city. To-morrow morning I will come again with the police. It may be if the god has taken them, he will put them back in the night; so all shall be well, and there is no blame for anyone. If not, surely you will be beaten, and our master the Punditjee will be angry." So saying, he took the path down the outer side of the bund, the two watchmen following him quietly. He mounted his horse, which waited for him below. The men salaamed respectfully, and he rode off round the head of the lake and across the sands down towards the city. No thought had come to him or to the suspected ones that he should secure them, lest they should make their escape in the night, for fear of the hard things that surely awaited them on the morrow.

When he was out of sight they walked up again slowly and sadly to the top of the bund. There they sat down and resumed their interrupted smoke in silence. When the sun had set behind the western hill, and all the lake and valley slept under the starlight, they too lay down on their mats at the door of the bungalow. But the god never came in the night to restore the stolen property, so that when the clerk returned in the morning, bringing two of the Rajah's police with him, the bungalow was as empty as before, the jewels were still missing.

The police searched the bungalow, they demanded sternly to see the quarters where the watchmen kept their own food and cooking vessels and clothes, and Gomar led them to a dilapidated outhouse, where they ransacked the poor and scanty belongings of the accused ones. All the excitement of the day before had died down. The watchmen replied with a sad and subdued dignity to the many questions, relevant and irrelevant, which the police chose to ask them. They had swept out the bun-



galow and dusted and aired the clothes on the day but one before, and locked up the place as usual. No one had come to the solitary bund all the following day, until the clerk had paid his visit. The police, with many threats, adjured them to tell the truth; and they with patient dignity answered that they had no more to tell. Then the police drew the clerk aside, and held long conference with him. They told him that the watchmen had not confessed; that the stolen property might be hidden anywhere about the hills or in the lake, or in the neighbouring villages; that it would take many days to search all these possible hiding-places, and that if his Honour would give the order, they would take Beemar and Gomar down to the police house in the city, and there, if so it might be, prevail on them to confess.

At midday the five men set forth to go down to the city, leaving the lake to the ancient solitude of its eternal hills.

Down in the city, before the head man of the police, there was more interminable questioning, more insults and threats, then searchings and tearing of garments, violence and blows; all of which the watchmen bore with the silent apathy of the oriental under misfortune. They lay that night on the rough, paved court outside the police house. "When our master the Punditjee comes back, he will make all things straight," said Gomar, as he wrapped his head in his torn and dirty cloth and lay down to sleep. "All things will be made right by his coming," answered Beemar. And so, possessing their souls in patience, they slept.

In the morning they were taken up to the palace, where, in one of the lower chambers, the magistrate sat in judgment. The police told their story; how there was no one dwelling on the bund but the Brahmin priest of the temple and the two watchmen; how his Highness the Rajah Sahib's clothes and jewels had been stolen, and the prisoners refused to confess and tell where the stolen things were hidden. The magistrate listened with his cold inscrutable eyes upon the prisoners, and when the tale was told, gave sentence. Beemar and Gomar should be flogged with bamboos, and put in prison until such time as he should order their release. They were led out into the courtyard of the palace, and there beaten with many stripes. Then their gaolers took them away to a high, narrow, stone chamber over the gateway of the city, to languish there until the magistrate should order their release.

The clerk wrote to his master the Pundit, away in Bareilly with the Rani, and he sent word to his watchmen that they should have patience until he came and could inquire into the matter. And after many months, when the Rani was tired of her wanderings, the Pundit came home with her to Khetri. After two or three days he sent for Beemar and Gomar from the prison and questioned them. When they had told their story, he asked them:

"Who do you think stole the things of his Highness?"

"Maharaj, we have said nothing," Gomar answered.

"I desire you now to speak. I know many things; and what you shall say to me, you say to me only."

Gomar looked round the room, and came up close to his master.

"Maharaj," said he, "the priest of the temple has taken the things. What do I know! We have been beaten and put in prison, but the Maharaj knows all things."

"It is well. To-morrow they will take you out of the prison. Return to the bund. I will come there and talk to you again of this matter."

They bowed low before him, thanking and praising him with tears of gratitude.

When they were gone, he sent for the head man of the police.

"How is this?" he said. "You have beaten and imprisoned my men in my absence. You know that they are innocent."

"Maharaj, his Highness the Rajah's clothes and jewels were stolen. Such deeds cannot go unpunished."

"You know that the priest of the temple stole them. Could not your police find out the guilty one?"

The head man drew himself up proudly. "Maharaj, we know that it was the priest of the temple. My police have traced the things; surely he is the guilty one. But he is a Brahmin and a priest. It was not fitting that we should take him and punish him."

"Brahmin or no Brahmin, I can punish him, and he shall be punished. Who has looked to the bund through all these months? What watchmen have been set to work the sluices? I hear there is a leak, and the villagers steal the water, and have injured the machinery." The Pundit spoke in a tone of irrepressible pain.

"No one thought of the bund," the head man answered humbly.

"Let my men go. Send them back to the bund. You can go."

The priest of the temple was not turned out of his office, but Beemar and Gomar never went back to their work up there among the hills. The sluice gates, with their intricate English machinery, had been left for many months unguarded. The peasants came from the villages that had grown up round the bund, and so battered and maltreated the sluice gates to get them open, that once open they could never again be closed. And the water that had been stored up year after year behind them ran gaily away, down the deep canals, far out to its old home in the sands, flooding the villages as it went.

When the Brahmin stood again upon the high path of the bund to look upon his beloved lake, he saw a sandy, stony plain, with here and there a narrow stream trickling through it.

Once he asked the Rajah to give him money to send to Birmingham and buy new sluice gates, and the Rajah looked him straight in the face and laughed.

## AUSTRALIAN SKETCHES.

### CHURCHES AND MISSION WORK.



EUCALYPTUS TREES.

IN many respects Church life in Australia is similar to the Church life "at home." There is little variation in ecclesiastical architecture. The Church buildings are, of course, all modern, and in many cases have modern improvements. Several of them are lit with electric light. I have already referred to the general excellence of the Church music. In some of the non-Episcopal churches—for example, Wesley Church, Melbourne, and Augustine Congregational Church, Hawthorn, Melbourne—orchestral music is used either regularly or on special occasions in addition to the organ accompaniment. The Sunday-School Union of Victoria does much to foster good singing amongst the young by its annual competition among Sunday-school choirs.

What about church attendance? On the whole, I should say that it is good, when we consider all the circumstances of the Colonies. The Australian colonies got a bad start in religious matters. The first colonists were the convicts sent to Botany Bay. Even the first convict ship, as Mr. Bonwick tells in his "Curious Facts of Old Colonial Days," was sent without any chaplain. All kinds of repressive instruments and modes of punishment accompanied the convicts—but nothing to touch the heart or conscience, or lead the poor outcasts to a better life. To the Eclectic Society, which included such men as the Revs. John Newton and Richard Cecil, belongs the credit of sending out the first chaplain, the Rev. Richard Johnson, who landed in 1787. He

was the first preacher in Australia.<sup>1</sup> His work remains in other ways also. "He first raised and cultivated the orange-tree in Australia. He sowed those seeds which he had brought with him from Rio." The S.P.G. and the S.P.C.K. assisted him subsequently with grants of literature. He was succeeded by the well-known Samuel Marsden, who afterwards founded the mission to New Zealand and preached the first sermon to the Maories himself. The first Independent minister arrived in 1798; the first Wesleyan minister, Rev. Samuel Leigh, came in 1815; and the first Presbyterian minister, the Rev. John Dunmore Lang, in 1823.

But I must not linger on the fascinating story of the early beginnings of Church life in Australia. I only refer to it to show how recent is the growth of that life, and how unfavourable were the conditions under which it had to develop itself. Keeping in mind the early convict days; the hard struggle of the early settlers in the bush, without any of the outward religious surroundings of home; then the rush to the gold-diggings forty years ago; and the constant influx of godless and dissipated men from the old world; I think we must rather wonder that the Church life of Australia is so vigorous and the churches so well attended as they are.

We have to remember also how often the Churches at home looked upon Australia as the place to send their ministers who had been "failures." The result was very harmful. Happily that idea is being gradually exploded. But if we observe some defects in Australian Church life, and in some cases, as at home, alienation from the churches, we must remember that the blame is not altogether on the side of the people.

But I should like especially in this paper to refer to the missionary aspect of Church life. I fear that Christian people in this country have a very inadequate conception of the needs and importance of missionary work in Australia.

Let me speak, first, of what the Australian Home Missions. Churches of Australia would call their Home Mission work—and what we generally call in this country Colonial Missions. By this work I mean the provision of Gospel privileges for people of the British race, our own kith and kin scattered over that vast continent. Is this need being adequately met and provided for? Let us see.

There is a general impression in this country that the Churches of Australia are quite able to cope with the Home Mission needs of their own colonies—an impression largely based upon the fact that in the leading Australian cities there are magnificent church buildings, and magnificent stipends paid to the ministers—or *some* of them! Now it may be admitted that the Churches of Australia are not doing all they might for their own Home Mission

work. But will anyone say that the Churches *anywhere* are doing all they might for their Home Mission work? I shall admit also that there is a good deal of what I would call Church waste in Australia. Churches are huddled close together in the large cities. Churches are unduly multiplied—thanks to our miserable sectarianism—in many a country town. In a little bush township, with a population of 500 or 600, you will find an Anglican, a Presbyterian, and a Wesleyan Church, and in some cases an Independent or a Baptist Church also—struggling to maintain an existence, and each keeping a hardworked minister on a starvation allowance.

But when all this is granted, I think it must be admitted also, that our Christian people in Australia respond on the whole quite as generously to the claims of mission work as the Christian people at home. Remember, too, the general tone of the community—pleasure-loving, gambling, horse-racing, materialistic.

And then consider how great are the claims of that Home Mission work. The continent of Australia is three-fourths the size of the continent of Europe, with a population of only three millions and a quarter scattered over it—perhaps about one-third in the large cities, and the remainder sparsely settled in bush townships, in the lonely bush clearing, on the squatter's "station," and in the mining camp.

How are the religious interests of our scattered fellow-countrymen provided for? Take the colony that I am best acquainted with—the colony of Victoria, with Melbourne as its capital. Perhaps on the whole it is most favourably situated with regard to the means of grace. It is the smallest of the colonies in size, and its people are therefore not so widely scattered.

Yet even Victoria is nearly as large as England and Scotland rolled into one, with a population of about 1½ million scattered over it. The Church of England has in that colony 243 clergymen, with a population of 431,000 belonging to their denomination, or one clergyman to every 1,700 people. It has about 1,000 churches or buildings in which public worship is held—or about 4 churches to each minister. The Presbyterian Church has 234 clergymen, with a population of 172,000, or one minister to every 700 people. It has 928 churches, or about 4 churches to each minister. The Wesleyan Methodist Church has 225 clergymen, with 163,000 people, or one minister for every 700 people. When you take these figures, and when you remember how scattered the people are, I do not think it can be said that the need for religious ordinances is at all adequately met. In the cities and large towns, each minister as a rule will only have one church under his care, and hence you can see at once that many ministers in the bush will have five, six, and sometimes seven churches to minister to. In such cases they can only have, at the most, a fortnightly

<sup>1</sup> See also Mr. Bonwick's recently published book, "Australia's First Preacher." (Sampson Low, Marston and Co.)

Sunday service for each, and in many cases it can only be held monthly. The bush minister usually preaches at least three times, and rides or drives thirty, forty, and in some cases even fifty miles on Sunday. The life of a bush minister in Australia is no easy one. Usually he does his work on horseback. In summer he has to ride across sandy plains or over mountain ranges, under a burning sun,

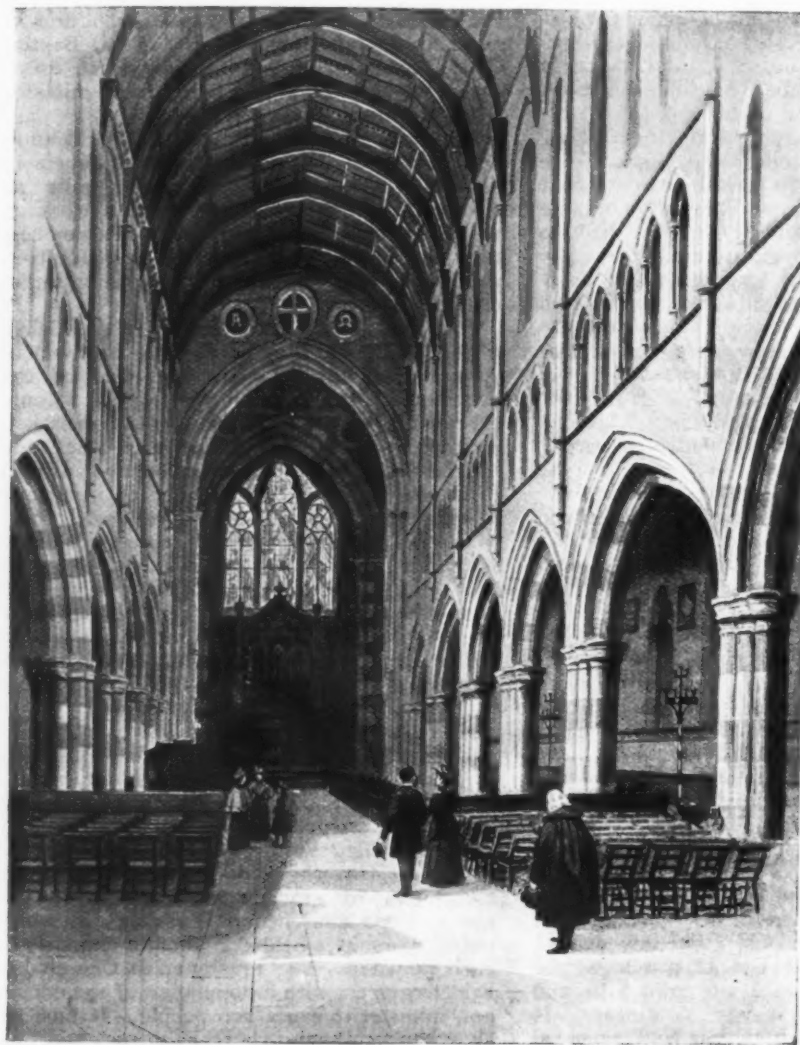
in such arduous and often—so far as human recognition is concerned—quite thankless and shamefully ill-paid work.

I would appeal to my readers to think more of the need of Colonial Missions. Think of the vast territory of Queensland. Think of the thousands who are now pouring into Western Australia. Think of the many settlers in New Zealand, too, who are sixty, eighty, a hundred

miles and more from any church.

In a little settlement in New Zealand I found six or seven Scotch families who had not seen a minister of any denomination for eighteen months. Can you wonder if, in many such cases, the result should be practical heathenism?

And then, consider the importance of Australian mission work from what I may call the strategic point of view, in regard to the Christian conquest of the world. What close contact there is between Australia and the heathen nations—constant communication and trade with India, China, Japan, and the islands of the Pacific! What an influence for evil the semi-paganism of many Australian traders has already exercised on the islanders of the New Hebrides, Fiji, and Samoa! Let us thoroughly Christianise Australia, at any rate let us do our part towards it, if we do not want the work in heathen lands to be largely undone.



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, MELBOURNE.

sometimes with a hot wind blowing, and the thermometer at 100° in the shade. In winter he has to swim his horse across swollen rivers, and ride or drive on roads the mud of which reaches to his horse's knees or the axle-tree of his buggy. Assuredly all the missionary heroism of to-day is not to be found in the heart of Africa or China only. Nothing but the love of Christ and love of souls, nothing but the Master's gracious presence, could sustain men

With regard to what we specially call Foreign Missions, missionary work among the heathen races, much is being done, though much more might be done in Australia. I shall not speak now of such work external to Australia itself, in which the Australian churches take an active part. I need only mention the workers of the Church Missionary Society who have gone from Australia to China and elsewhere, or the devoted band of



Presbyterian missionaries from Australia labouring in the New Hebrides and Corea, or the Australian Baptist Mission in India.

But I wish to refer particularly to the openings for work among the heathen races in Australia itself.

Take the Chinese, for example. The number of Chinese in the Australian colonies at the last

census was 37,000, and it is now about 40,000. Of these there are about 10,000 in Melbourne and the colony of Victoria. It is pleasant to record that the Australian Churches have realised their responsibility for these heathen immigrants, and in doing so have shown a spirit of brotherly co-operation in dividing the spheres of work.

The Church of England takes one town or district where the Chinese reside, the Presbyterians another, and the Wesleyans another. Each of these churches has already several native Chinese ministers, missionaries and catechists. The best known is perhaps the Rev. Cheok Hong Cheong, a Chinese convert, and now Church of England missionary to the Chinese in Melbourne, an able and earnest man, and one of the most cultured public speakers in that city. The Presbyterian Church in two places that I know of in Victoria—Bairnsdale and Warrnambool—has already got its separate Chinese churches, with Chinese ministers and congregations. Many workers among the foreign population of Australia have found it an advantage to have grants of tracts in Chinese and some of the Indian languages from the Religious Tract Society. In my own Sunday-school hall, at tea-meetings or missionary gatherings, I have more than once had a Chinese choir of 12 or 14 Chinese converts singing very sweetly

Sankey's and other hymns, both in English and in Chinese. Several young people from my congregation taught every Sunday in the Wesleyan Chinese Sunday School.

But the heathen natives of Australia—the aboriginal inhabitants of the continent—what is being done to give them the Gospel? Very

Missions to the Aborigines.



THE SCOTS CHURCH AND INDEPENDENT CHURCH, COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.

little compared with what ought to be done. In the colony of Victoria, it is true, there are now very few, not more than 700, and these are very well looked after on the aboriginal Government settlements of Ramahyuck, Lake Tyers, Korranderk, and Framlingham. The missionaries who labour among them at these places are supported by the Church of England and the Presbyterian Churches respectively. The Moravian Church, which sent out the

veteran Mr. Hagenauer, has also a mission station at Ebenezer, near Dimboola.

The other missionary efforts on behalf of the aborigines in Australia are very few and small. In New South Wales there is an Aborigines Protection Association, which is the only body in that colony that does anything for the spiritual needs of the aborigines. Their mission stations are at Cumeroogunga, Warangesda, Brewarinna, and one near Kempsey. They have also a mission at the blacks' camp at La Perouse, which has hitherto been carried on by voluntary effort, chiefly by Miss Watson, a member of the Christian Endeavour Society of the Peter-sham Congregational Church, Sydney. When I last heard of the work of this Association, a few months ago, they were trying to raise funds for a travelling missionary; but I am not aware that they have yet succeeded in that effort. At one of the stations where this Association carried on mission work the aborigines have made great advances, and several of them have taken up 20-acre blocks and are settling down to be thrifty and good members of the State.



AN AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINAL.

(I may also add here that at the Ramahyuck station in Victoria, so ably conducted for many years by the Rev. Mr. Hagenauer, one of the aboriginal children obtained 100 per cent. at the State school examination in arithmetic.)

In New South Wales, as I have said, there is only this one Association trying to do a little missionary work among the aborigines. Yet there are over 8,000 aborigines in New South Wales.

In Queensland the estimated number of aborigines is 20,585, which the best authorities believe to be largely under the true figures. The principal mission work that is being done among them is the Mission of the Federal Assembly of the Presbyterian Churches of Australia. This mission is at Mapoon, near the mouth of the Batavia River, on the Gulf of Carpentaria. The missionaries there are now five in number, and have all come from the Moravian Church. At Myora 93 aborigines are under the care of (I think) Wesleyan missionaries, and at Yarraburra a successful mission has been carried on by Mr. Gribble, in connection with the Australian Anglican Missionary Society.

Then in the colony of South Australia there is a mission carried on at Point Macleay, sixty-three miles from Adelaide. This is under the Aboriginal Friends' Association, founded in 1858, and including representatives of all denominations. This mission station seems to have been very successful. The average number of natives who lived permanently at the station for the year ending June 1894 was 212. There were 77 native church members, and the land cultivated by the natives amounted to 80 acres. At Hermannsburg and Bethesda German missionaries have 84 aborigines under religious teaching. But what is this when we think of the number of aborigines in South Australia?—the estimated number of whom is 23,789; though this, again, I believe to be a huge under-statement.

The only mission work that I know of among the thousands of aborigines of Western Australia is the Roman Catholic aboriginal mission at New Norcia and Subiaco. A proposal was made a year or two ago by Mr. Hale, son of the late Bishop of Brisbane, to establish a Protestant mission, and the Government was willing to allocate 10,000 acres for this purpose, but I have not heard if it has been carried out.

In the year 1895 I listened to a lecture in Melbourne University by Professor Baldwin Spencer, who had accompanied the Horn expedition from Adelaide the year before, to explore the interior. He gave us many interesting particulars of the large number of aborigines whom he met there, and showed us lime-light groups of them. Very superior-looking men and women most of them seemed—quite different from the blacks whom one sees in the more civilised parts, many of whom are half-castes, and degraded by the vices and wasted by the diseases which the white people have introduced.

An Australian gentleman who has resided among the blacks in Western Australia, Queensland, and elsewhere, and who speaks of them in the highest terms, tells me that, whereas the official enumeration gives about

60,000 as the total aboriginal population of Australia, he is convinced that the number is 150,000 at least.

When we think of the feeble missionary efforts that are made to reach them, then surely we must say, What are these among so many? The Australian aborigines—and I base this opinion on careful study of the subject, and on long conversations with old colonists whose Christian character and wise judgment I could trust—have been much maligned. They have been maligned in the interests of a theory by scientific men, who said that they were almost too degraded for education, and that they had no conceptions of a supreme Being or a hereafter. These assertions have been amply disproved by fuller knowledge and by well-ascertained facts. They have been maligned as cruel and treacherous by some of the early settlers—who drove them from their own lands, deprived them of the means of living, and then, when the poor blacks turned on them in their desperation, hunted them like beasts and shot them down like dogs, while they represented themselves as being the unhappy and innocent victims of the wickedness of the blackfellow.

The aborigines have had a few warm friends.

The first minister who tried to serve them was Archdeacon, afterwards Bishop, Broughton. I have already mentioned Mr. Hagenauer and the various societies at work on their behalf. The venerable squatter Mr. Dawson, of Camperdown, Victoria, is another warm friend of the blackfellows. His own daughter learned the native language and won their hearts by her kind and sympathetic treatment. But men like Mr. Hagenauer and Mr. Dawson have been like voices crying in the wilderness. And though there may be other agencies than those I have mentioned at work among the aborigines, the fact remains that no adequate attempt is being made by the Churches to bring the Gospel to them.

The Australian aboriginal has a soul to be saved as well as the white man. Why should all our sympathy go forth to the New Hebrides and other islands, while on the great continent which has yielded so much gold to the English purse, and such a comfortable home for the sons and daughters of our land, thousands of the original inhabitants of the land should be untaught and uncared for? Surely for this people, and their spiritual destitution, our responsibility as Englishmen and as Christians is very great.

C. H. IRWIN.



## ON BOOKS AND MEN.

*Solitude versus Society.* "London!" said a brusque publisher to a young author, who yearned for the stimulus of the capital, "if you have the root of the matter in you, you could write on the top of Ben Nevis."

When one thinks of it, how much of the best work of the world has been done in quiet places, far from the madding crowd? It was in the forest silences of Barbizon that, after the stress and starvation of Paris, Millet, the painter of "The Sower" and "The Angelus," found his inspiration. Tennyson's shrinking from the busy haunts of men has been strikingly brought out in his recent biography.

It may interest us to see what some of the acknowledged masters of literature have thought upon this question of the *World versus Solitude*, as it influences creative art.

"A creation of importance," says Goethe, "can be produced only when an author isolates

himself; it is ever a child of solitude." His fellow-countryman, Jean Paul, bears the same testimony. "Weighty things are done in solitude," says he. Madame de Stael, lifting her voice, has this pronouncement: "Society develops wit, but contemplation alone forms genius." Emerson holds that seclusion is "the stern friend of genius," and continues, "He who would inspire and lead his race, must be defended from travelling with the souls of other men, from living, breathing, reading and writing in the daily time-worn yoke of their opinions."

Ruskin is much of the same mind. He holds that society has a "destructive influence" upon its imagination, and his final verdict is, "An artist should be fit for the best society and should keep out of it."

But if "Society is no comfort to one not sociable," still less does solitude sit right upon

everybody, and there are many who find a wonderful augmentation of power in the closest contact with their fellow men. One has but to recall Lamb's yearning for "the sweet security of the streets," and Dr. Johnson's contempt for any landscape not bounded by bricks and mortar; and it can surprise none to find Dickens denouncing cloistral silences, and heartily upon the side of the crowd.

That grave Jeremy Taylor should think "the world the best teacher" is perhaps more surprising, though he admits that "the wilderness hath the advantage of discipline."—L. K.

From the  
Greatest to  
the Least.

Listen to Tennyson upon criticism:

"As a general rule I think it wisest in a man to do his work in the world as quietly and as well as he can, without much heeding the praise or the dispraise."

And again:

"Surely after all,  
The noblest answer unto such (critics)  
Is perfect silence when they brawl."

And here is a "gallant" word from R. L. Stevenson, which it were well for every writer to lay to heart:

"By all means begin your folio, even if the doctor does not give you a year; even if he hesitates about a month, make one brave push and see what can be accomplished in a week. It is not only in finished undertakings that we ought to honour useful labour. A spirit goes out of a man who means execution which outlives the most untimely end."

In the same spirit Herder says: "Seek knowledge as if thou wert to be here for ever."

L. K.

Plato on Boys. "Of all wild beasts, boys are the most unmanageable."

You would think these the words of some distracted modern father in holiday time but they belong to Plato.

The Telegraph. It took a poet to think of this simile: "In the wailing of the telegraph wires you hear the souls of dead messages."

MS. Poems. We are apt to think that the rush of aspirants to literary immortality is something peculiar to the end of the century, but hear what John Murray, prince among publishers, says in 1817:

"I am constantly harassed by shoals of MS. poems, two, three, four a day. I require a porter to carry, an author to read, and a secretary to answer them."—L. K.

Wordsworth's  
Genius and  
Influence.

The wisest and most genial critics of the century have uttered what they think of Wordsworth, and it is no exaggeration to say that none of them have written without finding some fresh ground for admiration of this great poet. One lover of Wordsworth has praised his spiritual passion, another his direct appeal to will and conduct, another his "display of the majesty of simple feelings and humble hearts," another his "measureless strength," and all by common consent his wealth of imagination. Some, too, have acknowledged in Wordsworth one of their greatest teachers. John Stuart Mill found the study of his poems medicinal, Matthew Arnold felt his "healing power," and the late Lord Selborne, in an address which the writer had the good fortune to hear, expressed his profound reverence for the poet in the following words:

"I speak no more and no less than the truth when I say that this acquaintance with the works of Wordsworth has been to me as great a power in the education of mind and character after the Bible as any that I have known. The Bible first, certainly. I think it has been so to all who have given it a chance. Certainly it has been so to me. I put no book into competition with the Bible. But after the Bible I trace more distinctly, with more certainty, and with less hesitation and doubt to Wordsworth, than to any other literary influence whatever, anything I may recognise as good in the formation of my own mind and character."

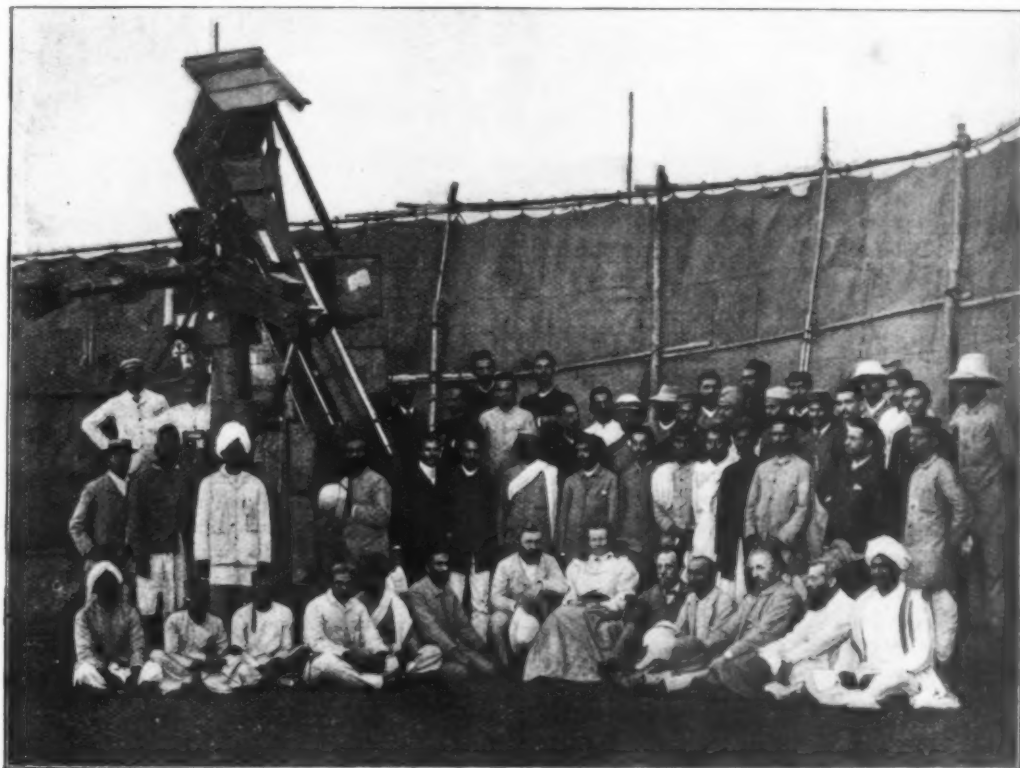
No language, indeed, can well be overstrained in expressing what the true students of his poetry find in Wordsworth. Matthew Arnold said that "he is not recognised at all abroad." This assertion was never wholly true, and recently a Frenchman (M. Legouis) has proved himself a true Wordsworthian by a careful study of the poet's early life. But Wordsworth's genius is perhaps too intense and too little diffused to give him a place among the great poets of the world. This may be partly due to his total lack of humour. He can "voyage in strange seas of thought alone," but the want of this faculty carries him at times across deserts of prose and at times into ludicrous positions of which he is totally unaware. In estimating his own verse he could not, it has been truly said, separate the tares from the wheat. Out of compliance with the judgment of friends he ultimately erased from "Peter Bell" some of its most childish passages, but he never considered them childish, and told Crabb Robinson that his description of an infant's grave—

"I've measured it from side to side,  
'Tis three feet long and two feet wide"—

"ought to be liked." The sense of the incongruous did not disturb Wordsworth's serenity. He could laugh heartily at times, as every man in good health and spirits can, but he never laughed at his own blunders, or believed when they were pointed out that he had committed any.—J. D.



## Science and Discovery.

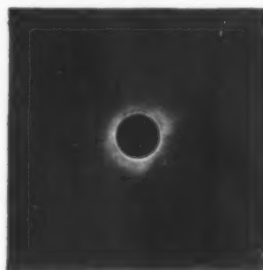


THE POONA OBSERVATORY ECLIPSE PARTY. NAMES OF CHIEF OBSERVERS, BEGINNING AT THE EXTREME RIGHT, ON THE BOTTOM ROW: PROF. R. N. APTE, M A., REV. PROF. HAAN, REV. PRINCIPAL DR. MACKICHAN, PROF. K. D. NAEGAMVALA, PROF. MARSHALL WOODROW, MRS. THOMSON, PROF. A. W. THOMSON. AT END OF SECOND ROW, ON EXTREME LEFT: MR. A. G. HUDSON.

### THE SUN'S ECLIPSE STUDIED BY INDIAN ASTRONOMERS.

By the kindness of Professor K. D. Naegamvala, four photographs are here reproduced referring to the eclipse of the sun, observed in India on January 22. The photographs furnish a unique record of the eclipse; for they illustrate an undertaking that was purely native, and was carried out without the least help of a technical character from anyone. Slowly but steadily an astrophysical observatory has been growing up under the direction of Professor Naegamvala, at the Poona College of Science; and by means of a grant of money from the local Government, and generous donations from friends of science in Western India, Professor Naegamvala was able to make arrangements for carrying out observations in all branches of eclipse work during the recent obscuration of the sun. The Poona eclipse party of observers and assistants is shown in one of the illustrations. The screen at the back was erected to protect the telescope from vibrations due to wind. Over the top of the telescope two

large wedge-shaped blocks of glass were mounted for the purpose of analysing the light of the solar atmosphere when the sun was totally eclipsed. These glass prisms refracted light to such an extent that for the



THE SOLAR CORONA, PHOTOGRAPHED WITH AN EXPOSURE OF TWO SECONDS DURING THE SUN'S TOTAL ECLIPSE.

sun's rays to pass down the tube of the telescope, the instrument had to be pointed sixty degrees away from the position of the sun. Equipped with this instrument, the Poona party was able to obtain results of the very



GENERAL VIEW OF THE ECLIPSE CAMP.

highest value to astronomers. The photographs of spectra successfully procured by it are of too technical character to be usefully described here; and it will suffice to say that they are among the most precious records of the eclipse because they show unmistakably what substances exist in a part of the sun which can only be analysed when the shining surface is obscured by the dark body of the moon



SPECTROSCOPE DESIGNED TO ANALYSE THE SUN'S SURROUNDINGS.

Many other matters were investigated by means of appropriate instruments during the eclipse, as may be judged by the illustration showing a general view of the Poona party's camp. Starting from the right-hand we see the telescope already referred to; then at the back a clock-driven mirror reflecting the sun's rays into three spectroscopes; and another moving mirror throwing the light into a telescope placed horizontally

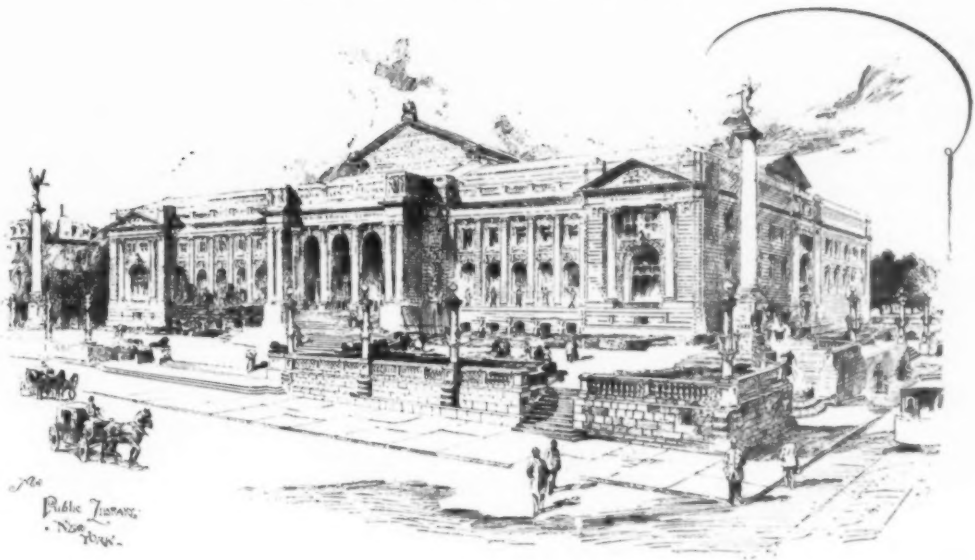
and used to photograph the solar corona. Near this is another photographic lens by means of which the picture of the corona here given was obtained. Several other telescopes for visual observations, and spectroscopes to analyse the light of the solar surroundings are also shown. Every branch of eclipse work was thus represented in the Poona eclipse party, and in each the results were completely successful. When it is remembered that much of the work was of a highly technical character, spectroscopic investigations being particularly difficult, the Indian contributions to the records of the eclipse are nothing short of marvellous. The members of the Poona party have reason to pride themselves upon the proof they have given of their efficiency.

#### INSECTS WHICH THRIVE UPON POISON.

The old saying that "what is one man's food is another man's poison" has a wide application in nature. The goat, for instance, browses contentedly and without harm upon the leaves of the yew, but other animals, such as horses, deer, and pheasants, which follow its example, are seriously affected if not killed. Insects are particularly insusceptible to poisons which prove fatal to higher organised life. Thus, it has been recently pointed out that the caterpillar of the Spurge Moth feeds exclusively on the sea spurge, although this plant contains an acid juice so painfully poisonous that it is difficult to imagine a digestive apparatus competent to deal with it. Maggots will freely feed upon the scarlet fungus used in making a decoction for fly-papers; and weevils will thrive upon wheat which has been soaked in strychnine for the purpose of poisoning sparrows. Insects do not, however, possess a universal panacea against all poisons; for while certain species are unaffected by the poisonous properties of some plants, they are killed by eating other noxious plants, upon which, strange to say, other species are able to thrive. Why the effects of such poisons should vary so considerably in different organisms has yet to be determined.

R. A. GREGORY.

## Over-Sea Notes.



New York  
New Library.

In the great building in New York, which is to house the Astor, the Lenox, and the Tilden collections of books, there is to be another notable departure in library architecture. In the new libraries at Washington and Boston there was a departure from the old-fashioned plan of shelving the books in the main reading halls. In both these libraries, the books are housed in stack-rooms occupying wings of the main building. This plan has already been proved to be a great improvement on the old one, as it frees the reading-room from the movement and noise which necessarily attend the delivery and return of books. In the New York Library, the reading-rooms are to be on the upper floor, and the books are to be stacked on the floors below. There will be a large hall on the ground floor for the use of the lending department; but all the other public rooms are to be on the upper and sky-lighted floor. These rooms will include a main reading-hall with desk accommodation for eight hundred students, a periodical room, a room set apart for the literature of patents, a children's room, a public documents room, a library for the use of the blind, a music room, a bible room, and a room for the exhibition of manuscripts. The building is to occupy a magnificent site on Fifth Avenue, on which stood one of the City reservoirs. The building will have a frontage of 455 feet. It is to be in the Renaissance style. The city gave the site, and the State Legislature voted £500,000 to defray the cost of the building. All the negotiations leading up to the amalgamation of the three libraries, and to the appropriation of the site,

were made during the term of municipal administration which was elected as the result of the uprising against Tammany Hall in 1894.

As the business portions of New York become more and more congested, additions are made to the immensely tall buildings for which the city is becoming famous. Each year architects are becoming more daring. The year 1897 saw the completion and occupation of a building of twenty-six storeys. It stands on one of the most valuable sites in the city, on Broadway, between Wall Street and the Post Office. New Yorkers know it as the St. Paul Building. Its roof is 308 feet above the roadway. When this building was planned it was popularly thought that the climax of high building had at last been reached. The year 1898, however, will see the completion of a still taller structure: of a building of twenty-nine storeys, the towers of which are to be 382 feet above the street level. Until about 1880, New York buildings were no higher than those of London. The number having more than five storeys was at that time less than a dozen. But, since 1880, these great buildings have been rising on all sides. For about ten years the limit seemed to be fifteen storeys; but in the early nineties, twenty-storey buildings began to tower up, and in the last few years buildings have mounted higher and higher, until one syndicate of capitalists, more daring than any of its competitors, has constructed the building of twenty-nine storeys; and as architects and builders declare that they are not yet

at the end of their resources, the present year may probably see the planning of a structure of thirty storeys or over. Architects are willing to plan for even forty-storey buildings, if capitalists will come forward to finance them. Steel is the all-important factor in these great tower-like structures. Before the bricklayers or the masons begin work on them the buildings look like enormous cages. The brick-work bears none of the weight. It is used only as a casing to keep out the weather. During business hours, people, equal in number to the population of a good-sized town, are housed in many of these New York buildings; and the crowds about the elevators at some hours of the day are as great as those at some of the busiest of the underground railway stations in the City of London.

The Mail Waggon Superseded. Boston was the first of the American cities to establish a tubular system for the conveyance of letters from the principal post office to the branch post offices, and to the railway stations. Its system has been in operation since the end of 1897. By means of it 500,000 letters can be handled, if need be, in the course of an hour. In New York a similar system is now being installed; and when the work is completed the post office will be brought into communication with Brooklyn, with the branch post offices in the City of New York, and with the only trunk line railway station on Manhattan Island. On Brooklyn Bridge the tubes are to be fixed under the railway lines. The New York Post Office is three and a quarter miles from the Grand Central Station, the terminus of the New York Central Railway, and of the New York and Boston Line. The company which is constructing the tube has undertaken that the carriers containing the mails shall traverse the distance between the post office and the station in seven and a quarter minutes. In any comparison of New York and London in connection with a tubular service of this kind, the advantages are obviously in favour of London. New York is cut off from the stations of all but two of the great trunk lines by the Hudson River. In London, five of the great railway stations front on to the same main thoroughfare, and are within a comparatively short distance of each other. Three other terminal stations are comparatively near to the post office. Charing Cross is a little remote, and Victoria is farther off still. But even Victoria is not farther from St. Martin's-le-Grand than the Grand Central Station of New York is from the Post Office, and generally, as compared with New York, London would be an easy city to equip with the latest methods of conveying mails between the post office and the railway stations. In the North of England, where the great towns lie close together, there seems no obstacle to the mails being conveyed from one town to another in the same way as they are soon to be carried from New York across the East River to Brooklyn.

A Tree Pest. The line dividing Canada from the United States is often described in Canada as the Chinese Wall; because the Americans have set up so many restrictions on trade with their

country, and at some places on the line taken such extreme measures to exclude Canadians who venture across in search of work. While this Chinese Wall shuts out much from the United States that Canadians would like to send in, it is not effective in keeping in some things that Canada does not want. Among these are the sensational newspapers, and a very troublesome tree pest known as the San Jose scale. The fruit-growers of Ontario and Quebec are nervous about the San Jose scale, and at one of their meetings at Montreal it was suggested that Canada should set up a Chinese Wall in the shape of a custom-house prohibition. It was pointed out, however, that even this plan would not keep out the tree pest as it is carried across the border line by wild birds, which cannot, of course, be restricted by legislation. At the meeting it was made public that, for a long time past, a quarantine had been established at the Canadian custom houses to keep out the tree pest. Whenever a consignment of trees passes through the hands of the custom-house officers on the borders, they promptly report the fact to the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, which then sends a request to the consignee of the trees to keep a close watch on them until their healthiness is well assured. Several of the New England States have long had what the country people describe as "boards of health for trees." The inspectors from these boards, axe in hand, go about the trees in gardens and orchards, and when they come upon a suspicious or a diseased tree, soon make an end of it.

Mortality in great European cities. The German Statistical department has published some interesting figures giving the death-rates in most of the chief European cities calculated on the most recent available data. In a list of 41 of the largest European cities with death-rates from 15·8 per thousand to 33 per thousand, Edinburgh takes the third place with 16·8 per thousand, London the eleventh with 18·8, Newcastle the twelfth, Leeds the fifteenth, Hull the seventeenth, Sheffield the nineteenth, Glasgow the twenty-fourth, Birmingham the twenty-fifth, Manchester the thirty-second, Liverpool the thirty-third, and Dublin the thirty-sixth. Frankfort-on-the-Main is the healthiest city in Europe, and Lisbon the unhealthiest. Russian and several German cities are mostly found low in the list, while Dutch and Scandinavian towns have mostly places of honour. Rome, which was, perhaps, the unhealthiest city in Europe as the capital of the Papal States, occupies now the sixteenth place with a death-rate of 19·2, only a trifle behind London, and far ahead of Manchester and Liverpool.

The Kindergarten system in Hungary. In Hungary all children between the ages of four and six are obliged by law to attend a Kindergarten. Since this enactment has been in force the number of these institutions has increased by 4,000, and, of course, the number of ladies in charge of them has increased to the same extent. According to the provisions of the law, Church communities may have their own Kindergartens, but if they are unable to maintain them the State supplies the need. In this



case the learning of the Hungarian language is made obligatory on the children. In order to prevent the Magyarising of their children, the German, Roumanian, and other foreign elements in Hungary are making strenuous efforts to have their own church Kindergartens, so that in the comparatively poor Transylvanian districts 900 have been established, and in other parts of non-Magyar Hungary 2,800. The extraordinarily rapid growth of the system gives employment to hundreds of ladies who would otherwise be obliged to lead lives of extreme penury.

The growth  
of Russia.

Hardly sufficient attention has been turned to the extraordinary growth of the population of European Russia within the past few years. In 1891 the population of the fifty provinces which comprise the Tsar's European dominions was 89,906,921; it has now, according to the most recent statistics, reached 94,188,750, an increase of nearly 6 per cent. in a little over six years. In the ten provinces of Russian Poland the population rose within this period from 8,900,418 to 9,442,590, an increase of a trifle over 6 per cent. In the fertile eleven provinces of Cis- and Transcaucasia it increased from 7,955,725 to 9,723,553, or 22 per cent.; in Siberia from 4,782,652 to 5,753,732, an increase of nearly 20 per cent.; and in the Steppe provinces and Turkestan from 6,136,894 to 7,596,687, an increase of nearly 24 per cent. The increase in Finland has not been so marked—only 6 per cent. The entire population of the empire has risen from 119,059,339 to 129,211,113.

The growth of the large towns is also remarkable. Twenty years ago there were only eight towns in the entire empire with a population exceeding one hundred thousand. There are now twenty. In six years the population of St. Petersburg has risen 22 per cent.; that of Moscow 20 per cent. Lodz, a busy manufacturing centre in Russian Poland, had a population of 150,000 six years ago; it has now 314,000, and Ekaterinoslav, a busy corn emporium in the South, has more than doubled its population within this period. The proportion of males to females is singularly equal. In a population of over 129 millions there are only 21,447 more females than males, but in different parts of the empire the proportions are quite otherwise. For instance, while in European Russia the proportion of males to females is as 100 : 102·8, in the Caucasus it is as 100 : 89, and in Turkestan as 100 : 83.

But when we go back to the year 1851 the extraordinarily rapid growth of the population of Russia is still more manifest, especially if we compare it with the growth of France and Germany during the same period. France in this period increased from 34,200,000 to 38,580,000, or 12½ per cent.; Germany from 35,100,000 to 52,390,000, or 49 per cent.; and Russia in Europe (excluding Poland and Finland) from 52,800,000 to 94,200,000, or 78½ per cent.

Blindness in  
Russia.

From a recent report of the Russian Statistical Society it would appear that there are more than twice as many blind persons in Russia as in the whole of the rest of Europe.

They number 190,000, which is equivalent to two in every thousand of the population. In France and England the proportion is not quite one per thousand. It is believed that blindness in Russia is so prevalent because of the length of time which snow lies on the ground, and also owing to the uncleanly habits of the people. Among all this number only two or three hundred are able to read, and only about 2,500 are cared for in institutions for the blind.

"John the  
Baptist": a  
Tragedy.

Hermann Sudermann's remarkable play "Johannes der Täufer" has been most popular in Germany, where it was at first prohibited by the Censor because, as was alleged, the Scripture narrative and Scriptural language were too closely followed. The celebrated dramatist having altered the play with the object of removing these objections, and the Kaiser having personally approved it, the drama was produced and at once met with complete success. The play describes John's career from his first preaching in the Wilderness until he is led out to be beheaded, and meets the procession with palm leaves in their hands which is leading Christ into Jerusalem with shouts of Hosannah. It would appear that a dramatised version of the story of the Baptist's life is no new thing in Germany. In the old city of Frankfort-on-the-Main it was three times performed, first in 1467, and afterwards in 1498 and 1506. The performances were held in public, and lasted for two days. Taking part in it were 257 citizens of Frankfort, several of whom were priests. There have been also three dramatists before Sudermann who were attracted by the tragic story. The first was a poet called Krügingerum, who wrote in 1545 "A Tragedy of the Beheading of St. John the Baptist"; the second was a German version of George Buchanan's play; the third was written by a priest called Ambrosius Lobwasser, who entitled his drama "Tragedy of John the Holy, Forunner and Baptiser of Christ Jesus: A True History from the Beginning of His Life to His Beheading." All these plays were written between 1545 and 1550.

The French  
Detective De-  
partment:  
M. Goron's  
"Memoirs."

The ability to write well and entertainingly is such a common gift with the French, that whenever a functionary who has occupied a position well in view and one affording ample opportunities for observing what has been called the "seamy side of life" finds the retirement which has been forced upon him irksome, he may be expected to write a book. More often than not it is interesting and instructive, and occasionally it has enduring value. M. Goron—who managed to keep his post as head of the Detective Department in France for a rather phenomenal series of years, during which he was brought into contact with notorious murderers, Anarchists, and "Panamists"—has published his "Memoirs" in four volumes. One is not surprised to find the interest perfectly sustained throughout. But what is surprising is to find this man, who one might expect to be monotonously cynical and as unsentimental as a turnkey, continually moved by compassion for criminals and animated by a broad humanitarian philosophy.

It is just these qualities of the heart and intellect that make his "Memoirs" really valuable. Intimately associated as he has been with that tendency of thought, officially enforced by successive Governments of the Third Republic, which would make the reason the seat and source of moral principles, and which expects every man to provide himself out of his own consciousness with a high ideal that will prevent him from being a criminal, M. Goron has come to realise the utter fallaciousness of the doctrine. He perceives

that it is met by the fatal objections of surrounding influence and inherited flaws, moral and physical, tending to degradation and vice. Other influences are wanted; the responsibility of the individual seems sometimes lost in the mist of psychological analysis. Although M. Goron has been such an active instrument of human justice, he sees the weak points of the edifice so clearly that there is much more pity for criminals than indignation at their misdeeds in this remarkably suggestive work. R.

## Varieties.

Parental Affection in Swans. M. Milne-Edwards, the eminent French naturalist—who, by the bye, is of English extraction—has drawn attention to a remarkable case of parental affection in the swan which lately came under his observation. The swan in question was one of the black Australian species. A pair of these birds were placed a few years ago on a piece of water near Nogent-le-Rotrou, which was so much to their taste that, although they would occasionally rise on the wing and visit the country for some miles around, they always returned to their pond. Every year they brought up four or five cygnets, and from this stock the zoological collection in the Jardin des Plantes was amply furnished with specimens. During incubation the male took possession of the nest about four hours a day while his mate was feeding, but this was light duty compared to the share that fell upon the other bird. It was not until a fatal accident happened to the female—it was killed last year by a dog—that the male swan showed a sense of and a capacity for parental duties that greatly impressed and surprised M. Milne-Edwards. Although the female bird had not finished laying when it was strangled by the dog, the male proceeded to sit upon the eggs, and continued to do so with such determination that at length two cygnets were hatched. For forty-one days this remarkable swan kept the nest, and when the cygnets were hatched it led them to the water, allowed them to get upon its back, and warmed them under its wings—duties previously performed only by the mother bird. Moreover, when a female swan was put upon the water to console the bereaved widower, he drove her away with passionate indignation. It was not until the young birds were reared and were able to shift for themselves that this model swan consented to endure the company of a successor to his late partner that met with so tragic a fate.

In the early years of this century there was a sweet singer in Scotland, John Leyden and Stamford Raffles. John Leyden, a friend of Sir Walter Scott, and collaborator with him in his "Border Min-

strelys." Leyden was at first intended for the Kirk, and, indeed, was licensed to preach in 1798; but his thoughts were not in the pulpit. He studied medicine, and became an M.D. of St. Andrew's. In 1803 he came to London, and succeeded in obtaining an appointment in the Medical Establishment of India. He reached Madras in feeble health. After some months he went to Penang, where he joined Stamford Raffles in studying Malay—"the Hindustani of the East," as it is called—and the two linguists soon became intimate friends. Mrs., afterwards Lady, Raffles tenderly nursed the frail and invalid poet. In 1807, when Lord Minto arrived as Governor-General of India, Leyden was appointed Professor of Hindustani at Calcutta University. It was through an Elliot, a friend of Sir Walter Scott, that Leyden first went to India; and Lord Minto, a chief of the Elliots, was proud to promote his border clansman. In the "Life of Sir Stamford Raffles," by Boulger, much is found of their relationship and friendship, and much is said concerning the brilliant but too short career of Leyden, political and judicial, as well as poetical. He died in 1811. In Lockhart's "Life of Scott" there is a long letter from Scott to his friend Leyden.

Faith and Courage in Queen Victoria. Among the causes for national thanksgiving is the protection vouchsafed to her Majesty in defeating attempts on her life. Not less than five times has she been in peril by being fired at, besides being exposed to danger and annoyance from other personal assaults. It is gratifying to know that these attacks were the deeds either of insane persons or of people who sought a wretched notoriety. In not one instance has there been any political or public motive associated with the crime; as was the case when, for example, Orsini and other conspirators attempted the life of Napoleon III, or when President Carnot fell under the assassin's knife. Not till the time of the Fenian plots was it thought necessary to take special precautions for the protection of the Queen's life. It is only within the few latter years that there have been any soldiers or armed guards at Balmoral or other royal

residences, where there used to be only a few policemen to protect the Queen from the invasion of too curious tourists.

One remark it is pleasant to make, that the Queen showed the utmost coolness and courage on every occasion when an attempt was made on her life. Nor did she ever manifest the slightest vindictive spirit towards any of her assailants. The second of the culprits was condemned to death, but the sentence was commuted to banishment for life, in accordance with the Queen's anxious desire. This courage in presence of danger was remarkable also in the Queen's grandfather, George III, who was as frequently exposed to the pistol or dagger of assassins. The immediate feeling in both of them was a concern for the anxiety of friends and others dear to them. When King George III was fired at from the pit of Drury Lane Theatre, he remained standing erect, and continued to bow, in order to remove the fears of the people for his safety. And his only anxiety for a few minutes was to prevent Queen Charlotte entering the royal box when there yet might be any chance of danger. Queen Victoria, after one of the attacks on her, immediately ordered the coachman to drive to her mother the Duchess of Kent, in case she might hear any rumour of her being fired at.

When a Sovereign universally honoured and loved has been thus exposed to hostile attack, it is to be noted that no amount of care or precaution, short of what is witnessed in Russia or Turkey, can be of much avail. The cruel death of the late Emperor of All the Russias proves how unavailing are all precautions and defences. To live a life such as he did would be a burden and impossibility to a constitutional monarch, a King or Queen of England. The remarks made by George III when he was told of the assassination of the King of Sweden, were marked by great good sense, and justify the courageous action of Queen Victoria when threatened with danger of this kind. The King had been listening to the account of the assassination, thought it necessary to suggest that the sovereign should not expose himself too incautiously in times when the revolutionary rage of France had already extended its contagion to other countries. At this point King George III interposed, and cut the speaker short by saying: "Nay, sir, I must differ from you there. If there be any man so desperate as to devote his own life to the chance of taking away the life of another, no precaution is sufficient to prevent him making the attempt, while a system of constant precaution against such dangers (they being in a thousand instances to one wholly imaginary) converts the life of a person so guarded into a scene of perpetual restraint, anxiety, and apprehension. No, sir, the best security that a man can have against such dangers is to act, under Providence, openly and boldly. If an attack is made upon him his best chance is to meet it like a man, and if he should fall under it, why, sir, he will fall like a man."

May the Divine protection still be vouchsafed to our gracious and beloved Queen, who inherits the courage as well as the faith of her ancestor George III.

The chief anxiety of King George of Greece, in the

recent attempt on him, was to protect his daughter, though by standing up in the carriage to cover her he exposed himself.

A trotting horse is one broken to trot at a high rate without galloping. In the United States the relative speeds of "trotters" or "pacers" are determined in a very satisfactory manner, far more so than obtains in our own country. The American Trotting Association keeps a register wherein are entered all measured speeds, to the nearest quarter of a second. To qualify for entry in this register a horse must first perform one mile harnessed to a two-wheeled vehicle, the total weight of which, including the driver, must not exceed 150 lbs., while the distance must be completed in two minutes thirty seconds, which means about twelve yards in one second. The horse has then, as it were, graduated, a preliminary to entry for special speed records. All trotting performances up to the above standard are registered and published from time to time by the Association. At the speed given, Mr. Francis Galton, F.R.S., computes that a horse travels through his whole length in a quarter of a second, so that in a race a winner by half a length has laid a great deal to his credit. In recent years additional speed has naturally resulted from the use of vehicles with pneumatic tyres, and this increase is calculated at about five seconds. Students of heredity tell us that if accurate information were forthcoming from the breeders of pedigree horses entered in the volumes of the "Trotting Register," it would be possible to construct a table showing the hereditary influences bearing upon the speed of such horses, and Mr. Galton is now working towards this end.—T. E. J.

Mr. Beckford sold Fonthill Abbey to Farquhar, for £300,000, reserving to himself a third of the pictures and books, and purchasing afterwards, by private contract, another third. It occurred to the auctioneer that the sale of these effects would afford a glorious opportunity for the exercise of his accustomed ingenuity. It is alleged that he went round "the trade" in London to solicit books of all sorts to fill up vacuums in the library at Fonthill, and that more than half the books sold were the rakings and refuse of the London publishers. Mr. Hermann, one of the proprietors of the "Intelligencer," then in Wiltshire, inspected the books, and described the great part of them as the vilest trash ever sold at an auction mart. Some of the books had been the *bona fide* property of Mr. Beckford, but these were mixed with heaps of rubbish. Yet for nearly forty years the catalogue of the Fonthill library continued to be referred to as a marvel of good taste and great value! In Mrs. Oliphant's book of "William Blackwood and his House" this is told on the authority of Alaric Watts.

In the "Life of Wiseman," by Wilfred Ward, we come occasionally on a page of general interest, showing the Cardinal as a shrewd and wise man of the world, holding views applicable to all times as much as they were fifty

years ago. Such were the advices on education addressed in a letter to a boy whose guardian he was when at Oscott College. He says, "Boys grumble and ask of what use can this study, or that, be to me who am going to be an engineer, or a lawyer, or a priest? But cultivation of soul is the object of a complete education. Thus logic and mathematics ought to be studied by all, as means of forming rightly the mental or reasoning powers. Poetry (and partly rhetoric) is of great use to excite and bring out the imagination, not to make you capable yourself of verse-making. Your 'Latin' by heart is to strengthen the memory; and your Greek and Latin studies are more calculated than any others to accustom you to work yourself, to overcome difficulties, to reason and make application of principles. As you grow older you will see what is best to drop, and what to cultivate more thoroughly." Cardinal Wiseman would evidently have resisted our present tendency to divide education into "Classical" and "Modern."

Astronomical Notes for April. The Sun rises at Greenwich on the 1st day at 5h. 38m. in the morning, and sets at 6h. 31m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 5h. 16m. and sets at 6h. 48m.; and on the 21st he rises at 4h. 54m., and sets at 7h. 4m. The Moon becomes full at 9h. 20m. on the evening of the

6th; enters her Last Quarter at 2h. 28m. on the afternoon of the 13th; becomes New at 10h. 21m. on the night of the 20th; and enters her First Quarter at 2h. 5m. on the morning of the 29th. She is in perigee or nearest the Earth about 10 o'clock on the evening of the 9th, and in apogee or farthest from us about 7 o'clock on that of the 25th. There are no eclipses or special phenomena of importance this month. The planet Mercury will be at greatest eastern elongation from the Sun on the 10th, and will therefore be visible for some days before and after that in the evening, situated in the constellation Aries. Venus is an evening star, moving in an easterly direction through Aries into Taurus, and passing a little to the south of the Pleiades on the 29th; she will be in conjunction with Mercury on the 18th. Mars rises now soon after 4 o'clock in the morning, and at half-past 3 by the end of the month, during which he passes from the constellation Aquarius into Pisces; his apparent brightness continues slowly to increase, and he will be near the horned waning Moon on the morning of the 18th. Jupiter is in the western part of Virgo, and above the horizon nearly all night, setting even at the end of the month only about an hour before sunrise. Saturn will be on the meridian, or due south at 3 o'clock in the morning on the 17th of this, and at 2 o'clock on that of the 1st of next month; being in Scorpio, he is low in the heavens.—W. T. LYNN.

## The Fireside Club.

### THREE PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

#### GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

1. "Profoundly wise, learned as good,  
The literati spread his glory  
His teaching still the scholar's food,  
His fame is still the teacher's story."
2. "See ships throng here from many places  
Here temple bells ring, one and all,  
Here foreign troops with yellow faces  
Obey the British bugles call."
3. "O heart of stone with smiling face!  
O ears that hear not, eyes unseeing,  
Loved by a many-millions race,  
Wast thou a god, or human being?"
4. "The merchants of this stately town  
Sell tea and silks of great renown."
5. "A port whose waters never freeze  
Here Russian ironclads float at ease."

#### THE WHOLE.

"Older than Egypt, learned before Greece,  
Cultured when Europe was a savage land,  
Shall now this prehistoric Empire cease,  
Its sceptre fall to a barbarian hand?"

*A prize of FIVE SHILLINGS will be awarded for the best brief answer in rhyme to the above acrostic.*

#### SCOTT ACROSTIC

*The initial letters of the names of the characters referred to in the following quotations spell the whole. The best short answer in rhyme will be printed. No prize.*

1. "It is the way with *our* house," said ——; "our courage ever kindles highest on the losing side."



2. "I have heard of that smaik," said the Scotch merchant, interrupting him; "it is *he* whom your principal, like an obstinate auld fule, wad mak' a merchant o', wad he wad he no, and the lad turned a strolling player, in pure dislike to the labour an honest man should live by. Weel, sir, what say you to your handiwork?"

3. "I have twa boons to crave," said the *sibyl*, speaking low and hastily: "one, that you will never speak of what you have seen this night; the other, that you will not leave this country till you see me again."

4. "Ah, sirs, *he* wad wile a bird aff the tree wi' the tales *he* tells about the folk langsyne."

5. "*His* dress was emphatically called the shabby genteel."

6. "All things considered, *I* carry the farce of life wonderfully well.

We are but actors, you know, and the world a stage . . .

And ours has been a sad and tragic scene."

7. "No muckle to fight for, sir? Isna there the country to fight for, and the burnsidies that *I* gang daundering beside and the hearth of the gude-wives that gie me my bit bread, and the bits o' weans that come toddling to play wi' me when *I* come about a landward town?"

#### SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTIC (SECOND SERIES)

##### FIRST OF FIVE.

1. "Had *he* his hurts before?  
Ay, on the front.  
Why, then, God's soldier is *he*!"
2. "The tyrant custom . . .  
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war  
My thrice-driven bed of down."
3. "But *he* is a tried and valiant soldier"
4. "*Whose* hot incursions, and great name in arms,  
Holds from all soldiers chief majority  
And military titles capital,  
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ."
5. "Though in the trade or war *I* have slain men,  
Yet do *I* hold it very stuff of conscience  
To do no contrived murders."
6. ". . . have in our armours watched the winter's night:  
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,  
That *thou* mightst repossess the crown in peace,  
And of our labours *thou* shalt reap the gain."
7. "*Quiet untroubled soul*, awake, awake!  
Arm, fight and conquer for fair England's sake!"

#### WHOLE.

"Thou wast a . . .

Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible,  
Only in strokes; but with grim looks and  
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,  
Thou madst thine enemies shake, as if the world  
Were feverous and did tremble."

*The initials of the characters indicated by italics spell the whole omitted word. Give Act and Scene of each quotation.*

*A prize of TWO GUINEAS is offered to the solver of the series of acrostics beginning this month. (Should more than one competitor succeed, a sixth acrostic will be given to work off the tie. Winners of last series debarred. The solutions will not appear until October. Answers will be accepted up till August 20th.)*

#### ANSWERS FOR FEBRUARY.

##### I. GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.—INDIA.

Not ours thy faith, but ISLAM'S, and that creed  
Whose shrines NERBUDDA laves,  
But one with us in brave and loyal deed  
Thy gallant sons found graves  
On DARGAI'S heights; and dear to us thy land,  
From INDUS' plains of dust,  
To where thy AFGHAN mountain-guardians stand,  
INDIA! thy truth we trust.

Many spirited verses were received, one admirable set being disqualified by NILE being given for NERBUDDA. The above prize answer comes from G. SLATER, Chevely Hall, Plymouth.

##### II. SOME PORTRAITS OF THE GREAT.

These were: 1. William Pitt, described by Sir Walter Scott. 2. Florence Nightingale, by Longfellow. 3. Napoleon, by Carlyle. 4. Tennyson, by Andrew Lang. 5. Flora Macdonald and Dr. Johnson, by Boswell. 6. Prince Albert, by Tennyson. 7. Sir Walter Scott, by Lockhart. (No correct answer was received.)

##### III. SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTICS.

Full answers to the recent series, and the successful solver's name, will appear next month.

##### IV. WATER-COLOUR COMPETITION.

The prize of FIVE SHILLINGS is awarded to SUZANNE FAUQUET, 24 Rue de Crosne, Rouen, France, for her illustration of Longfellow's lines:

The sun is bright, the air is clear,  
The darting swallows soar and sing.

TEA-TABLE TOPICS.—A prize of FIVE SHILLINGS is awarded to A. MACDONALD, Durris School, Aberdeen, for the leading paragraph this month.

In reply to several correspondents the Editor wishes to explain that anyone may become a member of the FIRESIDE CLUB, simply by joining in these Competitions.

RULES.—I. *Write very clearly, on one side; fasten sheets of each competition together, and sign with name and address. Write FIRESIDE CLUB outside all letters, and PRIZEWINNER outside applications for prizes.*

II. *Editor's decisions final. Correspondence impossible.*

*All answers must be received by the 20th of the month, unless otherwise specified.*

#### TEA-TABLE TOPICS.

(Contributed by our readers.)

*These must be original, signed with pen-name or initials. FIVE SHILLINGS awarded for the best one each month.*

Anecdotes of Dumas the Elder. Though Dumas made much money he spent more, and was well acquainted with duns and sheriff's officers. One of the latter having died, a subscription was raised to pay for his funeral. The collector applied to Dumas, saying, "Sir, we require but thirty francs more." "Thirty francs only to bury a sheriff's officer?" exclaimed Dumas. "My good sir, I have ninety francs in my pocket; take them all, and bury three!" His son had a house near Paris, to which an extremely small garden was attached. On the father's first visit, he was struck with the absurdity of a country house with grounds in which two or three trees had barely standing room; looking out, he said, "Do open the window, my dear boy, and give a breath of air to your garden!"—A. M.

A New Social Departure. The Club may hear with some interest of a new social departure, tried successfully on a small scale, in a county town in the Midlands, this winter. Four hostesses, living at convenient distances in the same neighbourhood, agreed to lend their houses on successive Saturdays in turn, as a *rendezvous* for some half-dozen families of their acquaintance. From two till five any of these friends were at liberty to make use of the house at which the *rendezvous* fell to be held, for appointments of any kind, as a starting point for walking or cycling, or for practising music, etc. A sumptuary law was agreed on to begin with, that no hostess should provide any other refreshments on the occasion of the *rendezvous* than tea and biscuits, as being the least expensive, and most easily adapted to the wants of necessarily varying numbers. This has worked well

and easily. We have already received the compliment of imitation in a neighbouring small town, and we think the common-sense and pleasantness of our plan should make it increasingly popular as summer advances.—SIMPLEX.

Grumblers and the Weather. How many awkward pauses in conversation has the weather filled up?

How many pleasant acquaintances have begun with this subject? And yet some people can always manage to grumble at it. If the winter is cold, it is "So treacherous"; if mild, "So unhealthy"; a damp summer is "So disappointing," a dry one "So enervating." Not one of these people is ever satisfied, and yet there are not half a dozen of them who could agree as to what weather they want, supposing it were possible to choose.—MAL.

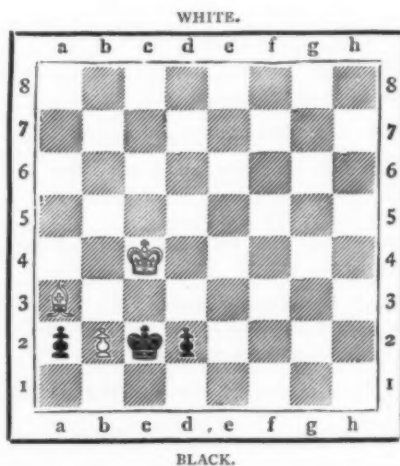
Coffee-Drinking.

Coffee came to London in 1652, but was known in Oxford two years earlier. A fashionable versifier of the day decried coffee and coffee-houses thus:

They give ye, for the vine's pure blood,  
A loathsome potion, not yet understood,  
Syrup of soot, or essence of old shoes,  
Dasht with diurnals, or the book of news.

Coffee-house politicians became so obnoxious in the days of Charles II. that their haunts were closed for a time, by order of Court. "The retailing of tea and coffee," the judges remarked, "might be an innocent trade, but as it was said to nourish sedition, spread lies, and scandalise great men, it might also be a common nuisance."—META.

#### AN EASY CHESS PROBLEM.



This position occurred in an actual game. It was abandoned as a draw, but white, whose turn it is to move, can win. How? Correct answers to be noticed in a future number.





BY PERMISSION OF THE  
BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY]

# PUNCH AND JUDY

[FROM THE PAINTING BY RALPH HEADLY

IT  
spin  
ele  
in s  
was  
is a  
is h  
far  
ear  
A  
of M  
had  
and  
“



## DRIFTWOOD.

BY MARY E. PALGRAVE.



JOHN HEPBURN MAKES HIS APPEAL.

### CHAPTER XIX. — THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA.

IT was a bitterly cold night in March. The east wind was tearing down the Chelsea streets, making the gas-lights flicker and spin, and sending that strange mixture of many elements which make up London dust whirling in spiral columns along the roadway. There was that kind of white look on the streets which is apparent, even at night, when an intense frost is holding the city in its grip. It makes wayfarers shudder and pull their coats about their ears.

A hansom cab had just stopped at the door of No. 12 Marmaduke Gardens. Oliver Graham had stepped out of it, had rung the door-bell, and was helping his wife to alight.

"I must give the fellow an extra shilling,

don't you think so?" he said. "It's getting on for twelve, and such a wretched night to have brought him all this way."

"Yes, indeed—pray do." The searching wind made Katharine shiver, even through her wraps. She turned to flee across the pavement to the shelter of the opening door, bending her head as she did so to avoid the blast. Oliver was fumbling among the coins in his pocket for the cabman's fare.

"I'm glad you can afford to be so generous," cried a voice in loud shrill tones, ringing out with startling clearness in the empty silent street.

Katharine, arrested in the midst of her flight, halted from sheer amazement. Oliver gave a violent start, and turned hastily round. There was a woman standing in front of their house,

with her back against the area railings. That strange remark, in that strident voice, must have come from her.

On seeing that their attention was attracted she came forward into the circle of light shed from the street lamp. The veering gusty flicker swept across her face and form, and revealed a tall, strangely bedizened figure, in tawdry finery, with a shabby, fur-lined cloak wrapped about the shoulders. Under the drooping hat brim was a face haggard and wan, with cheeks redder than Nature ever made them, and eyes that glittered and gleamed with a sort of fixed, unnatural brightness.

A few somewhat stumbling steps brought her close to where Oliver and Katharine were standing. The fierce gust caught her as she came along and swept her shabby cloak aside, revealing beneath it a ball dress which had once been smart but was visibly begrimed and tarnished, even in that dim light.

Katharine shrank away with a gasp of sheer terror. She had never seen anyone like this before! She shrank towards her husband, who was standing as if rooted to the spot, his face looking as though he were struggling with an awful nightmare.

There was a brief pause, during which these three people stared at each other in utter silence. It was one of those moments in which men and women suddenly grow old and sad and bitter. Some turn of the wheel has brought them face to face with the seamy side of life, and they behold the fruits of evil unadorned and in their native hideousness.

It was a half-uttered guffaw from the cabman, who from his high seat commanded the scene, which stung Oliver to a sense that something must be done.

"Stand aside," he said peremptorily to the intruder. There was a look in his eyes that most people were afraid of. "Katharine, go indoors."

With the first coins that came to hand he paid the cabman, anxious to get rid of him at any price. That worthy, however, was inconveniently and effusively grateful, and went off all too slowly down the street, with his head over his shoulder and his eyes riveted on the pair left standing on the pavement.

"You've got plenty of money, I see," shrilled out the voice again; and a laugh followed, so discordant and artificial that it made its hearer shudder. "Well, aren't you going to speak to me? Perhaps you have forgotten who I am?"

Oliver shook his head and motioned the speaker aside with a silent gesture. His desire was not to look at her or speak to her again. With eyes carefully averted he strode across the pavement towards his own doorway, in which Katharine was standing, her figure silhouetted against the light behind. She was waiting for him. Maidie would perhaps desist when she saw that he intended to cut her dead; she might turn away, in anger, and go about her business. But this hope was vain. As he mounted the steps he could hear her following,

close behind him. Her cloak was touching his arm, and he seemed to feel her hot breath on his cheek.

"I've found you out at last, Noll," she shrilled, in triumphant tones; "and I've come to be introduced to your wife. I'm sure she's longing to make my acquaintance!"

Oliver turned upon his sister with a furious gesture. For the moment, anger and dismay were so overmastering that the temptation to thrust her back by main force and shut the door in her face was almost irresistible. But for very shame he could not do that. His arm dropped at his side, and she pressed after him into the hall.

"Shut the door, and don't stand gaping there," he cried angrily to the bewildered parlourmaid. Burning with confusion and wrath he turned his back on Maidie and hastened to where his young wife was standing under the gas lamp lighting the little hall. She looked thoroughly frightened—more frightened as yet than angry.

"What *does* it mean? What *has* that woman followed you for? Does she know you?" she whispered, clinging to her husband. He threw his arm round her; and forced her gently but firmly into the study, and shut the door.

"My darling," he cried, standing before her, his hands clenched and his lips quivering; "listen to me. On my honour, it's not—not what it looks like. There is nothing in my past life to be ashamed of—nothing about which I can't look you in the face."

Katharine lifted her innocent eyes to his face, looking utterly bewildered. She had no suspicion of evil. She only knew that she had never seen her husband in such distress. "What *do* you mean, Oliver?" she cried. "What *should* a gentleman like you have to do with a creature like that? She must be either mad or drunk! Do please get her sent away at once. Susan must run for a policeman if she won't go quietly. But I expect she'll be off if you go and tell her she must. It's the most dreadful thing I ever knew of!"

The flush on Oliver's face deepened yet more, and he looked completely at a loss. "My dear," he stammered, "I—I—how can I make you understand? It's—it's *impossible* to send her off to-night. You see it's so late and so bitterly cold; and it's not as if—well, as if one could send her to the casual ward; though I grant she looks—but I can't do it! It wouldn't be human! It's too cruel to put one in such a dilemma!" Graham turned on his heel and walked up and down the room in a tempest of distress and anger.

"What *do* you mean?" cried Katharine again. "Why on earth can't she go to the workhouse? It's the place for people of her sort, isn't it? Oliver, you really *must* go, this minute, and send her off, or I shall have to do it! It's not right by Susan or—*or anybody*, to have her inside our doors. She'll be giving us scarlet fever, or smallpox, or something!"

"Oh, she's not *that* sort," cried Oliver, wheeling round again and facing his excited little wife. "You don't understand, Katharine—how should you? The long and the short of it is—she's my *sister*, and I can't go and turn my sister out into the streets on a night like this! How *could* I?"

"Your *sister*? And you never told me you had one! Oh, *Oliver!*" The bright colour flooded Katharine's face and neck, to the very roots of her hair. She clenched her small fists and her eyes shone with indignation. Her



OLIVER HAD NO IDEA THAT SHE COULD LOOK SO ANGRY, OR SO DIGNIFIED.

cloak had slipped down off her shoulders, leaving her standing, erect and slim, in the shimmering white satin of her bridal dress. Oliver had no idea that she *could* look so angry, or so dignified. In the midst of his acute discomfort a wave of pride in the appearance of his young wife thrilled through him.

"I'm very, very sorry, dear," he faltered, standing shamefaced before her, his eyes on the ground. He could not look his wife in the face.

"Oh, *Oliver!*" she cried again, with a world of reproach in her indignant voice. And then, all of a sudden, her dignity vanished; she

burst into tears and cried, between tempestuous sobs, "I don't care if she's twenty times your sister! What's that to me, when you never even told me of her existence? Send her away this very minute! She *shall* go, Oliver—do you hear? I *insist* upon it that she goes at once!" Katharine stamped like an angry child, and buried her burning face in her pocket-handkerchief. Her shoulders were shaking with sobs.

"My dearest," began Oliver, almost beside himself. "If you would *only* let me expl—"

But Katharine flung herself away from him. "No, no! Don't say a word to me. I won't listen to a syllable while she's in the house. Send her away, I tell you, this instant!" She crouched down in a chair, with her face hidden from her husband.

There was no choice but to see what could be done to meet her wishes. Oliver dashed out into the hall, to find it empty of all save Susan, who appeared to be keeping guard. "She's in there, sir," whispered that functionary, pointing to the dining-room door. He entered the room, but at first could see nothing, for the dim embers of a dying fire only made the darkness more visible. Presently, however, he distinguished the form of his sister crouching on the hearthrug, as close as she could get to the warmth.

"Well?" she cried hoarsely. "You've come to turn me out, I suppose? I heard your wife ordering me to be shown off the premises—by the police, if need be. But they shan't have that trouble!"

Oliver made no reply till he had lighted the gas—with a hand that trembled in spite of all his efforts to control himself.

"Where have you been all this time, and what have you been doing?" he asked sternly, when the garish uncompromising gas jet had revealed the forlorn figure beside the fire.

"—No wonder she takes it hardly, poor thing, it must be an uncommonly disagreeable shock to her," pursued Maidie, ignoring his question altogether. "You may remember I warned you, Noll, that you'd far better tell her. I expect that you wish now that you had followed my advice!" She lifted her face, for a moment, to peer into his; and again her weird, artificial laugh rang out. Then she dropped her head on her hand again and closed her eyes as if utterly spent. A short, hoarse cough constantly shook her frame; and when she coughed she put her hand to her side as if in sharp pain.

As for Oliver, he had never in his life felt so intensely humiliated, or so utterly at a loss. Maidie was right—he *had* better have told his wife. It would have been better—a thousand times better—to risk losing her before marriage than to run the risk he was incurring now, of losing her in an infinitely more painful and irreparable way—losing her confidence in him and her trust in his honour and integrity. A pause followed Maidie's last speech—a pause not three minutes in length, most likely, but crowded with thoughts of which he was to carry the bitter, salutary remembrance for many



a day to come. The citadel of his self-confidence and self-esteem was crumbling to pieces. He saw the mistake he had made and the wrong he had done, in their true colours, and cursed himself for a fool.

Meanwhile, up the river came a long slow booming sound—Big Ben striking midnight. Susan was fidgeting in the hall; Maidie lay coughing by the fireside; and through the thin wall came the echo of Katharine's sobs, growing every minute more hysterical. Truly, if ever a man were in a tight place, Oliver Graham was in one at that moment!

A worse fit of coughing than ever, from Maidie, roused him, at length, to a consciousness that some step must be taken.

"You are ill?" he asked abruptly, taking care not to look at his sister as he spoke. Good right though he had to be angry with her, the sight of her obvious suffering would inevitably disarm him, at least for the moment. Katharine had said she must go, and go she must; and if he let himself grow pitiful he should be unable to perform his task.

"Yes, I'm very ill. I hope I'm dying. My head is like fire and the rest of me is ice. But you've got to turn me out, all the same." A shivering fit seized her as she spoke, and her teeth chattered so that Oliver could hear them.

"Heaven help us!" he muttered, rushing out into the hall again. "What on earth am I to do?—It's—it's my *sister*, Susan, come—unexpectedly. She's not well, and your mistress is upset, and I can't have her here. Can you suggest anywhere that I could send her for the night?"

Dire extremity alone could have driven the self-possessed Oliver to such a confession. It was indeed being humiliated to the depths to be compelled to acknowledge this miserable being before the very servants. He writhed under Susan's scrutiny and almost hated her for her prim, respectable looks.

But Susan carried a kind heart under her cap and apron, and was much more sorry for her young master's difficulties than scandalised at his possessing such a broken-down relative. She promptly suggested that her married sister, living in a street close by, had a comfortable bedroom to let, which was ready for use, she knew, as a lodger expected that day had put himself off at the last minute.

Susan proved herself good at a pinch. She ran round to prepare her sister, and came back with a cab, in which to convey Maidie to the quarters prepared for her. The cook was wakened to attend on her mistress, who was by this time in actual hysterics, and Oliver returned to the dining-room to tell his sister that he had found a lodging for her for the night, and that his servant would take her to it and see her comfortably into bed before leaving.

"I will come round, in the morning, before I go to business; and if you like to tell me what sort of position you are in, I will try if anything can be done to help you."

"I shall want no further help, thank you. Pray don't trouble yourself. A night's rest will set me on my legs again, I suppose, and then I can shift for myself."

During her brother's absence Maidie had struggled to her feet, and was trying, with trembling fingers, to straighten her disordered dress. The tone in which she spoke was less defiant than the words she used. She was evidently listening to the sounds through the wall and to the clatter of the maids' footsteps flying about for remedies, and had some qualms of compunction at the commotion she had caused. She rejected the arm which Oliver coldly offered to help her out to the cab, and, with a manifest effort, steadied her steps to walk alone. If the uncertainty of her movements were due to any cause besides illness—as Oliver could not help suspecting—the effect was evidently passing off.

In the hall Maidie halted a moment, and stared around with her peering, inquisitive eyes.

"You've got a nice home, Noll, and a very pretty wife," she remarked, with a dismal attempt at gaiety. "Both got up 'regardless,' I should say! I'm glad *one* of us is prosperous, anyway."

"Hush!" said Oliver sternly. "Don't let—her hear you. And be so good as to make haste."

"All right—I'll obey!" Maidie turned to go, hugging her thin cloak round her as the icy wind met her through the open door. There was something horribly pathetic about it all. The sight of this poor wanderer going forth from the midst of all these comforts—from the house where there was no welcome for her—was heart-breaking. That it was her own fault did not make it the less pitiful. Oliver did not dare let himself consider the situation, for fear lest his courage should fail him. He shut the cab door and bade the driver go to 27 Coulson Street. As he did so Maidie thrust out her arm—her arm in its dirty, crumpled glove with the showy bracelets round it—and clutched his sleeve.

"I'm sorry, Noll, if I upset your wife," she said hurriedly. "I—I didn't mean to."

"Why did you come, then? You knew you had no right to do such a thing! If to-night's work costs Katharine a bad illness you will be solely to blame for it." Oliver had meant not to speak to his sister again, but this semi-apology of hers seemed to compel him to do so. He spoke in an undertone, for Susan had already heard too much of this painful business; but Maidie knew, only too well, how bitterly incensed he was. There was the same vibration in his voice that she had heard in it, oh so many times, in old childish days, when she had interfered with his plans or offended his sense of propriety. With a moan she shrank back into the corner and hid her face.

As for Oliver, he stood a moment on the pavement, staring after the vehicle as it rattled away along the frost-bound road, with a sense



of despair gripping at his heart. Would things ever be the same again between him and his wife? Or had Maidie, in one fatal hour, made a breach in the citadel of his happiness which all the future years would not suffice him to repair?

So he pondered, unutterably miserable; and then hurried indoors to do his best, though long without success, to soothe and quiet his wife.

CHAPTER XX.—“AS A DREAM WHEN ONE AWAKETH.”

IT was scarcely wonderful if Graham, wearied out with many emotions, overslept himself the next morning, and came down a good half-hour late for breakfast. He snatched a hasty and comfortless meal without sitting down, and the moment he had finished hurried round to Coulson Street to see his sister. He had not as yet seen Katharine, for the cook, who was a person of years and authority, reported her to be still asleep, and “h’as comf’table as you could h’expect,” and forbade him on any account to disturb her.

During that long vigil, in the small hours, which Oliver had spent by his wife’s bed, soothing her restlessness and helping her to settle to sleep, he had had space to think quietly over the miserable episode of the night, and the heat of his spirit calmed itself, enabling him to see more clearly what was best to be done. There could be little doubt that Maidie had concocted her plan under the vagrant impulse of the moment and under the stimulus of drink, and that she was not entirely responsible for what she had said and done during her visit.

Not that this consideration made him less angry with her. Readiness and ease in forgiving were not a part of Oliver Graham’s character; and reflection did not soften his feelings towards his sister by a hair’s breadth. But that he must be prepared to hear her story, if she chose to tell it, and give her what help lay in his power, grew clear to his judgment, though all the while he felt himself almost hating her for daring to thrust her presence upon him, after letting herself down to such a depth. Still, she must not starve; that was evident. He would say and hear as little as might be, and do what was absolutely necessary. She deserved no more at his hands. It was no longer a question of love and gentle words. The one had been killed, he fancied, by her abominable conduct; and the other, if uttered, would be no better than a hollow farce.

Thus fortifying himself, Graham rang the bell of 27 Coulson Street, and awaited nervously the opening of the door. Who was he to ask for—Miss *Graham*? He was sure the name would stick in his throat! A pleasant trim-looking young woman answered his summons, and before he had had time to frame an inquiry said demurely, “The young person is gone, sir. She went away about half an hour ago.” (Bravo, Susan! She had kept his secret, or else her sister was as discreet as herself! But

the information was too startling to leave room for other thoughts.)

“Gone?” he cried, aghast. “Impossible! She can have only gone out to get something, and must be coming back?”

“No, sir, I understood not.” Mrs. Watson shook her head and looked very positive. “She rung her bell about half-past eight, and I took her up some breakfast. She drank all the tea there was, but she hasn’t eat a morsel, though I got her a new-laid egg, and ’twas beautiful fresh butter. I’ve been upstairs to see.” Mrs. Watson’s tone was aggrieved. She was evidently jealous for her honour as a landlady.

“And she’s *gone*, you say?” repeated Oliver, staring blankly at her. His brain had room as yet for no further impression.

“Indeed she is, sir. She come downstairs about half an hour ago—or it might be no more than twenty minutes—as I was cleaning the front door-steps; and she says, ‘Good morning to you, and thank you for what you’ve done for me. Mr. Graham will settle with you’ (‘he is a relation of mine,’ Maidie had added; but that clause Mrs. Watson judged it wiser to reserve for her husband’s and Susan’s ears); ‘and if he comes here, please tell him I have gone and shall not need to trouble him any further. That’s all.’”

“She went away on foot? I don’t know how to believe it! Last night she could hardly stand, and I was certain of finding her ill in bed.”

“Well, she did seem as if she could hardly put one foot before the other, and her cough was something shocking. But she walked off pretty brisk, sir, notwithstanding.”

“Didn’t you try to stop her, when you saw how ill she looked?” asked Graham angrily.

“I did say something, sir; but, sir, she didn’t take a bit of notice. She swept by me so determined like and holding her head up that high, she looked clean over my head. I hadn’t the courage to stop her.”

“No, I daresay not.” He could fancy how Maidie had sailed forth, with her queenly air, though her feet might be almost failing her for weakness. “Which way did she go?” he asked after a pause, looking vaguely up and down the dull, respectable length of Coulson Street. “She can’t have got far. I may be able to overtake her. She is—I particularly wanted to see her before she left.”

“’Twas that way she went, sir, towards the river,” answered Mrs. Watson, with a jerk of her head in the direction she wished to indicate. Somehow her words and gesture made her interrogator shiver.

He hurried away, and after scanning the benches along that part of the Embankment wandered up and down the adjacent streets, eagerly scanning every distant figure of a woman that presented itself. But it was to no purpose; Maidie was nowhere to be seen. Either she had had money enough about her to take a cab or omnibus, or else those

faltering steps of hers had strength in them to carry her farther than seemed probable. He went back to Coulson Street and asked leave to go up to the bedroom where his sister had slept; thinking that possibly she might have left some note or written message for him which Mrs. Watson had failed to discover. There were the tumbled bed-clothes, as Maidie had left them, and a chair pulled up to the dressing-table, as if she had been too weak to perform her toilet except sitting down. But otherwise there was not a trace of her to be seen, nothing whatever to betray who had been inhabiting the room; and no scrap of paper, either written or unwritten, revealed itself under Graham's anxious scrutiny.

He paid Mrs. Watson the small sum she asked, and walked homewards sick at heart. Maidie had vanished as completely as if she had never been, and all trace of her, all clue to her whereabouts, had vanished with her. The doings and emotions of the last few hours began to feel like an ugly dream.

He heard, on reaching Marmaduke Gardens, that his wife was still asleep—a piece of news which was a relief in more ways than one. In the first place it showed, he trusted, that she was recovering, in a healthy, natural way, from the shock of the night before; and in the second it postponed that trying explanation which he felt was due to her. He scribbled a little note, to be given to Mrs. Graham when she waked, and hurried off, weary and disconsolate, to business.

It was a heavy heart that he carried about with him all day, and at every pause in the throng of affairs his thoughts flew back to that painful scene of the night before; or he fell to wondering how his wife would bear the discovery that she possessed such a sister-in-law. As the day wore on this latter question grew more and more urgent. All the way home he could think of nothing else, and with every step his anxiety deepened.

He found Katharine on the drawing-room sofa, daintily attired in a pink and white tea-gown, and looking very pretty in spite of her swollen eyelids. She had made an effort to come downstairs for his sake, and coloured and brightened at his entrance, expecting him to realise it and be pleased.

But Oliver had no thought to spare for anything save the business in hand. He sat himself down on the nearest chair, saying, in a constrained and nervous manner which gave the effect of sternness, "Katharine, I want to tell you all about it—all about my sister from the beginning," and plunged into the history of old days. He described Marjory as he had known her, from the time when he could first recall her image as a little black-eyed, restless sprite in white frocks, down to the latest scenes, so far as he was cognisant of them, of her chequered history.

It was a sordid, miserable tale he had to tell, sad enough when dwelt upon in the quietness of thought, but sounding doubly painful when

detailed in explicit speech, without any softening of distance to veil it, or the picturesque setting of woods and moors and ancient homestead to alleviate its baldness.

It meant recalling so much that was painful, and the revealing of so many things that made his face burn with indignant shame. He had to describe a character warped and distorted, talents wasted and misused, and a whole life overshadowed by one fatal habit; and another life marred and hindered by its fatal influence and a character—difficult to begin with, and full of contradictions—alternately cowed and spoilt, and turned loose finally upon the world, like a rudderless ship, without the power of self-guidance or self-control.

Dull and dreary as she fancied them, Katharine's childhood and girlhood, passed in a well-ordered home and under the loving care of a refined and gentle lady, had been peace and sunshine embodied compared to poor Maidie's stormy days. His sister's had been such a comfortless life, with so little love or help or sweetness in it, so barren of chances of learning to know what was refined and exquisite and truly womanly. The intense pity and pathos of it all struck Oliver as it had never done before, and made his throat ache and his eyes burn as he told his tale.

"She must have been driven nearly desperate to act as she did last night. It was an unpardonable step to take; but—but, you see, there was much excuse for her. Things have been against her all her life. I suppose it is what one has no right to say—if there's a God in Heaven—but it doesn't seem as if she had ever had a fair chance. I blame myself more than I blame her."

Oliver rested his head on his hands. The grave, almost stern voice—stern from its resolution not to break down—fell silent, and the room was very still. The only sound to be heard was the click of Katharine's knitting-needles. She was knitting away, as if for dear life, at something white and fluffy.

Oliver sat mute, with his face turned away. He had not said "Forgive me, Katharine!"—it would have been easier for them both if he had—but his voice was full of self-blame, and his attitude of anxious distress. Katharine had had no experience of homes like his; would she be too utterly shocked and appalled? And she knew herself now to be the sister-in-law of Maribel Green—of the bedizened, excited, disreputable being who had descended upon them last night, and who might be expected to pay similar visits whenever the fancy seized her. And her husband had been tacitly deceiving her, all along; keeping back family circumstances which she had every right to know. Was her love strong enough to bear a series of shocks like these? Might not such painful revelations turn her against him, make her despise him, chill her affection into indifference?

Oliver dared not look at his wife. He sat staring, with unseeing eyes, into the dusky twilight of the room, waiting to know what

she would say to him, finding it difficult even to breathe under the weight of his sickening fears.

And yet, under all his grinding anxiety, he was conscious of another feeling. He longed unspeakably for some sign that Katharine saw what terrible pain it had cost him, the telling of all this. He wanted, oh, he wanted her to drop those hateful needles and put out her hand to him and pull his head down against hers, and whisper that she understood it all—all this confession had cost him—and that his pain and grief were every bit of them hers as well. Oliver felt he could have wept like a child, and like a child been comforted, had she done that.

Several minutes passed—so many that Oliver was beginning to feel the strain unendurable—and then the clicking stopped suddenly and Katharine looked up and spoke. Her face was very pale, but it was very steady too. She was a woman capable of much self-control.

"Well, Oliver," she said, "I'm glad you've told me—at last! I don't think it was right of you not to tell me before we were married; it was not treating me generously. But I don't much wonder you didn't. It must be very horrid to have relations like that. I almost think it is better to have scarcely any in the world, like me. And of course a man can't choose his family, as he can his wife. It wasn't right of you, but I don't want us to quarrel over it. It's a case of letting bygones be bygones, and I'm willing to forget it, if you are."

"Thank you, my dear," returned Oliver humbly. It was a most sensible way, certainly, of looking at the matter, and he was immensely relieved. He could, nevertheless, have found it in his heart to wish that Katharine had been a trifle less forgiving!

"I suppose you thought I shouldn't marry you, with such a queer sister-in-law as part of the bargain?" pursued Katharine, in the same cool tones. "I can't tell, and it's hardly worth worrying ourselves about; for you see, in any case, we are free of your people now. Your poor father is dead; and as for your sister, I don't think she is likely to come this way again! And I must say, I don't think she has any claims on you. She has had a great deal done for her, it seems to me, and I'm certain you've been a very good brother, though I suppose you don't think so. If a person *won't* settle down and live like the rest of the world, I don't see who's to *make* her do it. You have done your best for her, and if she won't be helped, the fault is not yours. You are not responsible for her now, and I'm sure the best you can do is to put her out of your head. Now isn't that common sense?" Katharine looked across at Oliver and smiled a dry, pinched little smile.

"Oh, very much so." Oliver could meet his wife's eyes now. He got up and stood by the fireplace, feeling as if a cold, bracing wind had suddenly blown in his face. He could not, for the life of him, resist putting a spice of sarcasm

into his tone, but his wife did not seem to notice it.

She glanced up at him, and spoke more gently. "Now, I don't want you to make yourself unhappy, fancying that what you have told me will make any—difference. I'm not so stupid, I hope, as to judge a man by his relations. You are my husband, and there's an end of it. You and I are just two by ourselves, and we are taking a new departure, are we not? We needn't trouble about—those other people, need we, dear?—so long as they are good enough to leave us alone! We are going to begin over again and found a new family of our own, don't you see, Noll?"

Katharine laughed a little, with a pretty soft colour coming in her face, and looked up half shyly at her husband. She did put out her hand now, caught hold of his, and pulled him down to kiss her; an invitation to which he responded slowly and almost unwillingly. He could not take things as easily as Katharine did, or dispose of unpleasant facts in the same facile way.

"Come here, you silly old boy," she whispered, in her low pleasant tones. "Come and kiss me, and don't look so glum! It *was* very horrid for us both, while it lasted; but it's over now, and she's gone, and there's an end of it. You are not going to fret over an ill-doing sister, who has never been any good to you, when you have *me*, now are you? Because I really don't think you ought!" Katharine's little fingers were twining themselves round his arm. She looked up in his face laughing, but in some anxiety. Could it be that there were tears in her bright eyes? How charming she was, how dainty, how refined! And she was his wife, his very own, more to him than all the world besides.

Oliver bent over the sofa, and apparently the response he made was one that fully satisfied Katharine, for she presently bade him be off and have a pipe before dinner and go to sleep, if he could—he couldn't look worse if he had been up all night! "And then we'll have a cosy evening together, and you will read to me, and we'll forget everything that's dismal and horrid and no concern of ours! We've got each other, and what does the rest of the world matter?"

And Oliver went off, relieved of a sickening anxiety, and lit his pipe, and presently fell asleep in his chair. Life must be an easy affair if one could take it, throughout, as Katharine was doing in this instance! "Let us be happy together and forget all outside claims!"—He would try and copy his little wife, who had been so kind and sensible and forgiving, and had helped him, with such a friendly hand, out of the Valley of Humiliation. Maidie had come and gone—had disappeared again, of her own deliberate purpose, among the shadows of the great city. She had forfeited, more completely than ever, all claims upon his help. The only sensible plan, as Katharine pointed out, was to try and forget her existence. And yet—and yet—and yet—



## CHAPTER XXI.—NEWS.

**YORKSHIRE** is not a county famous for its domestic architecture; yet there is many a farmhouse, hidden away among the folds of its moors, which, in the sober dignity of its outline and colouring as well as in the romantic wildness of its surroundings, makes a picture in the memory which lingers there longer than many more definitely beautiful scenes.

Pether Grange, John Hepburn's home, was one of these gravely picturesque abodes. It was built of grey stone, solid and plain, with heavily mullioned windows and fine stacks of chimneys. It stood on a lower spur of the moors, in the north-eastern part of the West Riding, not far from where the outmost rollers of the sea of purple heather spent themselves and were lost among the cultivated fields of central Yorkshire. But though not lying far in the wilderness, Pether Grange was as lonely and the outlook from it as desolate as if it had been planted at the foot of Great Whernside himself. Its own farm buildings and a labourer's cottage or two were the only abodes of men to be seen from it. Behind the house the spur of moorland, enclosed here and there into a meadow where the grazing was still at least half heather, bounded the prospect, and in front of it, beyond the dell down which a stream flowed to join the Ure, more folds of moorland revealed themselves, blue ridge beyond blue ridge in ever more delicate distance, wrapping round the solitary farm and shutting it away from the haunts of men. Not far over the nearest ridge of moor, it is true, lay the homestead of the Wyke, and its dark crest of beech trees could be discerned at the expense of a short and easy climb. But to all intents and purposes Pether Grange lay beyond eye-shot of any neighbours; and ever since the Wyke had been sold and become the country "box" of a Harrogate shop-keeper, it had been as good as non-existent for John Hepburn.

John Hepburn loved his home and the soil on which he and his fathers before him had been born and bred, with a love that was passionate in its intensity; and despite his public-school education and his strong taste for books and for intercourse with cultivated minds, he loved his rustic outdoor working life among the live-stock and upon the land, and was well content to face the prospect of living out his days as a working farmer. He found he was happiest so. The restlessness of an inquiring restless mind, for ever wanting to *know* more and more, was less consuming when his hand was on the plough or busy tending the new-born lambs. And answers to the many doubts and questionings of a soul

"Too tremblingly awake

To bear with dimness for His sake,"

seemed less impossible to be found among the silences of the hills, and were sometimes wholly

laid to rest upon the bosom of the moors. And there were kind deeds to be done among the simple cottagers there—deeds of succour and retrieving so unobtrusively performed that the very people who received the help scarce recognised the helper—which he would not have ventured on among strangers, or have found the courage for among unfamiliar conditions. These lent zest and variety to his quiet days.

So John Hepburn worked on, year in, year out, and nobody but himself knew what conflicts went on within him, or what a wealth of love and devotion there was stored up under that shabby coat. He was nearly forty now, and was looked upon, throughout the country side, as a confirmed old bachelor. People said it was a pity that the good old name of Hepburn should die out in Jarvisdale; and a maiden or two, who thought John Hepburn would make a steady comfortable husband, tried to show him the error of his ways, but to no purpose. It seemed manifest that he was not a marrying man.

Hepburn's old mother was the only person who had any suspicion that it was circumstances and not inclination that were keeping John single. No one had rejoiced so ardently as herself when the Wyke was sold and Maidie Graham and her brother removed themselves to another sphere. She was always hoping that her Jack would forget those black eyes and rosy cheeks and console himself elsewhere. It was four years, nearly five, since that "saucy-faced lassie" had departed; by this time, surely, Jack might have learnt wisdom and given up thinking about her?

Mrs. Hepburn had, however, a suspicion that such was not the case. She had a shrewd idea that the best rosebuds were picked by her son to send away by post. And who was it that pillaged the violet bed so thoroughly and persistently? And who cut the finest plants of Christmas roses off, leaves and buds and flowers and all, and what became of them?

Some instinct told her, moreover, that when John called for the letters at the Cheesethorpe Post-office, he did not always display his share of the correspondence, but kept certain letters in his pocket and read them when out of sight. So he might; but Mrs. Hepburn did not possess a pair of inquisitive eyes and a set of prying fingers for nothing; and she had learnt more about the contents of those letters than their owner had any idea of.

It was therefore with a most displeased face that she stood eyeing an envelope which lay on the kitchen table one autumn morning. An acquaintance whose homeward way lay along the track, called by courtesy a road, passing Pether Grange, had brought it from the village—"t' oblige Farmer Hepburn." It was addressed, in a writing so shaky as to be barely legible, to "Mr. J. Hepburn," and bore a London postmark.

"What for 's t' ould woman writing to Jack agen?" grumbled Mrs. Hepburn. "No doubt but she wants money, or advice, or succouring



of some kind! Or maybe it's all about her precious 'Miss Maidie,' and how she looked, forsooth, and what she wore, and what all the gran' folks said to her. How she dare tell my Jack such a lot of tomfoolery passes my understanding; and why he should care to know of his old sweetheart a-going on with other lads is more of a marvel yet. And to think as ould Sally should be beginning her fool's work of writing letters again after so many months! I did think as my poor lad were going to have a chance, at last, of forgetting that girl. I wonder she ain't ashamed of herself! If I only dared hide it, now, afore he comes in! 'Twould be a deal better for Jack!"

Before, however, Mrs. Hepburn's felonious audacities had got beyond the sphere of thought a step was heard on the flags outside, and John Hepburn entered the kitchen. His mother turned hastily towards the fire, where preparations for dinner were going on; yet for the life of her she could not resist peering furtively over her shoulder to watch her son's face. She saw it first brighten and then grow dark as his eye rested on the envelope lying conspicuously on the oak table, which was one of the glories of Pether Grange. "Who brought this?" he inquired sharply. Manifestly he was not pleased at the way by which it had reached him.

His first impulse was to put it, unread, in his pocket; but, seeing by his mother's attitude that she was on the watch, he changed his mind, seated himself quietly on the settle, and opened and read his letter.

As to the missive itself, the utmost Mrs. Hepburn's eyes could tell her was that it was a very short affair, only a few lines straggling crookedly across the paper. Yet it was evident that the news it contained was stirring her son deeply. Self-controlled though he was, she saw his eyes first contract and then dilate, and the lines on his forehead, under the thick locks of hair now beginning to be sprinkled with grey, spring into sudden prominence. He drew in his breath quickly, and the strong brown hand which held the letter shook.

"What's wrong, Jack? Have ye heard bad news?" Mrs. Hepburn could not resist saying. But John did not seem even to hear her. He rose and stood a moment, staring with troubled eyes at the letter, then walked across the kitchen to the window and stood there with his back turned. When he turned round again his face was merely a little graver than usual; he had regained possession of himself.

"Mother," he said, "will you kindly pack my bag for me? I'm obliged to go to London by the mail to-night."

"To-night!" shrilled Mrs. Hepburn. "Is the man gone daft? Well, ye can't do it then, for all your white shirts be in t' wash-tub."

"No matter! I'll take coloured ones if you will pack them for me."

"Pack your things?—and it's washing day! Ye ought to know better than to ask me, lad."

"Well, then, I'll do it myself. I *must* go,

mother, so it is useless putting difficulties in the way."

"And what for are ye going off to London, without a word to me? Time was when ye'd have asked my leave. But ye're no' a dutiful son, Jack—ye treat your poor old mother as if she was dirt under your feet."

The frown deepened on Hepburn's brow, and he bit his lip. But he always answered his mother gently.

"I couldn't ask your leave, exactly, mother; you wouldn't expect me to do that. But you will send me off, I hope, with a good grace. I shall not be away a day longer than I can help."



HIS FIRST IMPULSE WAS TO PUT IT UNREAD IN HIS POCKET.

"I *must* let ye go, I reckon. I've no choice in the matter. But ye might at least tell a body where ye're going and what for. It's some fool's errand or other, I'll be bound."

Hepburn was silent a moment. "I'd sooner not have told you, mother," he replied, with the same studied gentleness; "but since you have asked, in so many words, I can't refuse. I've heard that Miss—that Marjory Graham is lying very ill in a London hospital, and I am going up to see if anything can be done for her. That's my errand."

"And wasn't I right in calling it a fool's errand?" cried Mrs. Hepburn, throwing herself down on the settle and putting her apron to her eyes. "It needed no more than to see your face, Jack, for to know as 'twas something to do with that wretched girl. Can't she be

satisfied with going to the bad herself without seeking to drag ye after her? Jack, Jack, why won't ye be guided by me? She's not worth fashing yourself about—an idle, painted hussy that—"

John Hepburn brought his fist down on the table with a thud that made even its rock-like steadiness quiver. "Mother," he said, in a voice that scared the old woman, it was so angry and yet so dignified, "there are some things that even *you* must not say, and that is one of them. Now I have a great deal to see after before I start, so do not let us waste any more words. I would give up almost anything to please you, but in this I must take my own way. So there's an end of the matter."

#### CHAPTER XXII.—AN APPEAL FOR PITY.

THERE are people who carry with them everywhere a flavour of the country. If you meet them in the middle of Bond Street, or at the most crowded of London parties, still they bear about them a scent of fields and hedges, and you half expect to see the clods of mother earth—very different thing from London mud—clinging round their feet.

There was a strong aroma of the country about John Hepburn, as he stood in Mrs. Graham's smart little Chelsea drawing-room with his hat in his hand. He looked singularly out of place there, so large among all those dainty gimcracks, so rough-coated and heavy-shod for those soft carpets and delicately vested chairs. His great height looked greater still amid such miniature surroundings, and his deep grave voice seemed to echo back from the walls with the resonance of a bell. In spite of Katharine's invitation to sit down, he remained standing just beyond the limits of the hearthrug, with his broad shoulders slightly bent and his shaggy head stooped forward, looking altogether so different from the ordinary run of afternoon callers, that if his hostess felt slightly flustered and nervous, she might be pardoned for so doing.

Katharine was sitting by the fireside with her six-months-old baby in her arms—a little upright slip of a thing, all tender pink and white like a delicate sea-shell, and with rings of curly hair all over its shapely head. This little creature, whom no one could call anything but Daisy, she was so like the flower in her simple and dainty charms, had come, since we saw Katharine last, to make her parents' bliss more perfect and more full. She sat, in her white frock, enthroned in her mother's arms; and her mother's face, looking down upon her, was softened and transfigured with the inexpressible beauty of motherhood. The two made a picture which Oliver was never tired of beholding, and which struck on John Hepburn's susceptible vision as the fairest sight he had seen for many a day. Surely this sweet young mother, to whom God had sent the best and purest of all joys, must needs have a pitiful heart for women less happy—less blessed?

Katharine had been rejoicing over the fact that a rainy afternoon absolved her from going out and was also likely to prevent visitors from invading her. She had fetched Daisy down from the nursery, and meant to enjoy her company as long as ever she pleased. It was, therefore, with no friendly eye that she scanned the card which Susan brought her—breaking in on her cosy time just when the little one was the happiest and most delicious.

"Mr. Hepburn." Katharine vaguely recognised the name as that of an old schoolfellow and former neighbour of her husband's, and said carelessly, "Oh yes, Susan, you had better show him up."

But she rose from her chair round-eyed and startled as, towering over Susan's cap, appeared a striking head with strange eager grey eyes, and a tall figure which bowed stiffly but not awkwardly, and stood silent as the servant disappeared. What a giant this was, and what an odd-looking personage! Katharine instinctively drew her baby closer to herself, with a pretty tender gesture that was not lost on her visitor. A love for little children, that had a dash of awe and reverence in it, was one of Hepburn's strongest instincts. The little ones of his Yorkshire village knew it well, and darted to him from all quarters whenever he appeared in the street.

"You will, I hope, pardon my intruding on you in this way," said the visitor, when the door had closed, his deep strong voice startling Katharine and impressing her with the same sense of bigness and power. "You may perhaps have heard my name, if your husband has ever spoken to you of his neighbours in old days. My farm marches with the Wyke. I have known your husband and—and his sister ever since I can remember."

There was something in the stranger's expression and in the ring of his voice which drew Katharine to him the moment he began to speak. "What a good face he has—a face you can't help trusting," was her thought. "And I like his gruff voice—it is so sincere." She felt prepared to be gracious and to make him welcome. But that mention of Oliver's sister, and the slight hesitation with which she was referred to, made a check in Katharine's friendliness and set adverse currents moving. Some instinct told her that she was going to be made uncomfortable; and she resented the prospect. Her face changed, as Hepburn's eye was quick to note.

"Won't you sit down?" she said, after a moment's pause. She spoke in a constrained tone, and without a smile.

"No, thank you. I have to go back to where I came from; and besides, I must not trouble you longer than I can help. I fear you may think my visit an unwarrantable intrusion, even before you know my errand. I only ventured to come on the strength of my long friendship with your husband's family—Mrs. Graham, do you know where your sister-in-law is at this moment?"

Katharine started at the suddenness of this demand, and the authoritative tone in which it was put.

"No, I do not," she answered, in a low voice. It was on the tip of her tongue to add, "and what right have you to expect me to know?" but something about the stranger's face restrained her. Her look said, however, what her lips refrained from saying, and Hepburn's heart misgave him.

"I thought you could not know," he rejoined, more gently. "Marjory Graham is in St. George's Hospital, very dangerously ill with rheumatic fever. She was unconscious all yesterday and through the night, and they—*we*—thought her dying. But to-day she has rallied again, and the doctors think she will pull through. She has a wonderful constitution, they say, or she could not possibly have struggled on so long. She has been in the hospital a month."

"Well?" said Katharine, as the speaker paused. "Hush, Daisy, be quiet," for the little one, after a long survey of the visitor, was holding out her arms to him, with the prettiest baby invitation and soft cooing sounds. Hepburn's grey eyes dropped for a moment upon the little child, and he smiled at her—a tender, delighted smile that irradiated his rugged face and made it absolutely beautiful. He held himself back, however, with an effort, from further response to her advances. Her mother, much annoyed, snatched up a toy from the sofa to attract elsewhere the baby's ill-timed attentions. The little diversion—though in itself provoking—was not altogether unwelcome. This troublesome visitor might possibly perceive that he was not wanted and take his departure.

He stood his ground, however, with absolute immobility, and Katharine, compelled at last, by common politeness, to take notice of him, looked up to find his eyes riveted on her face. There was an urgent, pleading, questioning look in them that thrilled her uncomfortably.

"It was kind of you to call to tell us," she said coldly.

"Mrs. Graham—" Hepburn paused a moment, then came a step nearer and spoke with an extraordinary insistence. "Your—Maidie needs a friend if ever a woman did. Won't you go and see her? It is such a chance as you may never have again of—of getting hold of her, of setting her face in the right way once more. Not that she has ever gone down into the depths, thank God! She has never forfeited her right to the name of a good woman. But she has gone as near the edge as anyone can do—I'm not condoning her faults and follies, for they have been many and serious enough, Heaven knows. But she can be retrieved—restored—brought back into the way of peace. Only it needs a woman to do it—a woman to love her, and watch over her, and show her all womanly tenderness. A rough fellow like me cannot do a hundredth part of what *you* could."

Again Hepburn paused and looked his plead-

ing for a response. Surely no stronger appeal was needed, if it were possible to make one? Katharine shrank from meeting his eyes. She turned her own away and her face whitened; but her mouth was hard set. Hepburn's breath came quickly, in laboured pants; his face worked, and his fingers locked themselves nervously together. The one seemed all fire, the other all ice.

"You doubt, perhaps, whether I really know what I'm talking about," Hepburn went on, as no answer came. "But I have been able to keep Marjory in view throughout. Her old nurse has written to me from time to time, and I have kept in touch with her in every way I could think of. I have never lost sight of Marjory for long, though she did not know that I was aware of her movements." Hepburn did not say how many small sums of money and other supplies had come from him to old Sally, to be used, as occasion might serve, for her own and her young mistress's benefit. "If she recovers, as we now dare to hope she may, it will yet be a very long, slow business, her regaining strength. She will be in the hospital for weeks and weeks to come. She must have been half starved, the nurses say, before she came in, and the illness had been hanging about her for months. Her work had failed, you know, through the loss of her voice, and she had been supporting old Sally and herself by sewing for the music-hall people, and selling programmes, and hawking her drawings about, and—and any way she could think of to get an honest living. And such a living must have been—good God!"

This tale of Maidie's struggles must, Hepburn thought, appeal to his hearer and melt her heart. He little understood the impression that he was producing!

"My sister-in-law selling programmes at a music hall—oh, it's too dreadful! What *would* grandmamma have said? It's simply impossible for me to have anything to do with such a person," were the thoughts that ran through Katharine's mind. The baby was growing sleepy in her arms. She sat down mechanically, and rested the little soft head comfortably against her breast.

"Marjory can't escape, you see, while she is in the hospital. It is such a chance of getting hold of her and doing her good as—as anyone who cares for Christ's wanderers should be thankful for. You ought to remember that a heavy responsibility will rest on you if you neglect it." Hepburn's voice was growing stern, and a formidable look was gathering in his grey eyes.

"Did—*she*—send you to ask me to come?" asked Katharine sharply. Her temper was rising to meet his.

"N—no, I can't say she did," Hepburn confessed unwillingly. "But she is softened and humbled—indeed she is. She has been at the very gates of death, and she knows it. And she is broken down with her long struggle, and very weary. I am sure she would not set



her face against you long—she would soon be friendly—yes, and grateful, if you would only go to her. Mrs. Graham, let me say you *ought* to go."

Katharine rose to her feet, her face burning. "Really, Mr. Hepburn," she cried, "I cannot understand what right you have to come here and tell me my duty. It is for my husband to judge of that. I shall certainly *not* go and see Marjory Graham. No one ought to expect me to go—and no one with any sense of—who understands what is possible and what isn't, would venture to suggest such a thing. I am bound to consider what is due to my husband's position. If he has the misfortune to possess disreputable relatives, I can't help it. But at any rate I must judge whether I choose to take any notice of them or not. And in this case I certainly do *not* choose. This—this *person* has insisted on going her own way, in spite of all that was done for her, and if, in consequence, she gets into difficulties, it is not surprising. The people with whom she has chosen to throw in her lot must look after her. It is *their* business, not mine!"

With each additional word of this speech Hepburn's wrath had been gathering force, and it was all he could do to hear the speaker to the end. The defiant glance which Katharine threw in his direction showed her a face white and drawn with anger and pain, and eyes that positively blazed.

"Madam," he said, in a tone which, though low and restrained, made her draw back a step and shrink together, it was so scathing in its unflinching condemnation, "may God forgive you your hardness and soften your heart. I would never have believed that one so young and so prosperous could be so unpitiful. Did you never feel, in your own nature, what sin is, that you can afford to spurn another sinner? Because you yourself have been protected and shielded, and your disposition is, it may be, an easy one, without the strong temptations and lawless impulses which make the lives of many a burden to them,—are those any reasons why you should turn away from one who needs your help? 'Position,' forsooth! The only position worth troubling about is the position that we shall each of us take when the Judge appears to allot us our places. And what will yours be, if you have turned your back on your sister and—Christ's?"

A terrified wail broke from the child in Katharine's arms. "Go away! You are frightening my baby!" the mother cried, gathering it close to her breast and turning her back on the speaker. He should not see that her eyes were full of scalding tears and her throat half stifled with sobs. She walked away, hushing the little one in her arms, whispering soft soothing words to it.

Hepburn stood a minute, looking after her with a face in which anger, grief, and amazement struggled together; then turned without another word, and went his way.

Oliver Graham was walking down Malford Street that same evening, on his way home from business. He started and almost cried out when a man stepped suddenly forward out of a doorway and laid a hand on his shoulder. Life had been so full of surprises, lately, and had brought him so many painful shocks, that it was hardly to be wondered at if he had grown nervous and apprehensive. He glanced round, uttering a stifled exclamation, and saw by the light of a street lamp the tall figure and rugged face, once so familiar, of John Hepburn.

"Is it you, Hepburn? Why, what on earth are you doing here?" he exclaimed, in a tone of relief.

"Waiting to speak to you," returned the other quietly. "Take a turn with me down this way, where it is quieter, and I will tell you what my errand is."

In the quiet of an almost empty street Hepburn told Graham what he had previously told his wife of Marjory's present whereabouts and her dangerous illness. Possibly the ill-success of his appeal to Oliver's wife made him chary of putting a direct request to her husband; but the significant pause he made at the end of his story, and the urgent glance he threw at his companion, conveyed his desire without the need of words.

"I can't understand! How in the world did you hear of her illness?" was Graham's first question.

"Old Sally let me know. I have had her write to me, off and on, ever since your sister came to London. But before this letter came I had had no news whatever for several months. I was getting very anxious," added Hepburn simply. He did not seem to question his own right to concern himself with Maidie and her affairs.

Graham walked on in silence for a few minutes. When he spoke again it was in an irritable tone, not often heard from him.

"I know what you want, of course, Hepburn. You want me to go and see Maidie, and take her up again as if nothing had happened; but I tell you it's *impossible*. My circumstances are altered now. When one's a bachelor it matters to nobody but oneself what sort of company one keeps, or who one's relations are. But when one is married it's a very different matter. My duty is to my wife now, and my child; and I must think of *them* first. I am sure you must see how impracticable it would be to have my sister at our house, or be liable to visits from her whenever she chose to come. No, no; the thing's out of the question. My relations with her are closed, and it would be only a waste of time and temper to reopen them. There would be merely the same story over again—annoyance and misery and some glaring escapade to finish with—and I couldn't stand it. Marjory has worn out my patience, and that's the truth!"

"I see," said John Hepburn softly. "I'm very sorry." He stood still, and lifted his face



to where, through the autumn fog hanging over the river, a faint bar of primrose gold, the last of the sunset, was gleaming, and just above it Venus, a drop of pure light, hung quivering in the sky. "Happy for us there's a Patience we can never wear out," he muttered, half aloud.

"You really can't judge, my dear fellow," said Graham hastily, in a harsh, impatient voice. Life had been so serene and peaceful to him of late; his home had been so sweet and blissful since the little happy child came to perfect it; he did not want to be shaken out of his hard-won contentment by fresh trouble and annoyance from the quarter of storms. What business had this rustic prophet, who knew nothing of the difficulties of people in society and of how careful they had to be not to offend Mrs. Grundy—what business had *he* to come and preach to him his duty to his sister? "If it's money she wants, I'll give her what I can. But it's perfectly useless my going to see her and beginning the whole misery over again. And I'm so frightfully busy, I haven't a moment to spare to go anywhere. I'm worked almost to death—that's the fact. I shall be late for dinner now unless I hurry, and we are dining out, worse luck! So, good night, Hepburn. Glad to have seen you."

Graham turned away, in a bustle partly assumed; but as he did his conscience smote him hard. "I'll think it over," he called back over his shoulder; "and if there seems any good in my looking her up, I'll try to find time to go, some day when I'm not quite so driven. But she'll probably not speak to me when I get there. You don't know her as well as I do."

Graham's plea of occupation was no trumped-up one; his firm was extending its operations every day, and he was engrossed in affairs. Still, conscience would not altogether let him rest or forget, and from time to time he pondered the question of going to see Maidie at the hospital.

A day at length came when, for his own comfort's sake, he vowed that he would put it off no longer; and after lunch at his club, instead

of returning to the office, he got into a hansom and drove away westward to where the great hospital stands, at Hyde Park Corner, looking down on London's gayest and most fashionable throng.

As he mounted the steps he was almost knocked over by a man, who sprang through the swing doors and came dashing down them, with a face as white as ashes. It was John Hepburn.

"You've come too late," he cried, stopping

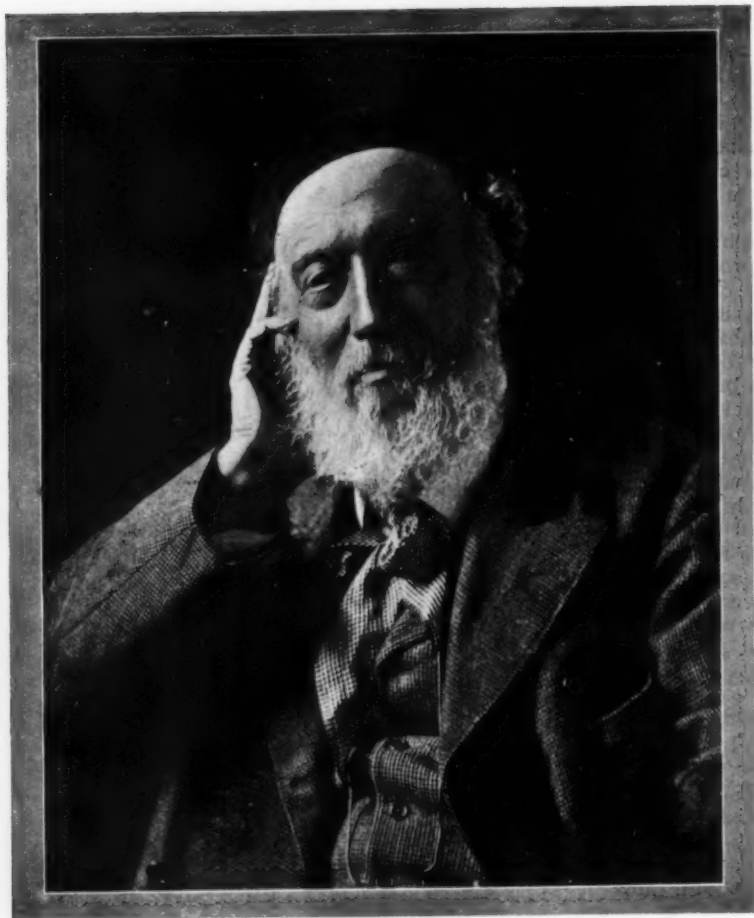


"YOU WANT ME TO GO AND SEE MAIDIE; I TELL YOU IT'S IMPOSSIBLE."

short and looking hard at Graham. "She took her discharge this morning—this very morning—and went away, leaving no address. She's gone, I tell you—gone!"

He turned towards the park and sped away like a man distracted, leaving Graham staring after him, as if he knew not how to believe the evidence of his ears. Maidie had vanished again, like a will-o'-the-wisp! Was he sorry to hear it, or—relieved?

SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.



*From a photograph by  
Russell & Sons.*

*John Gilbert*

NOWADAYS, when our magazines are picture books, and many of our best artists are content to turn newspaper reporters, and aid their brothers of the pen in chronicling the events of the day, it is hard to realise the state of affairs sixty years ago, when illustrated papers did not exist, and a great gap yawned between the expensive Keepsake, with its highly finished steel engravings, and the humble broad-sheet with its rude, primitive wood-cuts—a gap only slenderly bridged by the work of Cruikshank, Harvey, Kenney Meadows, and a few others. Putting

aside caricature, what may be termed *contemporary* illustration, whether of fact or of fiction, is, broadly speaking, a growth of the present reign; and the Victorian era, the era of railways and telegraphs, cheap literature, and popular education, is also the era of a natural, inevitable product of all these—the artist-journalist. Art had a new province to conquer, and the pioneer's work needed special gifts—extraordinary facility, a consummate knowledge of the capabilities and limitations of wood-engraving, and, above all, a certain eye for vigorous effect, and the power of telling

a story in simple, unmistakable fashion. When the need arises, the man is at hand. The first book illustrated by John Gilbert appeared in 1838, the year after the Queen's accession.

Blackheath. John Gilbert was born in 1817 at Blackheath, and at Blackheath, with few intervals, he lived all his life. Perhaps no more favourable spot could have been chosen for the fostering of his genius than this still unspoiled suburb, set on the debatable border of town and country, and breathing, as suburbs do to the unprejudiced, that border atmosphere of sharp stress and conflict which has ever made for romance. Another man of genius, Nathaniel Hawthorne, dwelt at Blackheath for a while, and experienced on the great desolate common "a strange and unexpected sense of desert feeling." And he has given us a picture of London, seen from the heath at sunset, rising immense under its smoky canopy—"a glorious and sombre picture, dusky, awful, but irresistibly attractive, like a young man's dream of the great world, foretelling at that distance a grandeur never to be fully realised." Surely here was food for poetry as noble as ever Tweed or Teviotside produced!

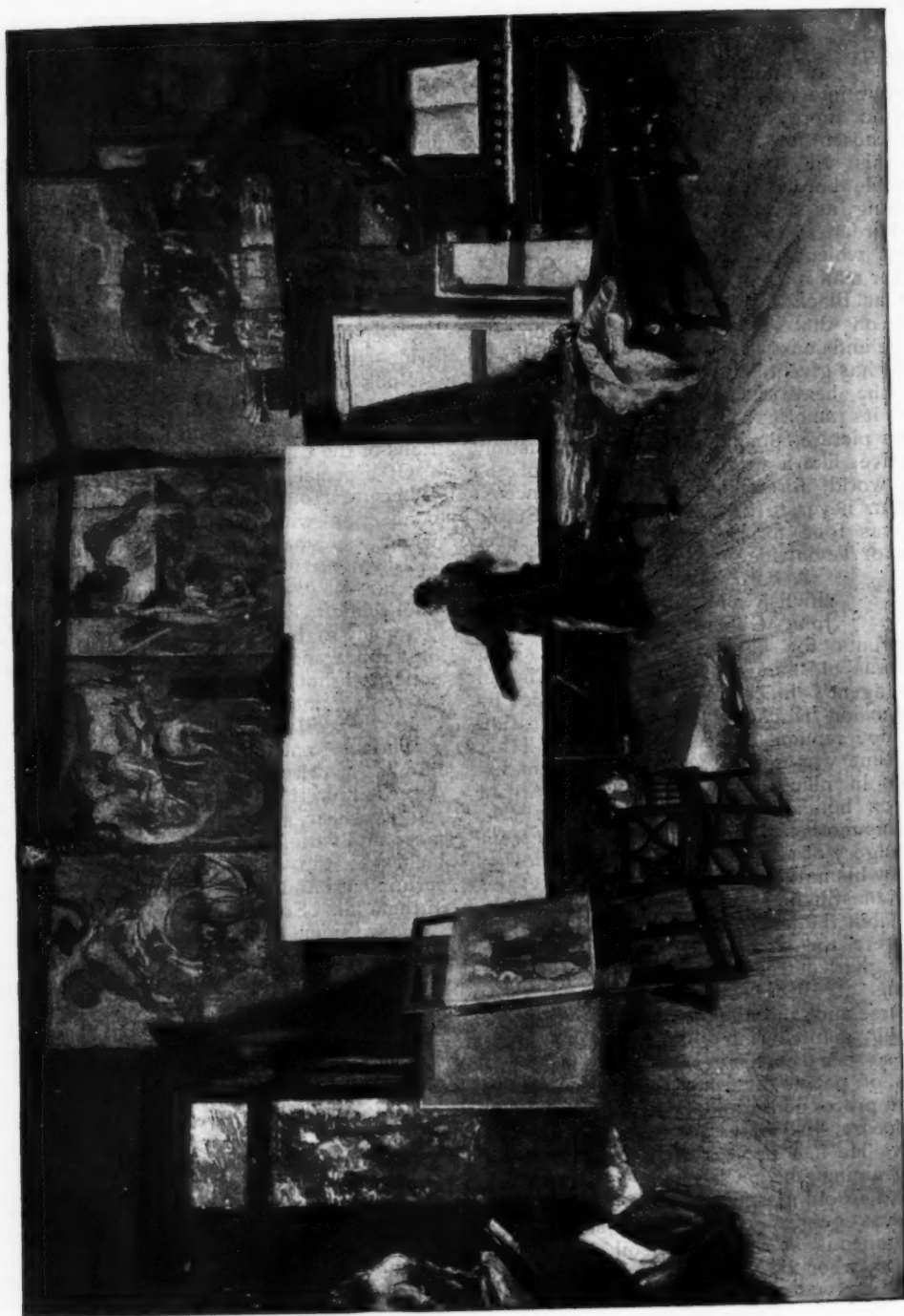
His Early Years. A born artist, whose favourite childish amusement was drawing, John Gilbert was designed by his parents for another career. As soon as he was old enough, he was placed in an estate agent's office in the city, close by the Mansion House. But his true vocation could not remain hidden for long. All his spare time was spent in sketching—from his window in office hours, about his beloved heath on holidays; and, at the end of two years, his mother's intercession freed him from the drudgery of the desk, and he was allowed to follow his natural bent. George Lance, the painter of still life, gave him a few lessons in colour; but the teachers from which he learned most were the park at Greenwich, with its ancient gnarled trees and rugged slopes; the commons at Blackheath and Woolwich with their gorse and sandpits, their wide free horizons and their manœuvring soldiers; the London streets as seen from his desk, with their moving masses of people and horses, and pomp of Mayoral processions; and, lastly, his books, his Shakespeare, his Walter Scott, and his English history. He had none of the customary academic training; he never attended an art class or copied an old master; he seldom travelled; never was genius so completely self-taught, so spontaneous, so racy of the soil, as his.

In 1836, when he was only nineteen, he exhibited two water-colours at the Society of British Artists. Other pictures in oil and water-colour were painted and exhibited in the following years, both at the British Artists and at the British Institution. But the chief work of his life lay in another direction. About 1838, John Sheepshanks, the art patron, was at

Blackheath, and there he saw and admired some of young Gilbert's drawings. He brought them under the notice of Mulready, who suggested that the artist should turn his attention to book illustration. His first attempt of the kind was a book of children's nursery rhymes, and soon the new field was his own, with scarcely a rival to dispute it. The amount of work he did for the press in the following years is amazing, almost incredible. To quote his own words—"I have illustrated nearly every British poet, illustrated newspapers, cheap weekly publications, books of all kinds, too numerous to name." Mr. Roget, in his "History of the Old Water-colour Society," tells us that the mere names of the books in which Gilbert had a hand take up nearly six pages of the British Museum Catalogue, under 150 separate entries. Their range is amazingly wide—from Milton to Longfellow, from Fox's "Book of Martyrs" to the "Swiss Family Robinson." Some of his best work was done for the "London Journal" and for the publications of the Christian Knowledge Society.

Of especial interest to the readers of the "Leisure Hour" is his long and honourable connection with the Religious Tract Society, which was among the first to employ him—a fact he never forgot. In 1839 he began drawing for the "Child's Companion," then a tiny duodecimo. To the "Leisure Hour" and "Sunday at Home" he contributed from their first appearance in 1852-4, and continued to do so, throughout their first ten years, with few intervals, until he finally relinquished this class of work. With illustrations to tracts, gift-books, and other publications, the total number of drawings he made for the Society exceeds four thousand. These covered a wide range, classic, romantic, imaginative, matter of fact; and varied from a breadth of two or three inches to the octavo and quarto page. A certain ease and grace of line were conspicuous in them all. Some had a delicate charm. Into a minute space he would throw the elements of a historic picture. In characterisation he was at home among "all sorts and conditions of men."

The Illustrated News. On May 14, 1842, appeared the first number of the "Illustrated London News." The happy idea was Herbert Ingram's, but it is not too much to say that it would never have taken practical shape but for John Gilbert. From the first he was the leading artist of the new enterprise, and no other man of the time was so well fitted for the post. His study of the London crowds from his office stool stood him in good stead when he had to delineate the events of the day. So did his unequalled power of rendering motion, his knowledge of military costume, his faculty, akin to that of a skilled musician, of improvising on any given theme, and, above all, his extraordinary rapidity of production. He never required to sit down and think out the arrangement of a subject; he never employed a model. His mind was a vast orderly storehouse of men



SIR JOHN GILBERT, FROM A DRAWING BY HIMSELF.



and things, of poses, movements, costumes, and trappings. He had but to lift his pencil, and the appropriate characters, appropriately clad, trooped on the stage before his inward eye, and, without further signal or direction, grouped themselves as in a living picture. And what the trained imagination saw without effort, equally without effort the trained hand set down. He made a drawing as other men write a letter. Friends tell how a messenger would come with a request for a drawing, and would be invited to take tea with the artist. The block would lie on the table beside the tea-tray, and all the while that the host was playing his genial part, talking and attending to the needs of his guest, the pencil would be busily moving. When the meal was over the drawing was ready.

Those were the days before photographic processes, and all drawings for the press were made on blocks composed of small squares of boxwood clamped together, and were afterwards engraved by hand. To save time, when a large drawing was wanted in a hurry, Gilbert adopted a method which would be impossible to a man not endowed with his extraordinary visualising power. It is thus described by Mr. Roget:

"He would first sketch the whole design in ink upon the plain surface of the compound block. This he would then cover with white, the ink marks just showing through as a guide. Then he would begin the engraver's drawing upon the top left-hand elemental block, which, when covered with the necessary lines, would be screwed off and sent to the engraver. So with a second, and a third, and all the rest, until the design was complete. It might thus happen that the first detached portion would be under the engraver's hand before the last was out of the draughtsman's."

In December, 1856, was published the first monthly part of Routledge's "Illustrated Shakespeare." For three years Gilbert was occupied on it, at the rate of a play a month, and the completed edition is, perhaps, the finest and most enduring monument of his fame. Here all his best qualities had ample play, and he was further equipped for the task with a thorough knowledge and a deep love of his author. It is a remarkable achievement. From the beginning it captured the popular imagination, and for forty years it has held its own against numerous rivals. It is not too much to say that the "Shakespeare" of the last two generations is Gilbert's "Shakespeare"; from childhood we have grown up with an unquestioning belief in the poet's characters as Gilbert saw them, and we find it hard to give credence to the conceptions of other artists. Some years ago there was published a series of illustrations to the plays by the cleverest of American draughtsmen; and one remembers the shock experienced at the sight of Mr. Edwin Abbey's witty, chubby, beardless Falstaff. One felt an actual resentment, as at an insidious attempt to deprive one of a dear familiar friend. All Mr. Abbey's learning, refinement, and archæological exactness go for nothing when he attempts to upset our cherished beliefs.

Roughly speaking, there are between seven and eight hundred drawings in the three volumes. It would be easy to pick holes in such a mass of work, to speak of slavery to a single unvarying convention, of a certain roughness, of a lack of subtlety and illuminative insight. But with his vigour, fluency, humour, and faculty of scenic presentment, Gilbert remains, in spite of all possible criticism, the ideal illustrator of a popular Shakespeare. One reads his pictures as one reads the print beneath them; and, indeed, he drew, as Shakespeare wrote, *currente calamo*, never blotting a line.

The book is further interesting as a landmark in the history of illustration. When the first number appeared Gilbert was supreme, and his style was imitated by all who wished to gain the favour of the public and the publishers. We hear of Fred Walker, in his early days, protesting against his employer's decree that he should turn out drawings strictly on the Gilbert pattern. For already a group of young men was coming to the fore that saw the world with eyes of its own, and refused to wear the chains of any accepted convention, however splendid and striking. The "Shakespeare" was completed in 1859, and from the same year dates the first appearance of "Once a Week." The artists who contributed to its early numbers, Millais, Fred Walker, Sandys, Tenniel, and the rest, were men of strong individuality and earnest, original views of life and art, for the expression of which the facile decorative style of the Gilbert school could not suffice. The revolt, which became a revolution, was inevitable, and it implies no disparagement to the master of the older tradition. Rather is it a tribute to his strength that he should have dammed up the flow of art in this direction so completely that stagnation was imminent, and strong men were needed to cut a new channel.

As a Painter. All this time, while producing drawings literally by hundreds every year, John Gilbert was steadily progressing towards high rank and honour as a painter. In 1852 he was made an Associate of the "Old" Water-colour Society, becoming a full member in 1854. In 1871 the Society chose him for its President, and the Royal approval of its choice was gracefully shown by the conferment of knighthood on him in the following year. In 1872, also, he was elected Associate of the Royal Academy, and full member in 1876, in which year he took the chair at the annual banquet, the President being too ill to attend. To complete the story of his official life, it may be noted here that three times—in 1886, in 1888, and in 1895—he was induced by failing health to send in his resignation of the presidential chair at the Old Society. On each occasion his fellow-members were unanimous in urging him to remain, and he continued to hold office until his death last year.

In 1862, at Gilbert's suggestion, the Society

had supplemented its spring show of pictures by another, open during the winter months. It has been held annually ever since, and during the past winter, by way of appropriate and graceful tribute to the President's memory, it was devoted to an exhibition of his water-colours and sketches. In his work for the press, though every drawing was imbued with his individuality, yet the choice of subject was not so much his as the editor's or publisher's. For the clearest view of his personal tastes—of the prevailing atmosphere of his mind, so to speak—we must look to his exhibition work, where choice and treatment were alike unfettered. Then, if there was ever any doubt as to his peculiar bent, it is removed at once. Technically, he was of no school save his own; intellectually, he was a romanticist of the school of Walter Scott. "Appreciation of the later Middle Ages inspired him nine times out of ten." "The Trumpeter," "The Standard Bearer," "The Challenge," "The Return from the Raid"—such are the titles that catch the eye on every page of the memorial catalogue. And one notices how often the inspiration was literary, drawn from the bustling pages of Shakespeare and the picturesque novelists—Le Sage, Smollett, and Cervantes. The romance of the road, the lively pageantry of processions, the pomp and circumstance of war—to these and kindred subjects he returns again and again with unflagging zest. Picturesque wayfarers, armed knights, or wild gipsies, defile through forest glades or across rugged heaths; Joan of Arc enters Orleans amid a brave throng of nobles; Hotspur harangues his troops; Cromwell's Ironsides charge on the Cavaliers at Marston—everywhere the eye is caught by the flutter of flags and the gleam of armour. When, as rarely, he goes farther afield, and attempts a subject of a different kind, his eyes refuse to see it differently; and John the Baptist preaches in the wilderness by the same English brook, under the same gnarled old trees, to the same group of picturesque nomads; it is not John in the wilderness at all, but a gipsy chieftain haranguing his tribe in Greenwich Park.

If Sir John Gilbert had never exhibited a single painting, one might have guessed from his drawings that he had a strong sense of colour. He had the power of suggesting it in black and white, just as (to draw an illustration from another art) Schubert was able to suggest the diverse and vivid tones of the orchestra in his pianoforte music. His pictures are all aglow with colours, rich and harmonious; in every canvas they hold lively festival, which never degenerates into riot or violence. Especially does he show that affection for scarlet which is a sure sign of a healthy, child-like taste. A cardinal's robe, a soldier's tunic, a red flag, attract him irresistibly.

Again we are struck by his remarkable power of rendering motion. His surging crowds and charging squadrons sweep across the canvas with a rush that carries all before it.

We hear without surprise that his favourite among the old masters was Rubens, who, to quote Hazlitt, "has given all that relates to the expression of motion to a degree which no one else has equalled, or indeed approached." It has already been remarked that Sir John Gilbert never employed a model, and the fact has been turned to his reproach by some who are offended by his facile productiveness. But artists tell us that the use of models is a positive hindrance to the adequate rendering of movement. A model standing in the attitude of a moving figure is not moving, but standing; the strain on the muscles, and therefore the contour and attitude, are subtly different. And while the critics have our ear, we may ask if, after all, facility is such a terrible crime in art as they would have us believe. "Over-production!" they cry. "Gilbert did too much, and took too little trouble over it." But one does not blame the lime-tree for producing thousands of tiny fragrant blossoms instead of half-a-dozen gorgeous flowers; and we might grumble at the clouds if they distilled rare drops of attar of roses instead of their plentiful showers of rain. With due respect to Sir Joshua, there is a form of genius which does not consist in taking infinite pains. There are men—great men, too—who do not possess the faculty of elaboration; and there is room, and use, in the world for the fecund improvisatore, as well as for the deliberate chiseller of sonnets.

About 1884, Sir John Gilbert let it be known that, though he intended continuing to paint and exhibit till his hand should fail him, in future none of his pictures would be for sale. His country had bestowed on him wealth, fame, and honour, such as come to few, and in requital he proposed to spend his last years in its service without remuneration. Thence onwards all that he painted was to be national property. For nine years the pictures accumulated, and then, in 1893, the munificent gift was made. By a happy thought, instead of presenting it *en bloc*, he distributed it among the municipal galleries of the chief English cities. London received seventy paintings and drawings, and the rest were shared between Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Blackburn. It was a graceful act, setting a worthy crown on a long and honourable career.

With increasing age and family bereavements his health and spirits suffered severely. In 1895 he paid his last visit to the London Galleries. He still continued to work, completing old pictures and beginning several new ones; but the end was near at hand. He died on the fifth of October last, in his eighty-first year.

Sir John Gilbert was one of a family of six brothers and two sisters, none of whom ever married. His singularly complete and well-rounded life was devoted entirely to his art and his friends. With his fine presence, his courtly

Gifts to the Nation.  
Letters to the late Hugh Owen.

dignity of manner, his readiness to assist all who came to him for advice and encouragement, his charming flow of talk, his unflinching uprightness in worldly matters—he was one of those who gain friends at every turn and keep them to the end. One of his earliest and most valued friends was the late Hugh Owen, F.S.A., and by the courtesy of Mr. Owen's executor we are enabled to lay before the readers of the "Leisure Hour" some extracts from Gilbert's share in their long and regular correspondence, extending from the fifties down to about 1895.

The handwriting is characteristic. With all its impetuous flow, it is irregular, unformed, boyish—the handwriting of a man who has had no time to cultivate the art of fine penmanship. On nearly every page the vigorous emphasis of the writer's habitual mood breaks out in words underlined or printed in capitals. Some of the earlier letters are illustrated with sketches; in most of the later ones we find some such sentence as: "Pen scratchings sent enclosed for your acceptance," or this, which throws an amusing light on proceedings in high places:

"Another scrap enclosed. Do not, however, suppose that my sole occupation while sitting at the council table of the R. A. is making sketches; but as paper, pens and other material lay about handy, how is one to resist these jottings of a somewhat wandering mind and attention? A long and dull speech is perhaps being got through, which calls not for constant persistent following. But the practice is *bad*, and I do not expect you to excuse it."

In a letter, dated October 1884, we learn that he has incurred an inevitable penalty of artistic fame. An unauthorised copy of one of his pictures is on the market.

"It does not seem right in any case," he writes, "whether in a public or a private collection, that a copy should be permitted to be made the *same size* as the original. In time confusion will come, for the copy might be as good as the original. I know that in the National Gallery it is permitted to copy a picture on a canvas of precisely the same size as the original picture. Whether this is fair or no I am doubtful about. I do not think it *is*. But, however, for myself I do not much care about it. It cannot signify much to me, but it may lead to fighting and squabbling at some future time."

He took a great interest in photography and its relation to art, and his opinion on this vexed question is interesting:

"The more I see of them [some photos his correspondent has sent him] the more I am convinced of the great use they are to the artist, teaching him to see Nature and to understand the capabilities of his art. Light and shade dignify the meanest object. D—, jun., is a perfect Rembrandt."

Occasionally, but not very often, there are references to his own work. In one letter he is "still grubbing away" at his blocks and paintings. In another:

"Of course I am working away. Life would indeed be dreary to me if I had no picture in hand."

There never was a firmer believer in the Gospel of Work. Elsewhere, writing to congratulate his correspondent on the completion

of a book which had involved much toil and research, he says:

"I hope you will enjoy a rest after so many years of labour. 'The labour we delight in physics pain,' notwithstanding."

In 1880, apropos of a projected exhibition in the City of London, he utters a reproach, which has lost some of its sting of late years:

"What has the City ever done for Art? The Halls of the Companies are without pictures. The Lord Mayor said at the Academy dinner that there was not *one* picture in the Mansion House. With their large funds what commissions might they not give! What noble subjects illustrating the rise of their Companies and Institutions! Just the very subjects I should delight in. I paint historical or Shakespeare subjects, and have the mortification to find they are not appreciated or understood."

In June 1884 he writes about the Academy Exhibition of the year. There is force and truth in what he says, though perhaps one may also trace the hand of the old man who is not altogether in sympathy with the aims and fashions of a newer generation:

"I am not proud of the extension of the R. A. myself. I begin to think—I say I *begin*—rather, I should say that I have long thought that good and real art is dying out in this land of Shoddy, and that audacious, flashy, meretricious and unwholesome work is, by the aid of advertisement and other vulgar means of puffery, forced to the front for the gain of dealers and pitiful greed of artists, who, to keep up big houses of red brick, studios of awful size crammed with bric-à-brac—Japanese monstrosities—many servants, and a style of living altogether absurd, common, and unnecessary, are forced to lend themselves to and become the slaves of—what are called—the great dealers. Press men, at the bid and call of dealers, assist in forcing down the throat of the public heaps of trash, and have, I fear, done an irreparable injury to Art, to honest, humble seeking after *truth*—not what is *un-truth*—to Nature, which is work now too tame, too unexciting to satisfy the ignorant purchasing public."

As a set-off to this, and to prove, if proof be needed, that it was no senile prejudice against novelty, as such, that prompted his indignation, we may quote what a member of his household has said in writing about his last years of illness and depression:

"His one amusement in those dull days was to follow, in the prints of the day, the efforts, and to note the promise, of younger men, keenly alive to the good in every style and method, holding that an art that could be all expressed by one man in one way would be but a poor object to pursue."

We may conclude with one more extract, from a letter written in a shaky hand, and dated April 29th, 1894. It will serve to show with what esteem and affection he was regarded by his comrades in art:

"I was at R. Academy on Thursday last, to have a glance at the exhibition and meet my brother members. It is my first and only visit. I had a wonderful reception, was cheered all up the stairs to the top, where the President received me, giving me his arm. I was astonished, for such a reception was unheard of. I was deeply touched."

Sir John Gilbert was holder of numerous gold and bronze exhibition medals, honorary member of various British and Belgian Societies, and Chevalier of the French Legion of Honour.



## THE WHITE HOUSE FROM THE INSIDE.<sup>1</sup>

NEARLY one third of a popular but, at the same time, a really valuable little book which Ex-President Harrison has written on the Political Institutions of the United States, is devoted to an explanation of the position and duties of the President. These chapters, seven in number, give a graphic picture of the White House at Washington from the inside—perhaps the most interesting picture of the White House in existence; for Ex-President Harrison is the first of the Presidents of the United States who has told his experiences of the daily life of the White House in book form. Several of the earlier Presidents, in their letters, have afforded glimpses of their work; but the work of the United States President has doubled and trebled since any of these letters were written.

Ex-President Harrison's sketch of the White House, and of the daily round of the President's duties, opens with a Cabinet meeting, and shows how the political heads of the several State Departments are placed when the Cabinet is in session. On the right of the President is the Secretary of State, who fills the place in the Washington Cabinet filled by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the English Cabinet. To the President's left is the Secretary of the Treasury, who corresponds to the Chancellor of the Exchequer in England; but whose duties are infinitely more various. Next to the Secretary of State is the Secretary for War, a comparatively unimportant position in a country where the army is not much larger than the London police force. Opposite the Secretary for War is the Attorney-General, the legal adviser of the Administration. Next the Secretary for War is the Postmaster-General; and opposite to him the Secretary of the Navy, whose duties nowadays are sufficiently onerous, owing to the fact that the American navy is still in the course of evolution. The Secretary of the Interior, whose duties chiefly concern the Indians and the now diminishing public lands, and the Secretary of Agriculture, occupy the two places at the bottom of the Cabinet table.

To the President, the United States Constitution gives the most comprehensive powers. It throws on him the duty of taking care that the laws are faithfully executed. These are the Federal laws; not the laws of the forty-five States which now form the Union. Eight Cabinet officers, whose Departments have just been named, are associated with the President in his great undertaking, and in connection with these Departments there is an army of 178,000 subordinates, not including the men in the military and naval services. It is the appointing of these civil servants, rather than the general oversight of their work, which weighs heaviest and is most harassing to the President.

Especially is this so in the first year of the President's term. The President's custom is to give half a day a week to each of the Cabinet officers, and these meetings are given up, not to the policy and work of a Department, but chiefly to the consideration of appointments. Many of the clerical appointments are placed by law in the hands of the heads of the Departments. With these offices the President usually refuses to interfere. But it is not popularly understood that this is so, and he has to spend "many a weary hour in explaining to friends why he cannot do so"—why he cannot interfere in these appointments with the heads of the Departments.

Apart from these minor positions there are, in each State Department, hundreds of what are known as Presidential appointments, appointments made nominally by the President. All the documents and papers relating to these must be submitted to the President; and it is the custom in connection with these appointments, when the duties relate to a Congressional district, to accept the advice of the Congressman, if he is of the same political party as the President. This is only a matter of custom; but Ex-President Harrison, writing from the fulness of experience, states that "the President finds himself in not a little trouble if he departs from it." It is the fact that there are so many of these appointments to make which, at the beginning of every Administration, causes Washington to fill up with men and women who desire some Federal office in the States, in the State Departments at Washington, or in the foreign service. Most of these persons have limited purses, and as the days pass by and no office is bestowed upon them, the purses become exhausted, and "impatience and ill-temper come in." But they all come to Washington possessed with a hope which is hard to kill, and their repeated calls on the President are among his most trying and wearying experiences.

Next among the trying duties of the President is the consideration of applications for pardons. He does not grant pardons to persons convicted under the State laws. This duty falls to the lot of the State Governors, or the State Pardoning Boards. But pardons for all convicted offenders under the Federal laws come within the President's duties; and this duty is especially heavy in connection with cases arising under the postal, the currency, and the banking laws, and also in connection with those territories which are not yet organised as States. These territories are on the frontier, where civilisation lags. Crimes of violence are frequent in these socially wild and out-of-the-way regions, and from them are sent most of the capital charges which come before

<sup>1</sup> "This Country of Ours," by Benjamin Harrison, Ex-President of the United States. London: David Nutt.



the President. In one of the territories, until quite recently, according to Ex-President Harrison's own testimony, the gibbet was never taken down; and there is a judge at Fort Smith, where cases from the Indian territory are tried, who has sentenced to death as many men as all the other judges of United States courts combined. "It happens sometimes," writes Mr. Harrison, "that the wife or mother of the condemned man comes in person to plead for mercy, and there is no more trying ordeal than to hear her tearful and sobbing utterances, and to feel that a public duty requires that she be denied her prayer."

The White House is at once the office and the home of the President. Ex-President Harrison is emphatic in his statement that the combination is an evil one. It admits of no break in the day, no change of scene, or of atmosphere. While Ex-President Harrison was at the White House he evidently envied some day-labourers. The blacksmith, when the allotted hours of work are over, he reminds us, "banks his fire, lays aside his leather apron, washes his grimy hands, and goes home; and he gets a taste of unsmoked morning air before he resumes his work." But in the White House "there is only a door—one that is never locked—between the President's office and, what are not very accurately called, his private apartments." For everyone else in the United States service at Washington "there is an unroofed space between the bedroom and the desk," and Mr. Harrison pleads that there should be an Executive building, not too far away, but wholly distinct from the home of the President.

Letters to the President are sometimes as numerous as 800 a day. Many of them are trivial; not a few of them are impertinent; and some of them angry and threatening. All these, when the private secretary is a judicious and tactful man, the President never sees or even hears about. All the letters are opened by the private secretary or a trusted assistant, and only the more important find their way to the President's desk. This desk, it is interesting to be reminded, was made in England, and was a present from the Queen to a former President. It was made from the timbers of H.M.S. *Resolute*. The *Resolute* was sent in search of Sir John Franklin in 1852. The ship was caught in the ice, and had to be abandoned. It was discovered and extricated by an American whaler in 1855, and was subsequently purchased and sent to England as a gift to her Majesty by the President and people of the United States, as a token of goodwill and friendship. When the *Resolute* was broken up in an English dockyard, the desk from her timbers was sent by her Majesty "as a memorial of the courtesy and loving-kindness which dictated the offer of the gift of the *Resolute*"; and it is at this desk that the President does most of his work.

The President's official day begins with the opening of the letters; and long before he is

at the end of these, callers are arriving. Persons having business with the President may usually see him between ten in the morning and one o'clock in the afternoon. These hours are publicly announced. But people, with what they themselves deem urgent business, pay little heed to the public announcements; and it is a rare piece of good fortune, especially during the early months of an Administration, when Washington is overrun with office seekers, if the President gets one wholly uninterrupted hour at his desk during the course of the day. His time is so broken into that he is often driven to late night work, or to set up a desk in his bedroom, when writing a message for Congress or engaged on any work requiring undivided and unbroken attention. Thoughtlessness, Mr. Harrison thinks, is the cause of this continuous drive of the President. To his mind, the man who wants only five minutes is responsible for it all. If he were the only one with that demand, the five minutes could be spared; but his double is at his heels, and the urgent business of the President is postponed or done at night with a jaded mind.

Visitors to the President are admitted singly, or all are ushered as they arrive into the President's office as the President may direct. The President receives them standing near his desk, especially when a number are present. Those not engaged with the President stand back, and the conversation with each visitor as he is received is conducted in low tones that secure some degree of privacy. Among the visitors there are always many Senators and representatives, often accompanied by friends or constituents, either singly or in delegations. Sometimes these visitors come to pay their respects; but more often to urge some appointment.

The President's afternoon is given up to the Cabinet officers, with perhaps a little time to the Washington correspondents. When there are rumours of important public transactions, the more prominent of the Washington correspondents expect to have a few moments with the President. "With some of these—gentlemen who have become known to him, as men who have not placed their personal honour in the keeping of any newspaper proprietor, or managing editor, but hold it in estimation, and in their own custody—the President," Mr. Harrison tells us, "sometimes talks with a good deal of freedom." "Of course," adds Mr. Harrison, "confidential things are not disclosed. The President does not give an interview, and is not quoted. But erroneous impressions of what has been done, or is in contemplation, are often corrected."

In addition to all these business calls, there are always hundreds of visitors who desire to make a courtesy call on the President, just to be able to tell their friends that they have seen and spoken with the President. These visitors are received on the popular reception days. They pass the President at the rate of forty or fifty to the minute; and in the first three weeks

of a new Administration, the President shakes hands with some forty to fifty thousand people. "The physical drain of this," says Mr. Harrison, once more speaking from the fulness of experience, "is very great, and if the President is not an instructed hand-shaker, a lame arm and a swollen hand soon result. This may be largely or entirely avoided by using President Hayes's method, which was to take the hand extended to you and grip it before your hand

is gripped." "It is the passive hand," adds Ex-President Harrison, "that gets hurt."

Every day but Sunday the White House is as public a building as the Capitol at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue. The White House is enclosed by a high iron fence; but the gates always stand open, and "there is not a square foot of ground, not a bench, not a shade tree, that the President or his family can use in privacy."

EDWARD PORRITT.

## Alfred the Great.

IN VIEW OF THE MILLENNARY CELEBRATION.

KINGS we have had who wrought us good, and  
loved and led us well,  
Kings whose might on the hard-fought field the  
poets' praises tell,  
Kings who served, in their narrow realm, an England  
yet to be,  
Kings of the sword, and the council board—but  
never a king like thee!

Back we look o'er the thousand years that link our  
day with thine—  
Out of the mist dim faces glance and the brands of  
battle shine;  
But the tumult dies to a far-heard cry, and the war-  
smoke drifts away,  
And thou dost stand like a hill-crest tower in the  
first glad beams of day.

Shepherd true of thy flock wast thou, their perils  
prompt to share,  
Never at rest while round the fold thou saw'st the  
wolf-eyes glare:  
Barring afresh with tireless hands each gap in the  
wattled wall,  
Till the huddling sheep grew bold and stayed their  
panic at thy call.

Truly the patriot's cheek might pale who heard, as  
thou didst hear,  
Th' exultant voice of the heathen horde that mad  
for strife drew near;  
Or saw, from some osier'd river-isle, their slim black  
galleys pass,  
While the blood of herd and husbandman ran red  
in the orchard grass.

Sick at heart thou hast been to see the homestead  
gates thrown down,  
The sunset glories blurred with the smoke blown  
from some burning town,  
The quiet convent trampled through, and the meek-  
faced brotherhood  
Thrust from life by the ruthless steel of a foe they  
scarce withstood.

Darkest of all, that waiting time, when hope was well-  
nigh slain,  
And the blood and sweat of a year of fights might  
seem poured forth in vain,

And the future showed like the wintry grey above  
thy lone retreat;  
Where the very marsh pools savoured of death, and  
the dry sedge moaned defeat.

But the sun waxed strong that burned so low, and  
when with its lustrous gold  
The fen-flower gleamed at the water's edge, our  
Alfred brake from hold!  
And the western men drew after him, and the high-  
ways filled with spears,  
And he quenched in the glory of Ethandune the  
shame of the crownless years!

His foot was set on the Viking neck, and the heart  
that had never failed  
Thrilled with the dream of what might fall to the  
sword that had so prevailed;  
But his pity wept for the harried land, where the  
folk were yet too few,  
And he turned to strengthen the old strait bounds  
of the kingdom his love made new.

Again on the air the cheerful sounds of rustic  
labour fell,  
The smith once more at his anvil sang and the  
maiden at the well,  
And the traffickers in the city mart gave thanks for  
a monarch's reign  
When the walls were safe, nor wayside bands  
plundered the pack-horse train.

Then Learning stole from her southern seats, and  
wise far-travelled men,  
To the court of the King who lauded Truth and the  
cunning of tool and pen;  
And new-built navies moved on the seas to watch  
for the pirate foe,  
That the haven town might hear no strife but the  
surf on the beach below.

And now the nation, welded and one, that owed its  
birth to thee,  
Greets, in its tenfold strength, thy name, who first  
made England free—  
Father of all those kingly hearts that have counted  
not the price  
When She has called, in the hour of need, for  
service and sacrifice.

HORACE G. GROSER.



IT is just fifty years since Tennyson told how a merry party of youths and maidens tried to kill the tyrant Time by weaving the mid-summer day-dream of a woman's college—

With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,  
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.

In the last half-century this dream has taken shape, and become a reality; and among the many retrospects called forth by the approaching end of the century, and the celebration of the sixty years' Jubilee, this great change in women's life and education cannot be overlooked.

Tennyson's pretty lines are often quoted as though they were the first suggestion of the kind in literature, but that is hardly correct. An earlier and more serious allusion to the subject may be found in Defoe's "Essay on Projects," where he introduces his scheme by remarking: "I have often thought of it as one of the most barbarous customs in the world, considering us as a civilised and a Christian country, that we deny the advantages of learning to women. . . . I cannot think that God Almighty ever made them so delicate, so glorious creatures, and furnished them with such charms so agreeable and delightful to mankind, with souls capable of the same accomplishment with men, and all to be only stewards of our houses, cooks and slaves." For this unjust state of things some remedy

must be found. Defoe's proposal was the foundation of women's colleges throughout England. There should eventually be one in every county, and about ten in the city of London. For their government certain rules should be laid down, to which all must submit, but no one should be compelled to remain in a college against her will, and it should be "felony without clergy for any man to enter by force or fraud into the house." Here surely is the germ of the Princess!

Defoe's colleges would have been little more than superior boarding-schools; but even this was a revolutionary proposal at a time when girls learnt nothing at all but "to stitch and sew, and such baubles. They are taught to read, indeed, and perhaps to write their names or so, and that is the height of a woman's education." This "project," like the rest, remained a project, but it is interesting as an indication that even in 1697 some of the subjects we are debating in 1897 were engaging attention.

Of course, the higher education of women is no new thing. Plato, who seems to have forestalled the moderns on most points, would have given girls the same education as boys, while certain among the later Platonists really carried some of these theories into practice. We know that in the Middle Ages the convents were often centres of female learning; we have all heard of the lady professors at Bologna, and

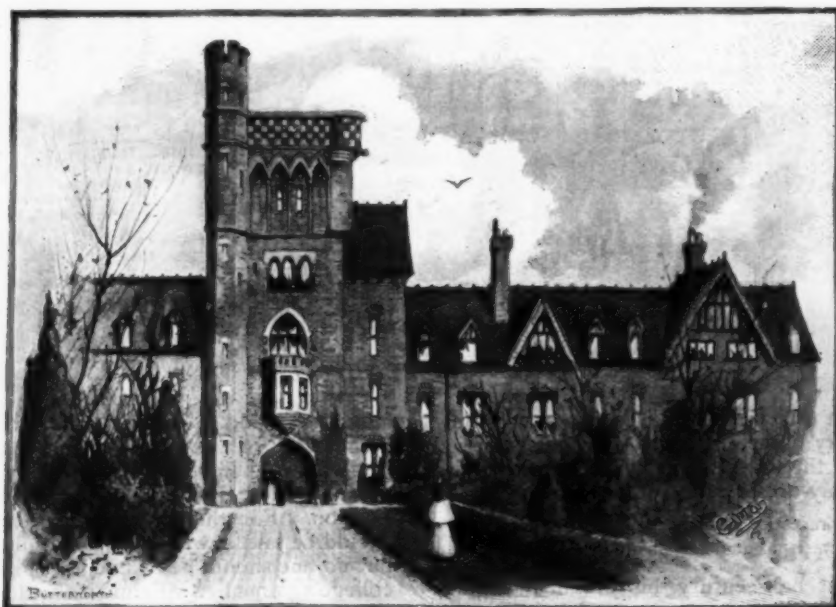
the classic attainments of Queen Elizabeth and Lady Jane Grey. It is a mistake to speak as though the existence of intellect among women were a discovery of the latter half of the nineteenth century. What the last fifty years have witnessed is a revival following on a peculiarly dark period, and one that has spread more widely and penetrated more deeply than any before it.

It is a curious and hopeful feature of the present revival that it has been going on simultaneously all over the civilised world. We hear of it in France and Russia, in Germany and Italy, in the United States and Australia. Everywhere the movement has spread, in some places smoothly amid universal favour, in

Benevolent Association organised classes in Harley Street for the benefit of those who wished to teach, they seem to have been well attended and appreciated. This was the origin of Queen's College, which still holds an important place among the educational institutions of London. Not many months afterwards Bedford College was opened in Bedford Square.

Thus a very important beginning had been made. Wider fields of study were open to girls; the public was gradually growing accustomed to the idea, and the way was prepared for the establishment of colleges more directly connected with the Universities. Of these the first was Girton. Starting humbly with six students in a hired

The Girton  
Pioneers.



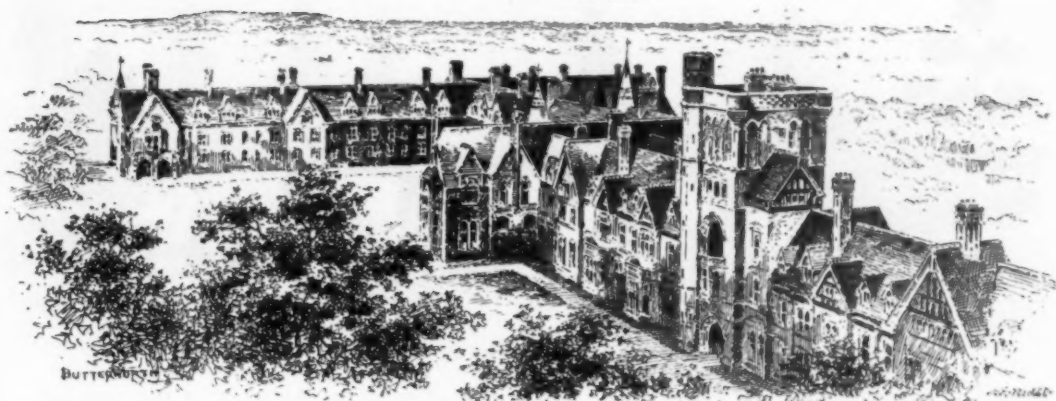
THE TOWER, GIRTON.

others slowly overcoming obstacle and prejudice, but always, to use an Americanism, it has come to stay.

Fifty years ago the intellectual part of a girl's education was a very simple matter. Every family with any claim to respectability engaged a governess, and, according to their means, supplemented her efforts by engaging masters for languages and accomplishments. Sometimes a year or two at a fashionable boarding school professed to "finish" the education that had never been begun. The governess's task was lightened by such valuable books as "Mangnall's Questions" and "Child's Guide to Knowledge," which supplied both teacher and pupil with their required share of information, and saved all trouble of preparation and thought. But there must have been some discontented spirits who desired better things, for when in 1848 the Governesses'

house at Hitchin, it made no secret of its ambitious aims. Some day, when the thought that inspired it should have taken proper shape, it was to be a fully equipped women's college, working in connection with Cambridge, pursuing the studies of the University, and winning its degrees. With such ambitions the little band of students set to work, though at first their occupation was nothing more exciting than preparation for the elementary examination known as the "Little-go." This first obstacle overcome, the intrepid three, known by after-ages of Girtonians as "The Girton Pioneers," looked about for other and harder fields to conquer. The next step was the degree examination; but the Ordinary had no charms, and, turning at once to Honour work, two of the students studied for the Classical Tripos, and one for the Mathematical. For these they were informally examined by the courtesy of the examiners, and obtained places





GENERAL VIEW OF GIRTON.

equivalent to second and third classes. Thus the first laurels were won, and the fact that a woman could pass a tripos examination was established. Since then several hundred women have followed in the steps of the pioneers.

In 1872 the college was incorporated, and in the following year the buildings at Cambridge were ready for occupation. Twenty-four years have witnessed many changes and enlargements, but the founders built in hope, and from the very first prepared a scheme which would admit of numerous additions without detriment to the original plan. The idea was to give something more than mere instruction. Girls were to live here for a while, away from their homes and the distractions of ordinary life, giving themselves to study amid congenial society and surroundings. If Emerson's view was right, that the chief benefit a man gets by going to college is having a room and fire of his own, it must be equally true for a girl, who, if she belongs to a large family, often has not even a bedroom to herself, and hardly five minutes in the day when she is secure against trivial interruptions. For her the little college set is a haven of rest. Girton is built on the two-room plan, *i.e.* each student has a little study and a bedroom to herself. These form her own little sanctum, her 'castle,' where she can study in peace, and enjoy for the first time the delights of hospitality in her very own domain. Perhaps it is even her first opportunity of exercising her own taste in the arrangement of her surroundings. Most of the little Girton studies are gay with flowers, favourite pictures adorn the walls, favourite books fill the shelves, the large flat-topped desk, with its roomy drawers, suggests comfortable work; there is usually an easy chair or two for the owner or a friend. Even a

casual visitor to the college, who looks in on the bright studies or the beautiful library, or watches the gay groups at tea or tennis in the grounds, or in the long dining-room, when dinner and talk are the order of the day, will scarcely fail to be impressed with the additional happiness that has thus been brought into the lives of women.

Girton was the pioneer women's college in England, but very soon a similar institution grew up beside it. Newnham, though originating in a different movement, had a similar aim—to help liberalise the education of women. In 1866, Miss Clough, in an article published in "Macmillan's Magazine," proposed that courses of lectures similar to those given in Queen's and Bedford Colleges should be given in large towns by professors, and attended by the older girls from the various schools, as well as teachers who desired to improve themselves. The experiment was first tried at Liverpool, and spread to Manchester, Leeds, and



A CORRIDOR, GIRTON.



THE HOCKEY-FIELD, GIRTON.

Sheffield. Associations of governesses and others interested in the education of girls were formed in these and other towns, and by the election of two members to represent each association, the North of England Council for promoting the Higher Education of Women was formed in 1867, Mrs. Butler acting as president and Miss Clough as secretary. Its first work was to provide lectures, the earliest delivered being on Astronomy, followed by a course on English literature.

From these somewhat desultory beginnings better things were to follow. With a view to encouraging more systematic study in girls who had left school, this council petitioned the University of Cambridge to start an examination for girls over eighteen years of age. The outcome of this was the "Higher Local Examination." This resulted in a great stimulus to female education all over the country, for many women were glad to have some definite aim for their studies, with the prospect of winning a certificate which should prove its owner to have advanced at any rate beyond the mere school-girl stage of work. But more was to come of it. Cambridge had led the way in providing the examination, and to it the promoters now turned for other and more substantial help. In 1870 lectures dealing with the various subjects required for the examination were started at Cambridge; and with a view to enabling girls from other parts to use these advantages, a house for such students was opened here under the direction of Miss Clough. This little house in Regent Street was the germ of Newnham. As the numbers increased, removal to larger premises became necessary. Then came a second and final move to Newnham Hall, and this continued to grow and expand until it developed into the combination of halls known as Newnham College.

Soon preparation for the Higher Local Examination failed to satisfy the ambition of the better prepared students, and they began to follow the example of Girton and read for triposes. The regular opening of these to women in 1881, and the formal acknowledgment of Girton and Newnham by the University,

tended to draw the work of the two colleges more closely together, and definitely fix the work of both as preparation for the Honours examinations of the University of Cambridge.

#### First Successes.

Both colleges have a tale of steady progress to tell. There were many prejudices to overcome, foremost among them the belief that these studies were too hard for women. Happily this fallacy could be dispelled by facts. For a long time mathematics was always quoted as the study most unsuited for women. Then came Miss Scott's success in the Tripos. Those were the days of informal examinations, when no women's class-list was published, but somehow it leaked out at Cambridge that this lady had obtained a place equal to the eighth Wrangler; and when the moderator who was reading out the list came to No. 8, his voice



A STUDENT'S ROOM, GIRTON.

was drowned by cries of "Scott of Girton," raised by the undergraduates. This event aroused sufficient interest to be noticed by the papers, and the general public, realising that one woman, at any rate, could grapple with this abstract study, changed their cry, and began to dwell on the incompatibility between the female brain and classics. It was Miss Ramsay, now Mrs. Butler, who put an end to this by taking the first place on the Classical Tripos list. Everyone has heard how a few years ago Miss Fawcett was Senior Wrangler, and apart from these and other startling successes, the yearly average of results at Girton and Newnham will compare well with those of any Cambridge college. That women were capable of mastering the ordinary University curriculum was proved to demonstration.

girlhood, intent in turn on working hard and playing hard.

The Question  
of Degrees.

These Oxford and Cambridge colleges possess such peculiar fascinations in the combination of quiet seclusion with the wider life of thought which the University sheds around it, that there is little fear lest they should ever lose their popularity, even though more substantial benefits should be reaped elsewhere. As we have all been reminded of late, women labour under one distinct disadvantage at the two older Universities. Though they pursue the studies, keep the terms, and pass the examinations prescribed for members of the University, degrees are not conferred upon them, and this is in some cases a serious disadvantage when college



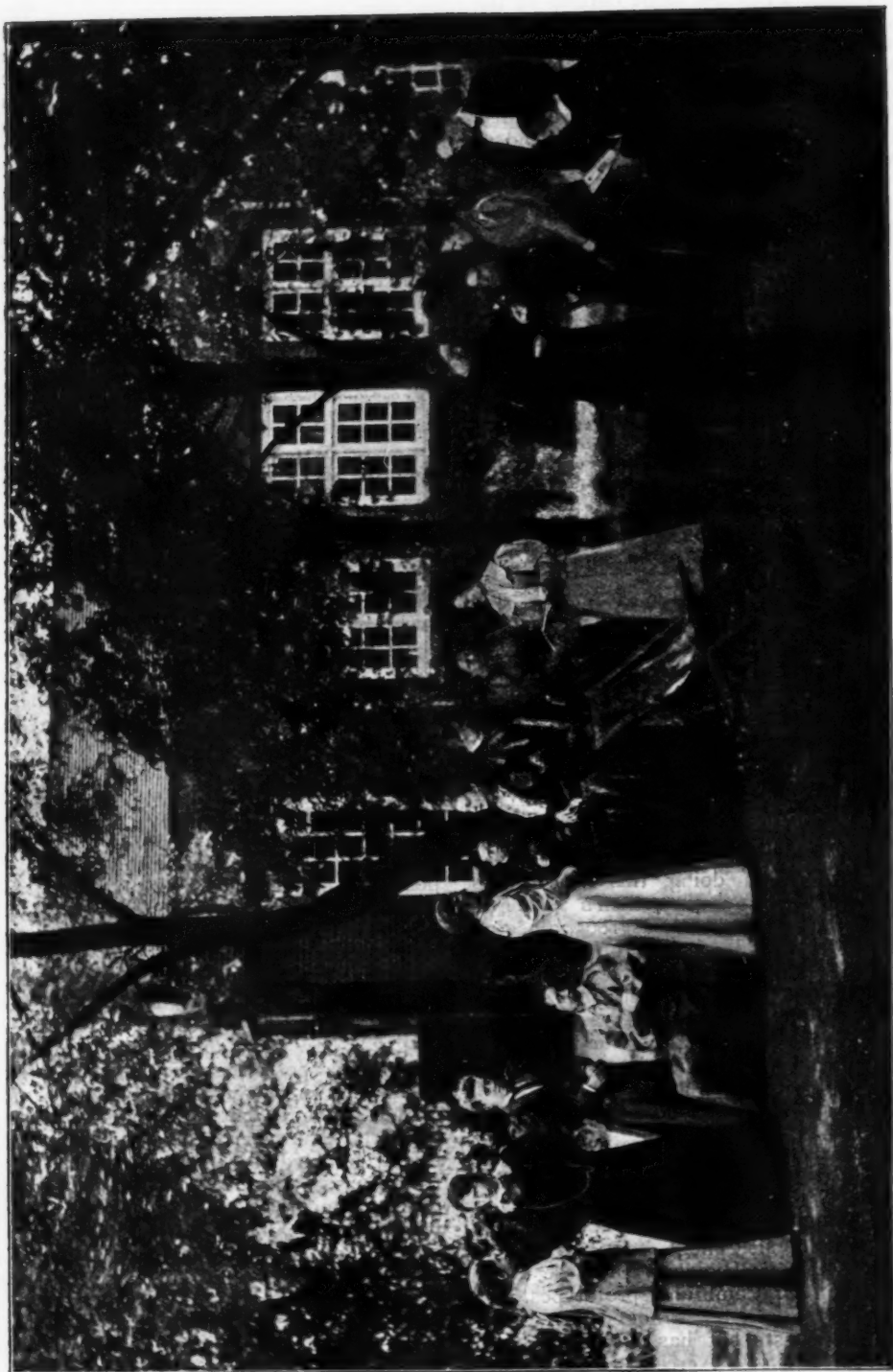
(From a photograph by Hunt, Cambridge.)

GENERAL VIEW OF NEWNHAM.

But Cambridge had not been alone in doing this work. At Oxford, too, women's colleges were growing up. As early as 1865, a beginning had been made in the way of classes and lectures, and help was received from some of the most distinguished University men, but it was not till 1878 that the work was regularly organised by the Association for the Education of Women. This society led the way in procuring from the University many important concessions and privileges. Women are now admitted, under certain conditions, to nearly all the professorial and college lectures at Oxford, and all examinations leading to the degree of B.A. are open to them. Four halls of residence have gradually grown up at Oxford. These are Somerville College, Lady Margaret's, St. Hugh's, and St. Hilda's. They are much smaller than their Cambridge prototypes, but resemble them in general arrangement. As at Newnham, each student has only one room, and much ingenuity is exercised in concealing the bedroom aspect. Here, as at Cambridge, are pretty little rooms gay with flowers and dainty knick-knacks, more dignified dining-halls where all meet for meals, grassy lawns, courts for tennis and hockey, the gay laughter of bright

is left behind and the work of life begun. Proposals have been made at both Universities to remove this disability, and confer on women the right to use the letters B.A. which they have actually earned. The suggestion has, however, met with so decisive a negative, that the anomalous position will, for the present, at any rate, have to continue. It is premature to guess how the difficulty will eventually be met. A proposal has been made to found a federal university, which shall include all the women's colleges, but it has found no influential support. The scheme was discussed at a meeting summoned early in December by the Governors of Holloway College, but it was so decisively negatived that it is not likely to be brought forward again. The only thing it is safe to prophesy is that the colleges already founded will continue to exist, and others spring up by their side. To anyone who doubts this, I would say: Spend a day at either Oxford or Cambridge, visit the colleges for women, try to get a little insight into the work, and have a chat with the Principals, and you will return assured that these institutions are bound to continue, because they are doing what could nowhere else be done as well. At the present moment increased accom-

The Oxford  
Movement.



(From a photograph by J. Palmer Clarke.)

IN THE GROUNDS, NEWNHAM. MRS. SIDGWICK AND THE STAFF.

mo  
is  
suf  
the  
Th  
the  
and  
Th  
wh  
S  
lett  
no  
Lo  
titl  
exa  
for  
me  
de  
sin  
aw  
to  
wh  
res  
B.A  
Do  
ma  
wo  
bri  
we  
  
for  
as  
bo  
ma  
ins  
wo  
Ch  
lec  
  
in  
th  
st  
Ye  
Th  
sc  
co  
Ba  
on  
Bo  
se  
pr  
an  
th  
ta  
fr  
lib  
af  
av  
ch  
ec  
Al  
st  
to  
w



modation is imperatively needed; and Girton is planning an important extension, which, if sufficient funds are forthcoming, will enable the college to admit fifty additional students. The plans include a chapel, urgently needed for the daily prayers and Sunday-evening services, and a new dining-hall, capable of seating 250. The old hall will be absorbed into the library, which is in a state of overflow.

Still ambitious girls who aspire to write the letters B.A. and M.A. after their names need no longer aspire in vain. The University of London was the first to confer the coveted titles. After some vain appeals to open the examinations to women and a preliminary informal trial, application was made for a supplementary charter, granting the power to confer degrees on women. This was in 1878, and since then every degree, honour, or prize, awarded by the University, has been accessible to both sexes on equal terms. Here, as elsewhere, women have proved equal to their new responsibilities; large numbers have taken the B.A., over fifty the M.A. degree, while five are Doctors of Science and one of Literature. In many cases these honours were gained by women who had studied at Oxford or Cambridge, and took the London examinations as well, in order to be able to use the degree.

In spite of the many schemes propounded for making London a teaching university, it is as yet only an examining and degree-conferring body, and in no way concerns itself with the manner in which its graduates obtain their instruction. But this is easily to be had by women. University College, true to its motto *Cuncti adsint*, many years ago opened its lecture rooms to them; but perhaps Bedford

Bedford  
College.

College has the chief claim to be regarded as the women's centre of London University. Starting in Bedford Square as early as 1849, with no thought of anything so ambitious as university studies, it was removed in 1874 to two houses in York Place, where it has since acquired a third. The passer-by in the Atlas omnibus would scarcely suspect anything very collegiate to be concealed by those ordinary-looking fronts in Baker Street, with the very appropriate motto on some of the windows: "*Esse quam videri*." Bedford College is a great deal more than it seems from outside, as those will learn who are privileged to penetrate beyond the front door, and peep at the pleasant dining hall where the residents take their meals, the bright and tasteful combination room where they rest from their labours, and the well-furnished library where every convenience for study is afforded. All these are in front, but far away, in mysterious regions at the back, are chemical, physical, and other laboratories, equipped with all the most modern appliances. Above the second floor the space is given to students' rooms, and in this way it is possible to provide for residents as well as for those who live in London, and merely attend

lectures here. Regent's Park, where the students row their races on the lake in the early morning hours, is a somewhat inadequate substitute for college grounds, but when it was founded, cricket and hockey for girls were things unknown, and would have been regarded with even more alarm than classics and mathematics. Thus Bedford is, and remains, a town college, and enjoys the privileges as well as the disadvantages of its position.

Its history and growth are very closely connected with the opening of the London degrees to women. It makes Presentation day at London University its Commemoration day, and all students, past and present, meet there then to welcome the new graduates. Among the college treasures are included the original signatures of the distinguished men and women who signed the appeal to the University praying for the opening of the medical degrees. It does not, however, undertake to supply the medical teaching. This work is done elsewhere, and the Medical School in Handel Street and the beautiful women's hospital in the Euston Road should be visited by those who wish to know what this concession has done for helpers and sufferers.

Holloway  
College.

Westfield College at Hampstead also prepares students for the London degrees, and so does that very magnificent institution Holloway College. The history of Holloway is unlike that of any of the other colleges. It is the only one of which it might be said that it was made and did not grow. Instead of being slowly and painfully evolved like the rest, as money could be found to meet the increasing needs, it was set down at Egham all complete and equipped, thanks to the munificence of Mr. Thomas Holloway. It was formally opened by the Queen in 1886, before anyone exactly knew what was to be done with it, but buildings so extensive and grounds so beautiful could not long remain unused. A Principal and a staff of lecturers were appointed, and a few students offered themselves. The real difficulty was that the college was not connected with any university, and had, therefore, not only to provide all its own teaching, but also to win its own prestige—a far more difficult thing to do. The founder's intention was that the college should be self-centred and complete, containing all its own resources; in fact, he hoped that some day it would become a sort of women's university, conferring its own degrees. His models were American institutions like Vassar and Wellesley, and as a result it was some time before the new college could win favour in England. In fact, it could only do so by adapting itself to English needs, and preparing its students for the London degrees, or the Oxford University examinations, as residence is not exacted from students who enter for these. A new degree is apt to be looked on askance in this country, and the degree of a distinctly

feminine university would be specially liable to challenge. The governors have therefore been well-advised in keeping for the present to old and well-tried paths, and the success of students



*From a photograph*

SOMERVILLE COLLEGE.

*[by C. Court Cole.]*

in the London examinations is gradually helping to fill the many vacant places. An even greater attraction is the building itself and the charms of its position.

It stands on rising ground near Egham, and within a short walk of Windsor, and the grounds slope with a southern aspect towards the wooded valley below. The building is in the French Renaissance style, and Chambord is said to have served as model. It consists of two quadrangles, called respectively after the statues in the centre Queen's and Founder's Quadrangles. Both the long sides are given up to students' rooms, the bedrooms being on one side of the corridor and the studies on the other, while the lecture halls and Principal's rooms occupy the four angles. The north and south sides are used for the picture gallery, chapel, museum, and library, while the cross buildings in the centre provide accommodation for the dining hall and kitchens. A picture gallery is an unwonted luxury at an English college, and this one contains many pictures famous in their day, which mysteriously disappeared from public sight, while awaiting the completion of their new home. When the college was opened, it was found that this was their ultimate destination. Those who desire once more to see Long's Babylonian Marriage Market and Frith's Railway Station must look for them here, as also for Millais' Princes in the Tower, and many other beautiful and celebrated works.

The Victoria University.

Prominent as is the position taken by London, it is by no means the only English university that grants degrees to women. Once the barriers broken down, it was natural that a new institution should from the first open its doors to both sexes alike. In 1880, when the University Colleges of Manchester, Liverpool,

and Leeds were incorporated as Victoria University, the charter distinctly stated that its degrees and distinctions might be conferred "on all persons, male or female, who shall have pursued a regular course of study in a college in the University, and shall submit themselves for examination." In 1895 Durham followed suit, and opened its degrees in all faculties except Theology.

The Welsh Experiment

Of recent experiments, none is more interesting than that now being made by gallant little Wales. The charter, which combines into one university the three colleges of Bangor, Cardiff, and Aberystwith, was only granted in 1894. It contains this clause: "Women shall be eligible equally with men for admittance to any degree which the University is by this our charter authorised to confer; every office hereby created in the University and membership of every authority hereby constituted shall be open to women equally with men." But equality goes even farther than this. The charter, in determining the composition of the governing body known as the University Court, insists that some of its members must be women. Here, then, we have the "mixed university" in full working order, and it will be interesting to see whether this newest of our academic institutions is able to



MISS PENROSE, LATE PRINCIPAL OF BEDFORD COLLEGE, NOW OF HOLLOWAY COLLEGE.

*(From a photograph by Window & Grove.)*

steer clear of all the prophesied ills, and show that men and women can work side by side for their mutual advantage.

Scotch Graduates.

If Wales has been generous, what shall we say of Scotland? Here the universities are no mushroom growth, but time-honoured, hoary

institutions with plenty of traditions of their own. Yet they too have opened their doors. Here also the beginnings were humble, and associations for the higher education of women tentatively led the way. But here, as elsewhere, this proved unnecessary, and gradually the ordinary classes and lectures were opened to the new comers. In 1892 the Scotch universities were empowered to admit women to graduation, and they all availed themselves of the permission. In some cases, classes for men and women are held separately, and this is frequently done in medical work, where we are inclined to regard it as a distinct advantage, provided that the teaching which the women receive is as good as that given to the men.

residential colleges in the university, with their tutorial system, is peculiarly English; and elsewhere the question of women's higher education resolves itself largely into that of admitting them to university lectures and degrees. Probably few people in this country realise how widely this has been done. In France, Italy, Switzerland, Norway and Sweden, Belgium and Holland the position of women at the universities is practically the same as that of men. Spain and Greece are equally willing to admit any who care to come. Even the German universities are making concessions, though as yet none of them admit women to membership. Almost everywhere they may by special permission attend lectures



THE SCIENCE LABORATORY, BEDFORD COLLEGE.

The very latest of all the universities in the United Kingdom to make concessions was Trinity College, Dublin; but even here the example of Oxford and Cambridge has at last prevailed, and certain honour examinations have been thrown open, at present experimentally. The Royal University of Ireland makes no distinction of sex, but like London it supplies no teaching.

Equality of privilege elsewhere. It is private munificence and enterprise that have given England her women's colleges, and worked at the breaking down of barriers, while in most Continental countries the initiative has been taken by the State. The system of

as "hearers," and in this capacity no fewer than 114 were admitted at Berlin last session. Göttingen and Heidelberg led the way in conferring the Doctor's degree, and several towns have started girls' *gymnasias* (classical high schools), where the pupils are prepared for the *Abiturienexamen* (Matriculation), which is the "Open Sesame" to the German universities. Austria, too, is waking up; even Russia, which some time ago adopted a system of stern suppression, is inclined, under its new Czar, to make concessions. Anyone who is curious to learn the exact position of women at all the universities of Europe should consult a little book issued by the Graduate Club of Bryn Mawr College, near Philadelphia, the "Handbook to Courses Open to Women in

British, Continental, and Canadian Universities." All the information has been obtained at first hand, and, to ensure accuracy, a supplement or a new edition will be issued every year. Turning over its pages, we are startled at the changes effected within the last few years. No matter what study a girl now wishes to pursue, be it medicine, law, classics, science, philosophy, somewhere she can obtain her desire.

Are Women  
happier or  
better?

The barriers have fallen. Two points have been gained. Women are permitted to study. They have proved themselves capable of doing it. The third question is now facing us. Is this change for good or for evil? Are women happier than they used to be? Are they better? Well, on the whole, we will venture to answer boldly in the affirmative. They are both happier and better, because their lives are fuller and more useful. The pages of our older novelists afford some pictures of the lives led by their heroines in the days when girls were trained for a purely ornamental lot. We get glimpses of the gossip, the terrible drawings, the atrocious music of the "accomplished" but uneducated girls of those days, who killed time by working animals in crape, and flowers in chenille, but rarely seem to have contemplated anything so useful as making a dress or cooking the dinner.

The change is not wholly due to the university training of women, but it has had a large share in it, in promoting the desire for thorough and serious work in all departments, whether philanthropical, industrial, or educational. One university woman holds an important post in the Labour Department of the

Board of Trade, another has been appointed Senior Lady Inspector of Factories, others hold positions as superintendents in the women's departments of Polytechnics. Many are engaged in the important work of the Women's University Settlement at Southwark, to say nothing of the army of teachers and lecturers, who have done so much to advance and broaden girls' education of late years.

Least of all must the medical profession be overlooked. In both the London and the Scotch schools many earnest women are qualifying themselves, in the hope of helping their sisters in India, to whom no man doctor is allowed access. Others intend to become medical missionaries, many will remain in England, either taking private practice, or filling important posts as medical officers in female asylums or other institutions. Many educationalists are beginning to realise the importance of having a doctor connected with every school to watch the physical progress of the girls, and see that their health does not suffer from too much intellectual strain or excessive indulgence in athletics. This, too, is work which women alone can perform, and we may hope much for the health of the coming generation, when once this medical inspection has become established in our schools.

There is plenty of work, too, for women on our School Boards, Boards of Guardians, etc.; and as yet the harvest is more plentiful than the labourers. But it is educated, disciplined women who are wanted, whether their training has been received at college or elsewhere. The universities supply one means amongst many for broadening and deepening the lives of women, for giving them that knowledge which is power. The last fifty years have sown the seed; may the next fifty reap the harvest!

ALICE ZIMMERN.



(From a photograph by C. Court Cole.)

LADY MARGARET BOATHOUSE.



## THE GROWERS OF HAARLEM.

A ROMANCE OF A FLOWER SHOW.

BY KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

### I.

IT was the day before the great Haarlem Flower Show; all hands were busy in the Overveen and Haarlem Nurseries.

Mijnheer Van Goes owned large gardens and bulb-fields in both places; he now stood, big and well-dressed, near the entrance of his Haarlem garden, looking on, while each especially chosen plant, wrapped in its mat cover, was lifted into the cart ready to convey the exhibits to the judges' tent. The grower's tall broad figure stood as if it were carved in wood—not a muscle of his large, fleshy face moved, till the last plant was in the cart; he then gave a satisfied grunt, and rubbed his thick hands one over the other.

"Bring round the chaise," his voice sounded full of authority.

Two men went to a shed on the right of the neatly kept yard; a low wall separated this from the vista of gardens beyond; on the farther side of the wall were rows of frames, filled with young plants, in various stages of growth.

Mijnheer Van Goes slightly rolled in his walk, as he went to the back entrance of his house, at the end of the yard; he presently came out carrying a carefully wrapped flower-pot; in this was his treasure, a seedling *Montbretia*, so secretly grown under his own personal care that not even Jan Rooms, his old and trusted foreman, had been allowed to see it.

The Horticultural Council of the worshipful town of Haarlem had offered a prize for the most beautiful novelty in flowering plants. Van Goes felt sure he should win it; he had therefore been most careful that no one should suspect the name or nature of the special exhibit on which he had expended so much time and care. He climbed slowly and ponderously into his heavy-looking, leather-curtained chaise; then placing between his feet the plant he carried, and shaking the reins, he induced his well-fed, broad-backed horse to jog on towards the Public Gardens.

Behind the chaise came the cart, filled with exhibits, pushed by a couple of stout porters in the direction taken by their master.

These proceedings had been watched from another part of the ground, which would one day call him master, by Franz, a tall, powerful-looking young fellow, the only son of Van Goes, the richest bulb-merchant and largest flower-grower of Haarlem.

When the front gates closed behind the cart, Franz clasped his hands under his coat-skirts; his head was bent forward, and his big blue eyes

were fixed on the ground. He had a fine honest-looking face, not so sensual or choleric as that of many another Hollander, not perhaps so clever a face as his father's, but with a more genial expression.

Franz went on through the first garden, just now a blaze of blue and bronze, of red and golden iris, with here and there streaks of snowy white. The plots that filled the huge garden seemed to glow in the sunshine. Franz passed through an opening in the green hedge boundary into a large square enclosure, big enough for a meadow, and laid out in hundreds of raised beds in which the many-tinted *ixia* blossoms likened the place to a gorgeous garden of butterflies, at once gay and fragile, as the flowers trembled above their slender green lances; some of these blossoms were emerald green; they looked more like Spring than Summer flowers.

Franz Van Goes did not so much as glance at the many-tinted *ixia* blossoms. At that moment he mentally saw a face, fairer to him than the loveliest flower, the face of Neeltje Breijincks.

"There is no one like her," he said passionately—"no one in Overveen or in Haarlem. It is not only her beauty: she is so sweet, so true, she looks goodness itself; yet I dare not speak to her; she must guess my feelings, but I dare not say, 'I love you Neeltje as well as ever.'" He sighed, and walked on. "Why cannot I speak? Because her father has lost his money, and cannot afford to give his daughter a penny when she marries. Money, indeed! Thunder and lightning! what are Dutchmen coming to? Is everything to be ruled by the gulden? Our old painters did not think so. What is Haarlem noted for, and why do strangers visit our town? They may perhaps come in spring-time to see our tulips and hyacinths, but they come in far greater numbers to see the pictures of our immortal Franz Hals. At Amsterdam, too, Rembrandt, Jan Steen and Van der Helst and a score of great men like them, are the pride and glory of Holland; their names will for centuries outlast those of grovelling bulb-merchants. Pah! their treasure is there in the ground. Our painters married wives because they loved them, not to add to their store. Well, then, why don't I imitate the ancient worthies in the only way I can? Rembrandt and his Saskia were extremely happy people. Yes, rich men nowadays fail to see that happiness cannot be bought; those painters had happy homes with the wives they loved. I love Neeltje," the poor fellow groaned in despair, "and her father and mine will not let me speak

to her, on my present means. Would she say Yes, I wonder, and marry me on forty guildens a week? I might soon lose that: my father would perhaps turn me out, if I were to marry without his leave; I could not get employment hereabouts, if he sent me adrift."

Franz turned restlessly in his walk as if to get away from this torment, but a more vexing thought soon came to him. His own father might be too ambitious for his son, and he had been particularly hard in this matter, so that the relations between them had lately become strained. Mijnheer Van Goes was honourable and upright, and these qualities, united to the rare skill he had shown as a grower, had given him the exalted position he held among the worshipful burghers of Haarlem. But Mijnheer Breijincks was a different person.

While Franz stood thinking about him, his mouth took a yet more benevolent expression. "Poor old chap! it may be that poverty has made him grasping, and not disposed to study others; well, I am not happy to think of my girl in the hands of such a money-loving father."

Franz was too high-minded to repeat, even to himself, the rumour he had heard. Breijincks was said to look on his pretty daughter as merchandise, and was supposed to be ready to sell her out of hand to the first suitable husband he could find. This fear was Franz's crowning torment; he was only twenty-three, and Neeltje was barely twenty, they could have waited a year or two; but Franz wished to make the future safe by a present betrothal, and it was to this proposal that both fathers had refused their consent.

Van Goes had announced to his son his intention of making him a full partner on his twenty-fifth birthday; but he had also said that Franz could not honourably visit at the Breijincks' house until he was able to propose for Neeltje.

The young fellow had not often talked with her since they played together as children and he used to call her his "little wife," but he believed the sweet-faced girl cared for him; he knew that she would be at the Flower Show, probably both to-day and to-morrow, and this would have been an admirable opportunity, had he been free to speak.

A sound of coming wheels made him hurry to the end of the grounds; his eyes brightened with expectation—he had been waiting for the passing of the Breijincks' vehicle on its road from Overveen to the Haarlem Flower Show.

The trimly kept hawthorn bush at this end of the grounds was not as tall as Franz was, and over it he saw, slowly approaching, a leather-hooded chaise like his father's, but drawn by an ill-fed horse; the leather curtains were open, and Franz could plainly see Juffrouw Breijincks seated between two men.

Breijincks was driving. He was small and short-necked, and he had little hungry eyes. The other man looked tall and lean; he had a hatchet-shaped face, and a high-bridged nose. He seemed eager and excited; his bloodshot

eyes were spectacled; he kept both hands clasped round a carefully packed plant which he held on his knees.

Franz stood bareheaded till the chaise had passed; he had eyes only for the tender, shy smile Neeltje had given him, in return for his greeting. She had looked lovelier than ever, he thought, a vivid blush rising in her cheeks, and her smiling red lips curved and showing the pretty little teeth within. It was only after the carriage had passed out of sight that Franz recalled the face of the man who sat beside her; then a foreboding seized him. This must be Moritz Velp, a man from abroad, who was said to have money, and who had lately contrived to purchase a nursery-ground on the death of its owner, in spite of the avowed dislike of the worthy merchants of Haarlem to interlopers. Was not this Moritz Velp the man who had boasted that he "would take the prize for novelties out of the mouths of the old-fashioned dullards of Haarlem"?

Franz's father had repeated this to his son as a good joke, and had added, "The poor wretch shall be allowed to make a fool of himself if he chooses." Franz had joined in the laugh against Velp, and had quickly forgotten all about him.

Now he recalled the man's eager face, its clever, capable expression, and a strange fear took hold of him. He knew all the faces of the Overveen growers, he knew too that Velp lived there; there could be no doubt that this was the new comer, with the plant which he had boasted would establish his reputation.

"If he wins the prize, he wins Neeltje."

Franz started as though he had been struck, these words sounded so distinctly close beside him; he frowned heavily, and nerved himself for a struggle.

"No, no, he will not win the prize; he cannot beat my father, no one can. The dear old man will come back presently, flushed with triumph at his success; I must be ready to receive and to congratulate him, and when I ask him to go with me to Breijincks, he will consent, I know he will."

Franz did not account to himself for this sudden and unreasonable change to hope from despair; if he had noticed it, he would have said that the sight of Neeltje's face made everything *couleur de rose*.

## II.

THE Flower-show was to be in the public gardens, and the long snowy tents, with scarlet scollops along their edges and flags flying, were all ready. The show was not to open to the public till to-morrow morning, but the judges were busy there to-day, and also a few of the chief exhibitors, among whom Mijnheer Van Goes had been one of the late arrivals.

Hungry-eyed Breijincks stood beside his pretty daughter at the entrance of the biggest tent. Neeltje seemed to be looking for some one; her head was turned away; so that her bonnet hid her face, but left in view the shining tendrils of

her auburn hair, curling against her white throat, so white that it seemed wonderful how in so treeless a country the sun had not scorched its fairness. Neeltje was less than middle height, and she looked very soft and yielding; but now, as her father spoke and she turned to face him, the spirited expression in her blue eyes did not quite match with the pink-and-white softness of her skin, and her general look of sweetness.

"Neeltje," her father was saying, "you should offer your congratulations to Moritz Velp; everyone says he will be adjudged the Novelty prize."

Juffrouw Breijincks looked into the tent, and saw, close to the entrance, the long thin body and high nose of Moritz Velp, contrasting oddly enough with the bulky figure and massive head of Mijnheer Van Goes.

"Velp, my daughter wishes to offer you her congratulations." Breijincks spoke as if he had not observed Van Goes. "May I ask you presently to see her home? I may have to stay here a while longer, and it is not a nice place for her."

Van Goes kept in the background; he did not even bow to Neeltje.

The girl looked at Velp.

"I congratulate you, sir," but she spoke in a formal tone; she had ideas of her own, and just now she felt doubly vexed, first because Mijnheer Van Goes did not speak to her, and next that he should hear her father hand her over in this way to a comparative stranger, for she had only once or twice spoken to Velp before to-day.

At this moment Van Goes pushed his way through the group at the tent entrance, and went in search of his chaise; as he passed Velp he stiffly nodded to him.

Breijincks had no mind to let his old acquaintance off so easily. He hurried after him to the gate of the gardens, but Van Goes seemed to be unaware that he was followed. As he was getting into his chaise he felt a hand on his shoulder, and looking round he saw the small hungry eyes twinkling with suppressed enjoyment.

"My dear friend," Breijincks panted out—his haste had taken away his breath—"I beg to offer you the assurance of my unbounded sympathy; it is hard on you, but there is no doubt, there can be no reasonable doubt, that Velp will get the Novelty prize."

Van Goes was on his driving seat, and he had to restrain a sudden longing to cut Breijincks across the face with his horse-whip, but in public he always preserved the phlegmatic exterior he considered suited to his position; besides, several of his acquaintances were near.

"Thank you," he said curtly, "your friend is no doubt clever, and he has luck."

He gave his petted horse so sharp a lash that the creature set off at full speed for the nursery ground.

Breijincks grinned unpleasantly as he went back to his daughter.

"Ha-ha, I wish you had been there, child, to hear me condole with that arrogant old butter-tub Goes; he thinks you and me no better than dirt. Never mind, my girl, we shall see what we shall see when Moritz Velp becomes the first grower in Overveen. Now I am wanted in the tent."

Moritz Velp bowed stiffly in answer to this compliment. He was just starting a new business, and he did not wish to hamper himself with a wife, but as he looked down at Neeltje's sweet face, he felt a sudden covetous admiration for this fair piece of pink-and-white loveliness.

"Juffrouw Breijincks will now permit me to obey her respected father's instructions, and to drive her to Overveen."

He bowed low, and spoke with deference.

"I am none the less obliged to you, Mijnheer, but I am not going back to Overveen till to-morrow; we sleep to-night at my aunt's house in the Zyl Straat. I return you many thanks, Mijnheer, but I can walk that short distance without an escort."

"With your pardon, it is not possible that you should go alone."

Neeltje remonstrated, but Moritz Velp's will proved itself inflexible; and as he walked beside her to the Zyl Straat, he made such amusing remarks on the hindrances they met with, that the girl enjoyed the walk, and found herself laughing in a wholly unexpected manner. She even forgot that she had chosen to go by the back streets and alleys lest anyone should see her walking with Velp, and in one narrow street she was glad of his help in shielding her from the torrents of water, freely squirted at the window-panes by stout-armed rival handmaidens standing beside their water-pails on either side of the alley.

Velp thought her the prettiest girl he had seen; but when she reached her aunt's house Neeltje did not ask him in; he felt mortified when she thanked him for his escort, and stiffly said good-bye on the doorstep. The girl felt vexed that she had been compelled to walk with him, and she was angry with herself that she had laughed at his talk.

"Franz will be angry if he hears of it, it will vex him." She said this very sadly as she went into her aunt's smart little parlour.

### III.

FRANZ stood waiting in his father's big dull dining-room; he did not expect him for a good half-hour, but he wanted to be there to congratulate him as soon as he returned. Franz felt both hopeful and nervous, in the mood when one is glad of anything external to divert thought from self; but in this dull room, though the furniture was costly, there was not a picture on the walls, nor a flower on the massive side-board. There was, it is true, a large bookcase with glazed doors, but this was filled partly by ledgers, huge and brown-backed, while on the upper shelves were numerous framed testimonials respecting the medals awarded to



Mijnheer Van Goes, and to his father before him, by the judges of Dutch and foreign exhibitions in which the growers had triumphed over their compeers.

But these things had been familiar to Franz since he was a child; and though he was not a great reader, except of gardening books, he longed for an illustrated paper like those he saw at the club on the market-place. He walked impatiently up and down the room, and twisted his fair moustache, while he wondered how he could possibly bear another half-hour of this suspense. What was that? He looked out of the window, and saw his father driving in through the open gates. He must have hurried home to tell his good news, without enjoying to the full the well-deserved congratulations that had surely been heaped upon him.

"It is very kind of the dear old man," Franz thought.

He waited a few minutes, then, as his father did not come, he went out to seek him.

Mijnheer Van Goes was not in the yard; the men there looked sheepish, as though they had been rebuked; the glumness of their faces puzzled Franz.

"Is my father in the grounds?" he asked the foreman.

"Yes, Junker."

The man pointed towards the ixia garden.

Franz knew that his father was proud of the success with which he grew the lovely flower, and especially of the last novelty he had produced among ixias, the emerald-green blossoms which had made a sensation in bulb culture only a few years ago. But when Franz came in sight of him, Mijnheer Van Goes was not looking at his green ixias: he was walking up and down the broad sandy path that divided the gay sparaxis bed from the ixias, with his hands clasped behind him. He abruptly turned, and his son saw his face; it was purple, his eyes were almost hidden by his heavily frowning eyebrows; he looked positively evil, and Franz felt shocked as he looked at him.

"What do you want?" his father said; "I do not wish for company, Franz."

In the fulness of his amiable nature, Franz was slow at reading tokens which a more cynical person would have perceived at once.

"I came out to congratulate you, father," but his voice faltered at the now unmistakable gloom in the grower's face; "I hoped you had reaped the success you deserve."

The words were well chosen, and his father's frown relaxed.

"That is true, my boy," he growled; "I deserved the prize, but nowadays desert does not count. A stranger, a mere nobody"—his eyes sparkled, and he stretched out his clenched fist to emphasise his words—"yes, to a stranger, a mere interloper, will be adjudged the prize for Novelties. Thunder and lightning! Van Goes the grower beaten by a nobody! What will they say at Amsterdam, and at the Hague?"

The tragedy in his voice might have moved a looker-on to laughter, but it awakened his son's sympathy. Franz left off thinking of his future with Neeltje; it was terrible that his father should have been defeated, and all his skill and strength spent in vain.

"That is unjust, and I am very sorry"—he caught his father's hand and warmly pressed it. "I cannot believe that anyone could really beat you on your own ground, father."

Mijnheer Van Goes drew his pudgy hand away, and clasped it behind him with its fellow; his face, however, was more peaceful.

"I will be just, Franz. My Montbretia variety is undoubtedly a rarity, but then Montbretias are well-known; the plant which is said to deserve the prize is one I have never seen or heard of. Velp found it in Japan, when he was traveller to a great English grower, and he says he has spent three years in bringing it to perfection; you must go and see it, Franz. I must give the fellow his due, the thing is perfect. But, but"—he frowned, turned away, and walked angrily up and down.

Franz was surprised; he thought this unusual display of anger undignified, unworthy of his father.

"You have not told me all," he said presently. "What is it, father?"

Van Goes seemed about to speak; then he hesitated, and his frown came back; at last he walked up to his son, and took him by the arm.

"See here, Franz, you told me some while ago that you could not be happy till I asked Breijincks to give you his daughter."

"I still say so, father; but we will not speak of that now."

"Thunder and lightning! You ask what ails me! Me, the chief grower of Haarlem, I may say truly of the Netherlands; first of all I have been baited by the lofty airs and supercilious patronage of this man, Moritz Velp, a fellow about whom not a soul knows anything but what he chooses to relate; and when I was free of him, I had to listen to the condolence, or derision, whichever you like to call it, of his parasite, that—that fellow Breijincks; stay, listen, boy, unless I greatly mistake, he means to hand over to Velp your much-beloved Neeltje."

Franz reddened to the roots of his hair.

"This shall not be, father; Breijincks shall not do it. I will not give up Neeltje; it is bad enough that an interloper has come between you and your justly earned prize, but that he should try to carry off my girl, the prettiest girl in Overveen, I say no, a thousand times; you must not permit it, you shall not. You, the friend and counsellor of our worthy Burgomaster, you to whom everyone you meet in the street uncovers—you must not, you cannot, allow such an injustice as this."

His son's sudden fiery speech had taken Van Goes by surprise. He plunged his hands into his baggy trouser pockets, and stood looking at his tall son from head to foot for several minutes.



Then his fleshy face slowly relaxed into an appreciative smile. "Good; I tell you what it is, my lad, you are slow at figures, and you are not yet much at bulb-growing, but I see now what you can be quick at. Thunder and lightning! Franz, that's the way to win a woman: you speak up like that to Juffrouw Breijincks, and Moritz Velp will be nowhere."

Franz stared; he could not believe that he had heard truly.

"I do not understand, father," he said after a pause. "Breijincks will not listen to any proposal of mine till I am twenty-five—he has already told me so."

"Green wisdom, green wisdom"—Van Goes shook his big head; "why waste time in staring at your own father? Hurry up, my boy, put on your holiday rig, and your best hat, and come away with me to find Breijincks."

Franz turned to obey, not quite sure whether he was awake or dreaming.

"Aha-aha-aha-a," Van Goes broke into a chuckle, which went on till his face was once more purple. "Green wits are quick enough to see the force of a remedy, though they cannot apply it themselves," he said as soon as he could speak. "Velp may take the prize, but I'll be drowned if he shall have the girl; I shall see to that; I'll put out his pipe with Breijincks. Who is Velp, I'd like to know? and what is he compared with the second partner in the house of Van Goes and Son? Eh, Franz, are you there, second partner? Come away, come, there's no time to be lost."

#### IV.

THE father and son walked side by side down the town. They had met a friend near the public gardens who told them Breijincks was to be found at Zyl Straat, and they were on their way to seek him.

They did not go by the narrow lanes and alleys chosen by Neeltje, they walked down the principal street, continually hat in hand in answer to the obsequious greetings of some of their fellow townsmen. Then, crossing the wooden bridge near the street's end, they reached the farther side of the tree-bordered canal, and turned into Zyl Straat. Van Goes stopped before they came to the house to which they had been directed.

"See here, Franz, you had better go back and wait yonder for me"—he nodded towards the canal; "I will come and fetch you when I have said a few words to old Breijincks."

Franz nodded. He wished to accompany his father, but he knew it was useless to say so; he went back to the canal, and paced slowly up and down under the lime-trees on the edge of the sloping green bank, which was decorated at intervals with gay flower-beds. He was bewildered, his chances seemed too good to be true.

His father meantime had reached the little parlour, and had formally asked the consent of Breijincks to the betrothal of Juffrouw Breijincks

to his son Franz. At this the hungry-eyed man slowly shook his head, and smiled as if he were enjoying a joke. Van Goes looked stolid, but he sat chafing with impatience to finish his proposal.

Breijincks at last broke the silence.

"My good friend"—he looked compassionately at Van Goes—"see how evil a thing is procrastination; dear me, if I had only guessed; but how, I ask you, my respected friend, was it possible for me to guess that you intended thus to honour us? Why, a couple of hours ago you passed my child by as if she was a stranger."

Van Goes reddened, and looked troubled.

"I intended no disrespect to Juffrouw Breijincks; I was thinking of—of something else."

"To be sure, to be sure," purred Breijincks, "you were thinking of Velp's exhibit, and were naturally mortified at his success. I—I fully accept your apology, but you see it does not rest with me; girls are tenacious, and they rarely forgive a slight; yes, it is very unfortunate, Neeltje finds Velp such a clever and amusing companion, that—aw, I grieve to quench your hopes, but I am obliged to give my sanction to his wishes respecting my daughter."

Van Goes tried to keep up his show of indifference, but at this the corners of his mouth twitched.

"Then you have made a huge mistake. Velp is much too old for your daughter; he is twenty years at least older than Franz is, and I doubt if he is yet in a position to marry."

The little grower's hungry eyes sparkled angrily.

"Not so fast, friend Goes, Velp can give my girl as good a home as she requires, and his future will be splendid, magnificent. Even if you had proposed sooner, I must have refused; I could not give my Neeltje to your son, who only earns the wages of an ordinary gardener. No, indeed;" he shook his head, and then said in a lofty tone, "We need not go into that; you would not have me break my word to Moritz Velp, and you could not ask me to force my child's inclinations."

He rubbed his hands softly together; he felt that he had taken his revenge.

When Breijincks compared Franz to an ordinary gardener, Van Goes had given a broad smile; he now said in a careless tone, without any of the anger that might have been expected,

"Is that your last word, Breijincks? Are you then solemnly pledged to this—this man with a magnificent future?"

Breijincks reddened.

"I consider myself pledged to the honourable grower who will to-morrow receive the much sought-after prize for the best novelty."

Van Goes stiffly rose; he stood towering over his little companion.

"Good; that settles it. I am sorry for Juffrouw Breijincks; she has lost her chance. I

came to ask her to be the wife of my partner, Junker Van Goes, who begins mercantile life on even a better footing than his father did; he and I are to share and share alike. But it is no matter. Good-day, neighbour."

He walked quickly to the door, but Breijincks reached it as soon as he did. He panted with excitement as he exclaimed,

"Wait a moment; do you mean me to understand that your son is full partner with you, that he stands on equal terms in your house?"

"I say what I mean." Van Goes looked amused.

"Of course, of course, my esteemed friend." Breijincks was suddenly obsequious. "Why then did you not begin by telling me your son's good luck? I had understood—well—well—shall we leave it to Juffrouw Breijincks herself? It is, after all, her affair. Shall we go upstairs and ask her which of the two men she prefers as a husband?"

Van Goes looked surprised; then he said slowly,

"How about your promise to Velp—your plighted word, you know, to your honourable friend and his magnificent future?—eh, Breijincks?" He ended with an irrepressible chuckle.

Breijincks drew up his diminutive figure, and struck his chest twice with the palm of his right hand.

"Mijnheer!" he said in an injured tone, "do me justice. My child is my all; I am a faithful friend, but as a father I am devoted; Neeltje is the marrow of my eyes. We will go at once to the precious darling, but I must caution you—if she chooses Velp, I side with her; yes, that is inevitable, my friend."

Van Goes looked at him with curious interest from head to foot.

"Exactly so. I agree to leave it to Juffrouw Breijincks. Come with me now, and we will call in Franz, who must be tired of waiting."

Franz had scarcely taken his eyes from the house; when he saw his father beckon, and Breijincks beside him, the young fellow's heart leapt with joy; he hurried forward to join them.

Breijincks made a formal bow, and ushered him into the parlour.

He asked him to be seated, and then said pompously,

"Your father has asked me to propose you as a husband to my daughter Juffrouw Neeltje Breijincks, but this, friend Franz, is a very serious request, and one that requires consideration; I—aw—I consider that I ought to ascertain my daughter's feelings before I venture to lay such a proposal before her."

He rose and went to the door; Franz also got up and put his hand on the little grower's arm.

"Mijnheer Breijincks," he said boldly, "I love Mademoiselle Neeltje and I want her for my wife; as you do not object to my proposal, I will go with you, and speak for myself."

Breijincks looked disturbed. Van Goes laughed heartily.

"Right, my boy," the big grower said, "a middleman is no use in love-making; we'll all go upstairs—the more the merrier, and it will shorten suspense."

Breijincks frowned and muttered, but while he stood shuffling from one foot to the other, Franz had pushed past him, the young fellow was up the staircase, and had reached the drawing-room door before either of his seniors could overtake him.

Van Goes was no longer stolid-looking, he had expanded as suddenly as a tulip bud in sunshine; he turned a beaming face to Breijincks.

"Come, come, take it easy, we need not hurry; they don't want us, bless you; the young do these things best alone; come along slowly with me, it is more dignified, my friend."

He tucked the unwilling father's hand under his arm and held him fast, till a murmur of voices told them that Franz had found Neeltje in the room above. At this he whisked Breijincks upstairs, threw open the drawing-room door with a flourish, and they both went in.

Neeltje had risen; her eyes were tenderly fixed on Franz, who stood holding her hand with his back turned to the door; the aunt was looking discreetly out of the window.

"Neeltje," Breijincks shouted—the girl looked at him, but she did not draw her hand away from Franz—"I have told my friend here that I give you free liberty to choose between Junker Van Goes and Mijnheer Velp. Mijnheer Velp is, as you well know, favourably disposed towards you; if you prefer Moritz Velp, I desire you to confess it—do not fear that I shall oppose your wishes."

Neeltje blushed; as she looked at her father her colour deepened, she softly drew her hand from her lover's warm grasp, and slipped her fingers under his arm.

"Father!" in a surprised tone, "you know well enough I can never marry anyone but Franz; why?"—she smiled up tenderly at the young fellow—"why, Franz has been my husband ever since I could speak."

She stopped—her eyes drooped under her lover's ardent glance. Franz put his arm round her, and heartily kissed her.

"Ha-ha-ha, well done!" Van Goes clapped his hands, while he roared with laughter; "now that is what I call a betrothal in earnest; the Novelty prize may go to Jericho now this is settled." He crossed over to Neeltje and kissed her forehead. "Now, my pretty daughter, I wish you to arrange this matter with me; you are far more welcome than any Novelty prize, and I want you to name the day and come home to brighten our old house." He turned to Breijincks—"Neeltje will settle it all; it is, as you said just now, quite her own business."

Breijincks came forward, and solemnly kissed his daughter.

"I give you my blessing, child," he said in his oily voice.

Van Goes stood by chuckling.

"That's about all you'll give her, I know," he said to himself.

## GRIMSBY.



THE HYDRAULIC TOWER AT THE ENTRANCE TO GRIMSBY DOCKS.

THE architecture of Grimsby is not impressive; there is nothing distinctive about its streets beyond an abundance of flagstaffs. Its only two buildings worth remembering are the old church, near the railway station, and the water-tower at the docks, which, it need scarcely be said, are of two very different styles. The water-tower is a masterpiece. At first it strikes you as decidedly ugly, but soon you begin to like it, and finally admire it, as a building in every way suited to its purpose as water-tower and landmark by which Grimsby can be recognised from everywhere, and as affording a point of view from which all Grimsby is spread beneath you like a map.

This tower is 300 feet high: it was built of a million bricks, and contains a tank holding 26,500 gallons of water, giving a pressure of 100 lb. to the square inch, for working the dock gates and other purposes. From its gallery—a hydraulic lift takes you up—Grimsby and its geography are clear enough. It is at the mouth of the Humber, just within the estuary. Immediately below are the docks—just over a hundred acres of water in them—the Fish Docks to the left, the Royal Dock immediately in front, and, to the right, the Alexandra, the largest, with its well-marked elbow extending towards the town station. To the east, round the corner, facing the North Sea, is little Cleethorpes, with which Grimsby will soon join hands, for both are extending rapidly; in 1871 Grimsby had 26,000 in-

habitants, it now has 60,000. To the north, seven miles across the estuary, is Spurn Head, with its prominent lighthouse; and dotted about on the water are a fishing steamer or two, and a few smacks, all alike in their ketch rig, but differing much in the colour of their sails; and all but one are heading towards this tower at the dock gates.

The Fish  
Market.

Grimsby is the greatest fishing port in these islands, and any morning will show you more fish than you ever saw before. Such a sight as that on its pontoon can be seen nowhere else.

This pontoon is the quay by the side of the Fish Docks, one of which is entered from the other. Some time ago it was covered in, so that it now resembles the 'tween-decks of a long line-of-battle ship, with a store in the roof for boxes and packings; the railway trucks and carts being drawn up on one side, the salesmen's offices dotted about along the other, with every here and there a gap, through which can be seen the crowd of fishing craft.

The boats come into dock within two hours either way of high water, and they are berthed, not broadside on, as elsewhere, but bow on, so as to take up the least possible space. Close together they lay, with barely a foot between them—the steamers together and the smacks together. Every week day there is a market, some days larger than the rest, the best of the year being that on the Monday before Ash-Wednesday, and that on the Wednesday, "Show Wednesday" as it is called, before



Good Friday. What the pontoon is like on Show Wednesday can be seen from the illustration from a photograph by Mr. Jancowski taken before the roof was put on.

About five o'clock in the morning the vessels begin to unload, and every hour the scene



CODFISH ARRANGED FOR SALE ON GRIMSBY PONTOON.

grows busier as the fish comes hurrying up from the boats, to be passed ashore and arranged for sale on the floor of the pontoon. The cod and halibut, and turbot and skate, and odds and ends, are laid out in rank and file, like so many soldiers, the haddocks and small fish coming in by the basketful, to be piled up in the boxes that find their way to the fishmongers with about half as much in them.

The selling begins at eight o'clock. Just before, the scene is a pattern of orderliness. The bell rings. The salesmen take up their places among the fish, a crowd gathering round each one and following him about, getting noisier and noisier as the porters place their feet between the fish to mark them off into lots, and the bidding progresses. "How much for those ten beauties?" asks the salesman, and then there is a grunt or two, and the salesman bursts into song. "One pun—one pun one—two—three—four—six—one pun six—one pun six—seven—eight—nine—thank you, ten—thank you, eleven—twelve—thirteen." Here one of the beauties writhes and twitches its tail. "There now, all alive you see—one pun thirteen—fourteen—fifteen," and so on, ending in "two pun six" in a tone of surprise and regret at ten such beauties fetching no more.

Ring, ring, goes one bell; clang, clang, goes another. There are crowds among the fish all along the 'tween-decks. Louder and louder grows the uproar, until it becomes tumultuous, and the busier the scene the dirtier it gets. All

the time the fish are still coming ashore, quivering, gasping, writhing in barrels and baskets. And as the fish come out, some of the ice comes with them to be gathered in nets and washed in the dock and taken in again; and other ice goes in, crushed ice by the sackful, and

big blocks that go sliding across the pontoon from the carts on the land side.

There is shouting in the boats, and shouting in the crowds, and shouting among the carts; and what with wheeling hand-trucks and spinning casks and sliding boxes along among the ice and blood, and the mud which has begun to accumulate and get slushier and slushier as the ice melts, things work up into quite a pandemonium. All along by the vessels—about half a mile of them—the salesmen are busy among the noisy groups; and from group to group hurry—yes hurry, for they are in sight all the time—the telegraph boys with messages to the buyers and sellers, the rush being such that the envelopes have to be kept ready

with printed addresses.

Billingsgate opens at five o'clock, Grimsby not until eight, and it goes on longer; hence anything short in London can be telegraphed for to be delivered to customers during the day or to market next morning. You can get any fish at Grimsby because the builders of the docks were wise enough to make them open only into the sea, and allow no fresh water in them, and in the docks are floating boxes, such as are shown in one of our illustrations, in which fish unsold can be kept in store. There are instances of halibut kept alive in this way for a month or more.

The Fish  
Supply.

But it is not to London that Grimsby sends its fish as a rule.

The bulk goes to the Midlands and the North, and right across England to the West, and every morning across the North Sea to Holland and Germany. These big halibut, some of them five feet or more over all, go mainly to Lancashire and Yorkshire, as do most of the cod. Fine fish these, some of them over a yard long and a foot across, the best from the Faroe Banks, which began to be fished by the Grimsby men about ten years ago, the first man to try them having brought home a smack-load that fetched £537.

Some of the Faroe cod are enormous, and as an instance of the productiveness of fish it may be mentioned that Mr. O. T. Olsen found a roe of one to weigh 7 lb. 13 oz. He counted the eggs up to 50,000, and by that package weighed the remainder until he had weighed the lot, and



discovered that it contained 38,500,000 eggs, that is, about the same number of individuals as the population of the United Kingdom.

And yet fish is scarce now and seems to be getting scarcer. But the supply fluctuates amazingly. A year or so ago there were hardly any haddocks; the following year the haddocks were all small, and it was thought that the haddock was dying out; next year, however, haddocks were as large as ever and more plentiful than usual. Thus it is with other fish—there are good seasons and bad ones.

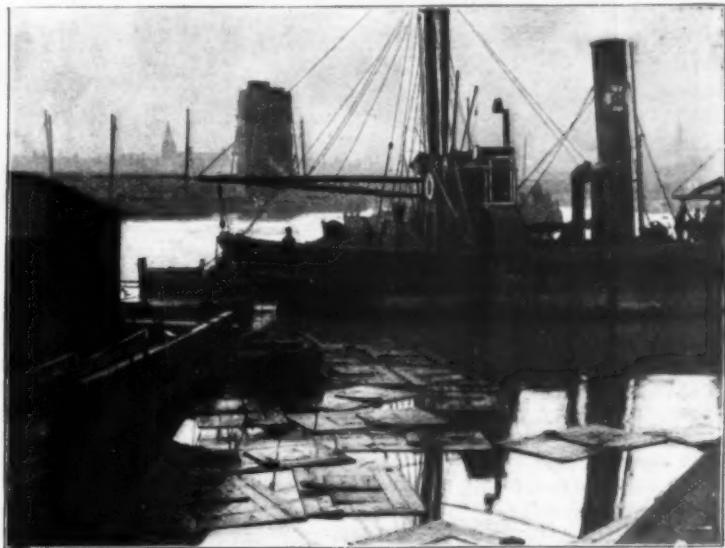
But that fish will get scarcer is not to be wondered at considering the numbers that are caught. A hundred thousand tons are brought into Grimsby in a year, and Grimsby still wants more. During the strike of the engineers, fifty steam trawlers then building were delayed in delivery, and yet orders for more are being given out so plentifully that Grimsby is going to start its own shipyard to build its own boats.

The new craft are all steamers, and cost from £4,000 to £5,000 each. A sailing smack costs about £350, but none are now being built; they are going out of fashion, and you can buy them second-hand, well, at £50 apiece. And herein is another instance of society gaining in health by losing the picturesque. With the disappearance of the smack, the smack apprentice of whom so much was heard a few years ago is also disappearing. And the steamer is far too expensive to be allowed to be idle: with her it is a case of in with one tide out the next; hence there are fewer nights ashore for the men, fewer temptations, and consequently better behaviour. Another result of the introduction of the fishing steamer is that the system of fishing in fleets is dying out. The steamer is more independent than the smack: it can within certain limits go farther away, and some of these steamers—and smacks, too, for that matter—go as far as a thousand miles from home. A few of the trawlers go out on the Monday and return on the Saturday, but most of them are away for a fortnight or three weeks, and the men are at work all the time—in fact, to judge by their appearance as they come into dock, black as sweeps in their oilskins and sou'-westers, they have not even leisure to wash themselves.

Grimsby has about 350 fishing steamers and 450 smacks. There are two kinds of fishing, of course, trawling and long lining, and the

trawlers are in the majority. The amount of gear carried by some of the liners is astonishing. A boat will shoot from ten to twelve miles of line with a hook at every six feet, and all these hooks have to be baited with small pieces of fish. A nice little job this baiting must be! And the hauling in is worse, particularly when the catch is good. We have heard of fifty score of great halibut taken in a day, and of a set of lines that took from 8 o'clock one morning to 2 o'clock the morning after next to haul in, that is, 36 hours' incessant work, with a fish on every hook, and no assistance beyond the hand-winch. As the fish are caught they are thrown into the well—that space between bulkheads, with holes below the water-line, with which every cod vessel is fitted to let the sea flow in and out—and every morning the well has to be gone over and the dead fish picked out and salted; though the halibut are too heavy to be lifted in this way and are always hung in the well by their tail.

Many people fancy that the fish they eat was caught the day before, while really it may have been a week or more in the boat, alive in the well or packed in the ice. A large amount of ice is now used in the fisheries. Independently of what it has begun to manufacture, Grimsby imports ice, mostly from Norway, to the extent of 75,000 tons a year, that is, 15 hundredweight of ice to every ton of fish. Some years ago one of its Norwegian ice stores caught alight, and with that peculiar perversity distinctive



FLOATING FISH BOXES.

of fires was burnt to the ground, notwithstanding that it was crammed full of ice within.

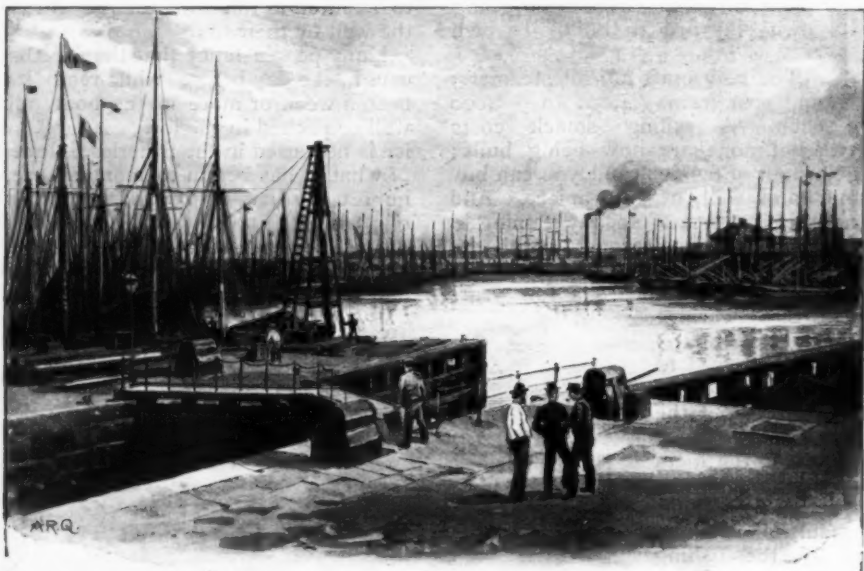
That the consumption of ice is great is obvious from the quantity in evidence towards the close of the market. The selling of the fish ends by noon or a little earlier, and then the packing

The Fish  
Trains.

has got into full swing. The cases, boxes, baskets, barrels, kits, ice, and straw used in this part of the business can be imagined. The scene has changed to one with which we are not unfamiliar. The crowds have gone, the packers are left to themselves, and we have time to walk about. Noticing that the packages have a tendency to accumulate round certain pillars and in definite spots, we look upward, and there find a series of names all along, of different railway centres and railway routes. The pontoon has in fact become a "bank," such as you have at every goods station, and the packages are run about in trucks and barrows, and sorted into groups in the everyday way, ready to be put into the railway vans that are waiting alongside. There are nine fish trains out of Grimsby daily, the first leaving at 4.40 P.M., the last leaving at 8.45 P.M. : these take

half-a-crown a vessel for dock dues, were persuaded to transfer their business to Grimsby, and since then there has been no check to the increase of its own fishing fleet or of the boats from the other ports running in to land their catches. In 1854 the fish that came into Grimsby weighed just 453 tons; in 1860 it weighed ten times as much; in 1870 the tons had increased to 26,000, in 1880 to 46,000, in 1895 to double that, and the next year it exceeded 100,000.

But Grimsby is something more than a fishing port. Last year, for instance, the timber it received amounted to over 402,000 tons. One of its docks, the Alexandra, of 48 acres in water area, is almost entirely devoted to timber, and the stocks of it on the quays are quite a sight. In the Royal Dock, too, some of the timber ships unload: one of them we found



GRIMSBY FISH DOCK, NO. 1.

away from a hundred to two hundred vans, and within the four hours the purchases are all cleared off, and the pontoon cleaned ready for next morning. Delay does not suit the company: they gain nothing by losing time; their object is to get the trains in and out, and the boats in and out, as soon as possible, that they may make a profit on the carriage of the goods.

The Docks. Grimsby is perhaps our best example of a railway port. It practically belongs to the Great Central Railway, who in 1846 bought up the Grimsby Haven Company, and set to work to make the most of the port's natural advantages. The fish trade was practically got from Hull, where the dock people were not awake to its possible development, and thought little of it until it was too late. Half-a-dozen Hull fishermen attracted by the offer of no wharfage charges, and only

covering the quay with pulp wood props, one of the most hopeless-looking materials for paper-making it is possible to imagine. It is curious that wood seems to have its seasons even more than fish. The years begins in April with hewn fir and oak from the lower Baltic, a little later the sawn stuff begins to arrive from Riga and the upper Gulf, and as the navigation opens the shipments become more numerous, until not only Sweden and Finland, but Archangel and the other White Sea ports, pour in their contributions; while from across the Atlantic steamers begin to arrive with the Canadian spruce, which is chiefly used for packing-cases. The steamers employed in the trade get larger and larger: one huge cargo came into Grimsby last year on which the freight alone amounted to £8,000.

As a coal port, too, Grimsby claims attention. Gradually its exports are rising, with curious decreases now and then, more than made up in

the following year, so that it is now sending away annually a million and a third tons—about double as much as it was doing ten years ago. So much is the trade increasing that a new hydraulic coal hoist is being erected for the bunkering of large steamers. In each of the large docks the drops are provided with fifteen spouts at which eight ships can load at one time; and at the drop in the Royal Dock, which dates from ten years back, coal can be shot on board at the rate of two hundred tons an hour from a single spout.

The noteworthy feature of the docks is that the trade is purely a transshipment one. Grimsby has no manufactures; it makes practically nothing, and being a small town it consumes little. Hence there is little or no local traffic in the docks, no carts, or waggons, or trollies, practically no horse traction. Its wharves are nearly four miles long, and skirt acres of railway sidings. The goods come out of the train into the ship, or out of the ship into the train. Even when they are warehoused, and the warehouses are of good size, they are only waiting for ship or train. This means much hand labour and extensive transit facilities. On one side of the Royal Dock the transit sheds cover 80,000 square feet; on the other there is a transit shed—perhaps the biggest in the country—which is close on 60 yards wide and five times as long, thus covering an area of over 160,000 square feet.

In these sheds the goods outward seem to consist largely of machinery and manufactures. Those inward are grain—mainly barley for the Burton breweries (about 30,000 tons of it came in here last year)—and butter to the tune of a quarter of a million casks and cases a year, and eggs averaging 6,000 cases a month, and cheese and margarine, potatoes and onions, fruit—more and more largely—game, particularly hares—it is here that the white Russian appears in its thousands—and a crowd of sundries such as rags for the shoddy mills, and the miscellaneous oddments ranging from good to trumpery, mostly trumpery but wonderful at the price, made in Germany and the neighbouring States.

The Great Central—how much better is the sound of M. S. and L.—leaves no stone unturned to encourage the shipping trade. They were the first railway company to become shipowners by starting the ferry from New Holland to Hull fifty years ago, and they have a greater proportion of their capital invested in ships than any other railway company. Running between Grimsby and Hamburg every day, between Grimsby and Antwerp every other day, and between Grimsby and Rotterdam

twice a week, they have a fleet of thirteen powerful steamers carrying cargo and passengers, and like every other well-organised line have a boat-train every evening that delivers right alongside the steamer which in this instance will take you to Hamburg in thirty hours, to Antwerp in twenty, or to Rotterdam in sixteen. And besides the railway boats there are the Wilson steamers to Gothenburg and Malmo and the Copenhagen Company's line from Esbjerg. A good many emigrants come to Grimsby on their way to Liverpool and America, and in the docks is a home which will accommodate four hundred of them at a time.



GRIMSBY FISH DOCK, NO. 2.

The dock estate covers 340 acres, and there are 244 acres more ready to be reclaimed for further extension. Grimsby altogether occupies 3,120 acres. Before the docks came it might be described as a sleepy old market town situated on the banks of the Haven. The Haven now runs through the large docks and out through the tidal basin. The Fish Docks have no fresh water entering them, as we have already said—that is one of the secrets of Grimsby's greatness, the others being the rise of the steam trawler and the fostering care of the railway company.

**History.** The Grimbarians—that is, some of them—can tell you the very man who first settled on the Haven's bank. His name was Grim, and the town was his "by." One day Grim, who was a fisherman, being out in the Humber, sighted a boat adrift. Taking to his oars he pulled alongside, and in it found, as Gervase Holles puts it, "only a child, wrapped in swathing cloaths, purposely exposed as it should seeme to the pittyless of



the wilde and wide ocean." Carrying the child home he tried to bring it up as a fisherman, but the boy was not one of that sort, and took instead to martial exercises, and became a warrior, being indeed the son of King Gunster, and no other than Havelok the Dane. When Havelok came to his own he enriched his foster-father, and giving him certain privileges enabled him to found the town whose seal still bears in Saxon lettering both their names.

It may be suggested that the derivation is suspiciously obvious, and it must be admitted that there are other derivations—among them one from another Grim—just as likely but not so interesting. These, however, we need not mention, the point to be emphasised being that Grimsby is at least as old as Havelok; and this gives it a respectable antiquity. To judge from the tumuli, it is probably older, though we should not like to ascribe its foundation to the aborigines of this island, whom one antiquary seems to imagine Grim went into the fish trade to supply.

At the time of the Conquest it was a borough of the Crown at a fee farm rent, and it seems to have jogged along steadily for centuries. It had a charter from Henry the Third, and must have had a friend or two at the court of Edward the Second, for in his reign, 1319, it received another charter giving its freemen immunity throughout the entire kingdom, "except our city of Westminster," from minage, pavage, pontage, stallage, lastage, hausage, anchorage, terrage, keyage, and passage; that is, from the duty paid on corn sold by measure, from payments towards the repair of roads, from the county tax for the up-keep of the bridges, from the tolls for erecting market stalls, from the market tolls on the sale of goods, from the charges for mooring alongside wharves, from the charges for anchoring, from the charges for digging the holes for the posts of stalls at fairs, from landing charges, and from ferry charges—a satisfactory long list of exemptions.

As with many other old towns, a few monastic establishments arose in it and around it, all of which have disappeared, leaving as the only survivor the church, which is evidently an old foundation, much altered and added to from time to time, and not always kept in the best of repair. This is the church of which the legend runs: "How is it," said the archdeacon, "when I pay my visitation I find oats growing in the churchyard?" "Yes, dean," replied the clerk, "I tell parson he ought to set taters sometimes."

At the dissolution of the monasteries Grimsby was in a bad way, and during Elizabethan times it lost much of its importance. "At the beginning of the seventeenth century," says George Shaw, "many of the old families began to disappear. Those who had seats in the country took up their permanent abode in them, while the merchants removed to Hull, which was now a flourishing port. Tradesmen, too, sought a living in other places, so that by the

end of the century Grimsby was almost deserted." And it remained asleep, with several bad election dreams, for a century or more, when the M. S. and L. woke it up to be the very wide-awake place it is to-day.

Its only school used to be an Edward the Sixth Grammar school, still represented in both halves, one for 100 boys, one for 100 girls, housed in separate buildings on each side of the town-hall. It now has eight Board schools, including one of higher grade, and its School Board is advanced enough to have languages taught on the Gouin system, in which the pupil learns by sound rather than by sight. Its higher-grade school is named after John Wintringham, the late chairman of the Board, who did more than any man for the town's education, and whose death last year was a loss to nearly every movement in Grimsby making for good. Besides its Board schools it has about a dozen Church schools, a Wesleyan school, and one for Primitive Methodists. Methodism is strong in the district—is not Epworth in Lincolnshire?—and even in the churchyard the Wesleyans have their epitaphs.

South of the church there is a residential neighbourhood of the modern type skirting a people's park of 27 acres, pleasantly laid out with lake, and lawns, and shrubberies, amid which is an excellent example of marble carving in a trophy of fishing gear that covers the front of a dwarf obelisk to Alderman Dewhurst; Grimsby's other monument being a statue to the Prince Consort in the Cleethorpes Road.

Cleethorpes, though looked upon as a suburb of Grimsby, is a town by itself, with its own council and its own School Board, which recently sought incorporation on its own account with a view to delay the inevitable, and failed. That it will one day be included in Grimsby borough is clear enough, although it looks down on Grimsby and professes to thrive by the visitors from farther afield.

It is the terminus of the Great Central Railway and the creation of that enterprising company. At Grimsby they made a working town; here they made a holiday town. They saved Cleethorpes from the sea; they built a sea-wall rising thirteen feet from the sands, and filled in from seventy to a hundred feet of the old beach, and on it made an esplanade; and they laid out pleasure gardens and built an arcade, and gave the place all the usual seaside accessories, until it has become a sort of east coast Blackpool, thronged with half-crown excursionists from every part of the Great Central system. Its station is down on the shore, its sands are spacious, it looks right away over the North Sea, and on a fine day is just the place for the tripper who is indifferent to scenery and seeks only a few hours in the fresh air. In the winter it is dull enough; in the season it may be described as lively and something more. In either case it is a change from the manufacturing towns of Yorkshire and Lancashire, or even from Grimsby and its fish.

W. J. GORDON.



## THE MEDALS OF ENGLISH SCIENCE

"The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,  
Through climes and ages bears each form and name;  
In one short view subjected to our eye,  
Gods, Emperors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties lie."



MODE OF MAKING A MEDAL.

HUS wrote Pope.

With such precedents, it is not surprising that medals should have place in the chronicles of science. Almost all the English learned societies now have medals in their gift, while others are frequently struck to commemorate passing events. The selection we give embraces the more important.

The Royal Society makes no less than six awards. The premier is the "Copley,"

called after the founder of the trust, Sir Joseph Copley, Bart., F.R.S., who, somewhere about 1709, instituted an annual reward for distinctly eminent philosophical research, not necessarily, however, to be always given to Englishmen. Later, the trust was converted into a gold medal. The broad terms of the gift have enabled the Society to award medals, not only to such distinguished countrymen as Lord Kelvin, Lord Lister, and the late Professor Huxley, but as well to an eminent foreigner like the late M. Pasteur. This little medal—it is only 1.7 inch in diameter, weighing one ounce and two pennyweights—is struck at the Royal Mint in gold, and is very highly prized, as the utmost care is taken in its allocation. The design on the obverse was the work of George Vertue, the celebrated eighteenth-century engraver, and represents the goddess Athena seated, holding a laurel wreath, and surrounded by suitable emblems of the arts and sciences. The reverse bears the Society's arms and motto.

The remaining five medals are the "Royal," "Rumford," "Davy," "Darwin," and "Buchanan." The first-named is yearly in the gift of Her Majesty the Queen. It is struck in gold, and is a large handsome medal, being nearly three inches in diameter. Two copies, it should be mentioned, constitute the founda-

tion; they are awarded for work in physical and natural science, the Queen's approval being required for each nomination. A curious fate attended the original scheme of design. King George IV founded the medal, and Chantrey, the sculptor, was entrusted with the preparation of the King's effigy for the *obverse*, while Sir Thomas Lawrence undertook to design the *reverse*. The latter, however, put off the work from time to time, and died without leaving even a fragmentary sketch of his ideas. The design was then placed with Thomas Phillips, the Royal Academician, but it happened that on the decease of the King, although ten medals had been adjudicated, no dies were ready! The beautiful obverse of the current Victorian medal, shown in our illustration, was executed by the late Mr. W. Wyon, R.A., to replace the Georgian head, and that of King William IV, formerly in vogue. The statue of Sir Isaac Newton on the reverse is a copy of one by Roubiliac, in the chapel of Trinity College, Cambridge, and the contiguous devices exemplify certain of Newton's physical discoveries.

The "Count Rumford" and "Sir Humphry Davy" gold medals—we illustrate an obverse of the Davy—are given respectively for researches in heat and light, and for an important chemical discovery. The first-named was founded in 1796. The reverse of the Davy bears an inscription setting forth that the medal is awarded in accordance with Davy's will, which transferred a testimonial presented to him by the Tyne and Wear coalowners to the encouragement of chemical research. The gift was a service of plate, in recognition of his invention of the miner's safety lamp. It was subsequently melted down, and sold in order to found the present medal.

The very interesting Darwin medal, founded in 1890, offers the great naturalist's portrait (which was specially approved by his relatives), while the flowers in the wreath on the reverse are among those identified with certain of his researches. They comprise the primrose, orchid, Virginian creeper, the little "insectivorous" bog sundew, and others. This pretty medal is struck in silver, and awarded biennially. The die was executed by Mr. Allan Wyon, F.S.A.

The Buchanan gold medal is of quite recent foundation, and has reference to the services to Public Health of the late Sir George Buchanan, F.R.S. It has just been given for the first time for work in a similar field of labour.

Passing from these medals, which practically cover all branches of science, we may take those

COPLEY MEDAL.  
Obverse.



DAVY MEDAL. Obverse.

COPLEY MEDAL.  
Reverse.



ROYAL MEDAL. Obverse.



ROYAL MEDAL. Reverse.



DARWIN MEDAL. Obverse.



DARWIN MEDAL. Reverse.  
LUITARDON



LYELL MEDAL.  
Obverse.



LYELL MEDAL.  
Reverse.



BIGSBY MEDAL. Reverse.



ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL  
SOCIETY. Reverse.



INSTITUTION OF CIVIL  
ENGINEERS. Reverse.



NANSEN MEDAL.  
Reverse.



ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS. Reverse.



ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS Obverse.  
DUTTERHOFF

of the Geological Society, which has more restricted aims. Of the four medals in its gift we illustrate the Bigsby gold, and Lyell bronze, medals. On the Bigsby reverse is engraved a species of fossil echinoderm, now long extinct.

A good head of a famous English geologist is seen on the Lyell obverse. A representation in relief of an ancient temple dedicated to the Roman god Serapis occupies the reverse. Erected long before the Christian era, near Puzzuoli, in Italy, it illustrates very clearly the phenomena of geological elevation and subsidence, and it is portrayed upon this medal because Lyell was closely associated with the elucidation of its geological bearing. The pillars we see are no less than forty feet in height, and were carved out of a single block of marble. The remarkable feature is that there is a zone in the columns of quite nine feet in height where the marble has been pierced by a marine bivalve, indicating former immersion in sea water.

The reverse of the Society's Murchison medal presents a composite design of fossils of the Silurian age, with the working out of which Sir Roderick Murchison was specially identified, he having, in fact, established the Silurian system in geology; the centre is occupied by two geological hammers, crossed.

The special gold medal lately given to Dr. Nansen by the Royal Geographical Society for his Arctic exploits is shown. The reverse portrays the *Fram* beset by ice; one of Nansen's adaptable sledge-boats with a paddle is seen below. The Society has also a "Royal" and a "Founder's" medal.

As is fitting, the Royal Astronomical Society place Sir Isaac Newton's head upon their gold medal given for astronomical research. Herschel's telescope appears on the reverse, a feature of historical interest, as the instrument no longer exists. It was dismantled by Sir John Herschel, but previously, on New Year's eve in 1839, he celebrated a family gathering in the tube and then closed it up. The occasion was made the subject of a song in which the fate of the telescope was alluded to and the praises of the dying year were recited. Such modern achievements in telescopes as those at the Lick Observatory, in California, and the great Condé equatorial at Paris, would now form an interesting comparison in medallic science. It may be recalled that Professor Barnard, using the Lick telescope, lately made the remarkable discovery of a fifth satellite to Jupiter, and it is interesting to note that for this he received the English medal we figure.

The Institution of Civil Engineers has several interesting medals relating to the science of engineering. On the reverse of the "Stephen-son" is a representation of the old "Rocket" locomotive, built in 1816.

The ancient corporations of the Royal College of Physicians and Royal College of Surgeons award highly valued medals. The gold "Baly"

of the former bears the familiar façade of the College in Pall Mall designed by Sir R. Smirke, R.A.

The Surgeons' "Honary" medal is seen here. The assignment of this valuable medal has been separated by long intervals of time; its award is determined by "liberal acts, or distinguished labours eminently conducive to the improvement of natural knowledge and of the healing art." The reverse depicts Galen, the ancient Greek anatomist, contemplating the skeleton of a robber whose bones had been picked by vultures. It would appear to be a copy of the frontispiece to Cheselden's "Anatomy of the Bones," a scarce folio, published in 1733.

The last of our illustrations, the reverse of the bronze "Challenger" medal, commemorates the voyage of H.M.S. *Challenger*, 1872-76, on



"CHALLENGER" MEDAL—REVERSE.

a scientific expedition round the world, conducted under Government auspices, and with the supervision of the Royal Society. The compilation of the reports of the results occupied many years, and on its completion recently, the happy idea occurred to Dr. John Murray, the editor-in-chief, of casting this medal for distribution to the naval officers and civilians directly concerned in the expedition, and to the writers of memoirs. The design on the obverse shows a knight in armour challenging the sea with his gauntlet. The head of Athena is seen on the reverse, while Neptune is represented with a trident and dredge, a dolphin, an owl, and mermaids filling up the remainder of the field.

T. E. JAMES.

[The medals shown in the illustrations are reproductions from photographs taken of the actual size of each medal. The medal within the initial letter, showing a die-sinker at work, was kindly placed at our disposal by Mr. John Pinches.]



## OUR AFRICAN DRIVER.

"HERE comes the waggon to be packed!" called the children, as with creak and groan of wheels, and shouts from the Kafirs, it was brought lumbering to the door.

"The vor-chiest is ready, Lang-Jan," said Mrs. Gilbert, coming to the door. "Everything that can, had better be put in place to-night."

"Ja, Meeses," agreed Jan. "It's a long trek from this here place to the town in one day, and I will start early, while the stars are still out." Lang-Jan was our driver, so called to distinguish him from the numerous other Jans about the place.

The distinction was appropriate, for he looked very tall and slim, though it might be the contrast with his wife's massive build that gave him a false presentment. He was more proud of her bulk than his own height, and used to jeer at his Hottentot leader for the scraggy appearance of his weaker half, possibly with the kindly intention of reducing the number, or severity, of the poor creature's beatings.

I do not believe Jan ever beat his wife, though I think she was as lazy a woman as could be found. Perhaps he got most of his rations provided from the house, and was not dependent on her for his comfort.

However, he seemed to me to have a Mark Tapley temper; the more unendurable the weather got, the cheerier he grew with his guttural and yet limpid cries to the oxen, and his brisk steps by their side.

There was one thing, however, he could not see in patience—an amateur who had borrowed his whip with the proud intention of "helping to drive" letting the end of the four yards of lash draggle over the dewy karoo, thereby making it limp and reducing its power to clack in the approved fashion.

"We had better sleep in the waggon, then we shall not be disturbed so early," cried one of the children: but we older people preferred the idea of half a night's rest indoors to lying awake on the cartels in the waggon listening to the tossings and complaints of others.

We had been staying by the sea, and were now to journey homewards. Long before daylight, the noise of the oxen and clank of trek-chain told that inspanning was begun, and those of us who were to form the waggon party sprang out of bed and made a hurried toilet, while the Kafir women carried off the feather beds and blankets, to stow in their allotted places in the waggon.

Mr. Gilbert and his wife, with the younger children, were to follow in a four-horse Cape-cart.

"Isn't it too dark to be trekking?" he called from his window.

"The roads is good down here," said Jan. "I can see enough"; and he hurried his leader, and got us under way without more ado.

We had the front curtain of the tent rolled up, and sat about on the boxes in silence for some time, listening to the splash of the sea upon the beach, every minute somebody giving a yawn.

"I cannot think why Lang-Jan is hurrying on so," said Constance at last, "unless he thinks it will be a very hot day again. The oxen gave out as we were coming down, and we had to outspan about five miles off."

"I was cross," said a younger sister.

"You need not tell us that. We have not forgotten," laughed another.

"Well, I thought I could hear the sea, and I had been meaning to run down and have a bathe directly we stopped. It was enough to make one cross. And then that stupid old Kafir and Jan over the outspan money, and our none of us being able to find any change. I believe Jan was glad we couldn't pay."

"Jan resents having to pay outspan money: he will wriggle out of it if he can," said Constance.

We had gone the first three or four miles with plenty of noise, clack of whip and shout at team, but this gradually subsided, and with a warning to April, the leader, to have the oxen well in the middle of the road and to keep right on, Jan sank into such silence as was possible.

Constance rose, and began to fumble for her purse.

We heard a stealthy order to April to run, and the whip sounded again about one ox and another, while we were tipped about in all directions as the team suddenly put on a tremendous spurt.

In the dim light we could see the outlines of a hut close by the road, and a Kafir sprang out of the doorway towards us shouting for his money. Jan took no notice, but whipped and shouted and trotted along as if his were the only voice upraised.

"Stop Jan, stop!" called Constance.

But Jan was suddenly deaf. The other man was not, however, and he ran along after us, followed by a string of undressed children, shouting and gesticulating wildly.

"Jan, I insist upon stopping," called Constance. "April, stop the oxen."

In spite of all the noise Jan was making, April could not fail to hear the indignant cry of his young mistress, and presently the waggon was halted. Jan hastily popped the whip into the waggon and turned back to confront his enemy.

"What do you mean by stopping a waggon

in the road like this? Outspan money? We have not outspanned and are not going to on your starved old veldt?"

"Jan, Jan, you know very well we are owing him two shillings from the last time we passed," said Constance.

The stranger Kafir tried to get to the waggon, but Jan barred the passage. He changed his tactics. "Come, let's fight for it," he cried, casting his hat and scarlet head-handkerchief into the karoo out of the way.

This offer was declined without thanks. "I shan't fight. The money is mine," protested the other, encouraged by finding his demand was allowed by the ladies.

"April, leave the oxen and come here," called Constance. "Give this money to him."

This was at last done, to Jan's grief. "Ah, Mees Constance! Why didn't you let me fight him? he was only a little thieving Fingo dog! I didn't outspan in sight of his old hut, and he must have come sneaking around and seen us, and never said he would have money till it was too late."

"Well, Jan, and why should our oxen eat up the grass and drink out of the dam without our paying?" asked Constance; but Jan only muttered "Thief! Dog!" and got away from the scene of his defeat with speed.

"That was why we were obliged to start in the middle of the night: Jan wanted to slip by here before the waggon could be recognised," said Constance. Jan had made a stand for his principles, though his mistress's perverted sense of justice had prevented his being able to carry them out. By the time we stopped for breakfast he had quite recovered his spirits; and when he found he had got his party well away from the place without another hateful demand, he seemed to have forgotten his hard fate in the early morning. When we reached the town we lost sight of Jan and his waggon for a couple of days, and took up our abode at an hotel.

A change had taken place in our party when we collected for the second and longer part of our journey. Mr. Gilbert had gone home with some of the younger ones the day before, while his wife had stayed in town to take the rest of us to a ball.

We were all tired as we reached the waggon, with our minds running on the purchases we had made, and lingering regretfully on some we had not.

Lang-Jan and April hurried off to fetch the oxen as soon as we appeared; and Mrs. Gilbert began to go through the stores.

"Those two Kafirs have eaten up our butter!" she exclaimed indignantly. "I saw what was left when you came, and thought it might not be quite enough. It is lucky I did, and have bought some more, or we should have had none at all. I cannot let such a thing as their taking our provisions pass without notice.—Jan," she said, when he returned, "you have taken my butter."

"Oh, Meeses!" exclaimed Jan, as if such a thing was quite out of the question, "not me. It must ha' bin April."

"No, Meeses—not me, Jan," said April.

"It was the both of you, I have no doubt," said Mrs. Gilbert severely.

"Oh, Meeses, April, April," cried Jan, shaking his head.

"No, it was Jan," protested the leader, again.

Jan burst into a roar of laughter like a naughty child owning up. "Oh! ja, Meeses! It was me. I looked at that tin of butter and then I said to April, 'I must have some of that lovely butter, whatever comes of it,' and then between us, it's all gone."

It seemed impossible to deal with the offence gravely after that. "I shall know I must not leave any in the waggon another time," said the mistress; and we scrambled into our places to be out of the way while the work of inspanning went on.

The morning turned into a fiery day. The air shimmered blindingly above the veldt, and the white road, inches deep in dust, trailed ahead like an endless serpent. We panted and gasped under the shelter of the tent; April abandoned his post and climbed up in the back compartment of the waggon, but Jan grew more and more lively.

He tightened his waist-belt and ran by the side of his team, encouraging them by voice and example.

He wore an old soft felt hat, with a perfectly abject brim, above his scarlet handkerchief, and every quarter of a mile he would take it off and put the ostrich feather that adorned one side straight up, and attempt to pinch the limp brim into shape.

In spite of his cheerful snatches of song, and his encouraging cries, the poor beasts showed more and more signs of distress, till at last Jan turned to Mrs. Gilbert and said: "The poor oxen is just done up. We must outspan till it gets cooler."

"What, outspan in this pitiless place, with not a house, or a tree, or water to be got at!" cried one of the girls.

"There is a water-hole down there," said Jan, pointing to a dip in the ground not far off.

"Yes," said Mrs. Gilbert, "I have been down there on horseback."

The waggon was drawn off the road, and the weary oxen let loose, while we stretched ourselves on the cartels, but found the heat too great to let us recover any of our lost sleep.

After a time, some of us thinking any change must be for the better, dragged ourselves out into the glare, and went to look at the pool of water. But though a few prickly pears and mimosa bushes grew around, it was not an inviting spot to rest in, and we laboured back across the scorching ground to the waggon, our only benefit being more thankfulness for its shelter.

April had gone off to see that the oxen did not

wander too far. Jan lighted a fire, made coffee for us, and broiled some meat and green mealie cobs.

We felt better after our meal, though we had not been hungry for it. Then, to my surprise, Jan settled down to enjoy his share, as close to the fire as he could. I do not know if the burning scrub made a little motion in the air, or if Jan, by roasting one half of his body, felt the other cooler by contrast.

Presently I saw, coming slowly across the veldt, a white-haired Kafir, carrying a weakly lamb in his arms. He made straight for Jan and sat down beside him.

Constance, who was looking out too, roused herself and gave a little laugh. "Caught," she said, and I knew what she meant.

At first the palaver seemed amiable enough, and we saw Jan even go the length of making a present of grilled mutton—chiefly bone, but not all.

"An attempt at bribery," murmured Constance.

In about half an hour we heard the inevitable demand. One might have thought Jan had never heard of outspan money, instead of its being a familiar and heating subject with him. When at last the claim was made clear to him, he asked the name of the Baas, and expressed the greatest surprise that any man could be so mean as to ask for money, just because poor souls had to wait by the road till it got cool, when it was too hot even for the oxen to eat anything.

The explanation that the place was such a convenient distance from town, that if nothing was charged the Baas would have nothing left for his own flocks and herds, was badly received, as was also the reminder that if it was too hot for the oxen to eat much, they would drink all the same. The two argued for an hour, Jan emphatic and expostulating, the old Kafir calm, feeling both right and law were on his side.

At length, Jan surprised us by announcing, "We shan't pay. Your Baas won't expect money from me anyhow, if he does from other people."

"Why not?" exclaimed the other in surprise, for Jan spoke with conviction.

"My Baas' wife is cousin to your Baas' wife, so of course we're free on his veldt."

We laughed, but the collector remarked that he would go and inquire. So he marched up to the waggon, followed closely by Lang-Jan, in fear of treachery, and asked Mrs. Gilbert if it was true, and being informed that the ladies were related, he retired at once, and Jan triumphantly accompanied him back to the fire.

I thought Jan would be happy now the wicked had ceased from troubling, but the

storm had its after-roll. He now expressed indignation that two shillings had been demanded. If such an iniquitous claim was made at all, one shilling was all that should be asked for.

They harried this point till the stranger asked Jan what odds it was to him—he did not pay the money.

"Don't I pay the money?" cried Jan. "Isn't it taken out of my very hand?"

"Oh, ja! But it comes out of the Baas' pocket."

"It comes out of my very hand," reiterated Jan, springing up; and fetching his whip, he gave three tremendous clacks with it, the signal to April, that could be heard a mile away in the still air, to bring back the oxen; and the baffled enemy picked up his lamb and retired from action.

Jan was jubilant, and cheerfully agreed to Mrs. Gilbert's suggestions as to the best camping place for the night.

But I think his triumph was demoralising for him. As evening settled down and we were getting towards our resting place, we passed by a rare thing—a long wooden fence; and we soon saw that Jan and April were freely helping themselves to the dry wood, and stowing it at the sides of the waggon to save themselves the trouble of collecting any later.

"Jan," called his mistress, "you must not steal that wood. The man it belongs to told the Baas he lost so much that he should put somebody to watch, and have anyone who was caught taken before Mr. Huntly."

"April," shouted Jan, laughing, "look out for old Huntly. The Meeses says we must stop it."

Later, when we had outspanned for the night, and they had broiled our sausages, and made the coffee with chuckling anticipation of remainders, they made such a fire as scared Mrs. Gilbert, lest they should set the dry karoo around alight.

"Here, April, we must beat it down a bit. The Meeses is feared we shall set the moon afire," laughed Jan, laying about him with a will, as the flames leaped heavenward.

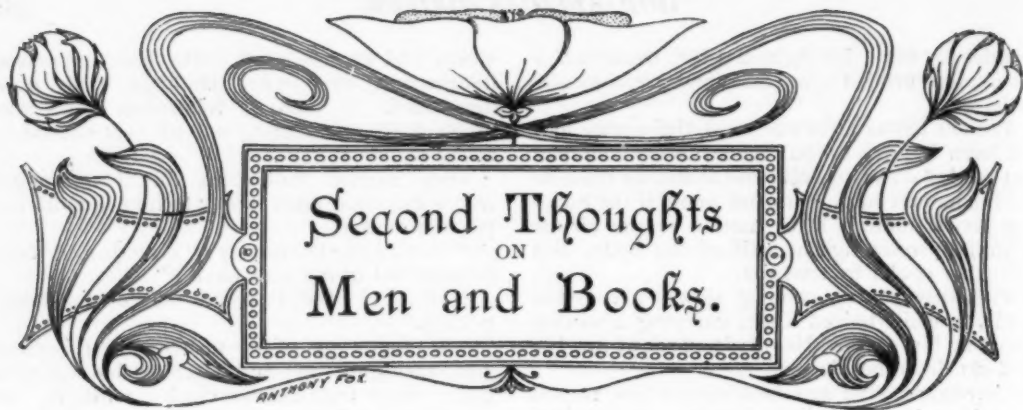
The next morning we had to cross a river, and pay toll at the bridge. Why Lang-Jan never objected to that, I do not know, but he came quite meekly for the money. His mistress had not the exact sum, and Jan was some time inside the toll-house, which was also a store.

On emerging, he shouted and whipped up his oxen, and off we lumbered.

When we came to a hill, and our pace was sufficiently slackened for speech, Mrs. Gilbert called to him, "Jan, where is my change?"

"Oh, Meeses!" exclaimed Jan, quite unabashed; "I took the change in tobacco!"





Frederick  
Tennyson.

It is a misfortune to have three poets in one family, and the more so when, as in the case of the Tennysons, the unquestionable supremacy of our late laureate throws into shade the genius of his brothers. True brothers, Frederick and Charles were, however, and true poets also, so that they could feel nothing but joy in Alfred's transcendent gifts. Frederick, who died in February at the age of 91, began his poetical career early, but was unknown by name to the public, until the issue of "Days and Hours" in 1854. A great part of his life was spent abroad in Italy, and later on in Jersey, and there were years of silence in which he might seem to have put off his singing robes. This, however, was not the case, for he kept his verses by him through long periods, and was never in haste to publish. "The Isles of Greece," which appeared in 1890, was not therefore the fruit of old age, neither, we believe, was the volume of 1891 entitled "Daphne and Other Poems."

Frederick Tennyson had his brother's ear for melody, and his verses move sweetly and smoothly like a river winding amidst meadows. He was a musician as well as a poet, and could not tolerate discordant notes in poetry. He would not read "The Ring and the Book." "Browning," he wrote, "is a great friend of mine, but it does not follow that I should put up with absolute horrors and unrhythmical composition." Mrs. Browning, in her Letters, frequently mentions Frederick Tennyson, and always pleasantly. "Robert is very fond of him," she writes, "and so am I." And of his poems she says with much justice, "They are full of imagery, encompassed with poetical atmosphere, and very melodious. On the other hand, there is vagueness, and too much personification. It's the smell of a rose rather than a rose—very sweet—notwithstanding. As for the poet, we quite love him, Robert and I do." It is to be feared that the love on Mrs. Browning's part would have been a little weakened could she have known the poet's opinion of her husband's verse.

Frederick Tennyson, who won the gold medal for Greek verse at Eton, was in the best sense of the word a scholar. He loved literature for

its own sake, not for its rewards. His verse, always marked by good taste, is eminently pleasing, but it has little creative energy, and whether it has strength enough to live long may be doubted. His poetry may be said to lack grip. We read it with a full recognition of many graceful qualities, we give it hearty praise, and we forget it.

Sometimes a single poem of a few stanzas will save a poet's name from oblivion. Three or four beautiful sonnets have secured to Charles Tennyson Turner a place in the anthologies; whether his brother will obtain one is more doubtful.

Perhaps his most successful lyric is "The Skylark and the Poet," from which two stanzas shall be quoted. The lark's flight above the clouds suggests a comparison with the human singer.

"So the victorious poet sings alone,  
And fills with light his solitary home,  
And thro' that glory sees new worlds foreshown,  
And hears high songs and triumphs yet to come;  
He waves the air of Time  
With thrills of golden chords,  
And makes the world to climb  
On linked words.

"What if his hair be grey, his eyes be dim,  
If wealth forsake him, and if friends be cold,  
Wonder unbars her thousand gates to him,  
Truth never fails, nor Beauty waxeth old.  
More than he tells his eyes  
Behold, his spirit hears,  
Of grief, and joy, and sighs  
'Twixt joy and tears."

J. D.

Hampstead.<sup>1</sup> Hampstead has produced an Annual to which a notable band of authors and artists has contributed. Sir Walter Besant writes the preface; Canon Ainger recalls his talks and walks with Du Maurier; Dr. Birkbeck Hill reminds us that Dr. Johnson wrote a portion of his "Vanity of Human

<sup>1</sup> "The Hampstead Annual," 1897. Edited by Ernest Rhys. Hampstead: Sidney Mayle.



Wishes" there; Baron von Hügel has a charming paper on Mrs. Rundle Charles. Dr. Horton contributes a characteristic essay on "Distinguished Inhabitants"; and so great is the variety in the volume that there are few pages which will not attract the reader.

Hampstead and its far-famed Heath is indeed a fruitful theme. In the last century people resorted there for the sake of the waters, which were thought good for "vapours" or depression of spirits. Arbuthnot, who sent the poet Gay to the village in search of health, went there himself on the same errand, and Pope, who paid him a visit, relates how the doctor amused himself in that fashionable resort. Thither, too, came Steele and other members of the Kitcat Club; there that "dear fugitive" Clarissa Harlowe endeavoured to escape from Lovelace; and there Lord Chatham lived for a time in such solitude that he declined to see the faces of his attendants, and received his food through a kind of trapdoor, which remains to verify the story. At the beginning of this century Hampstead was in the judgment of the poet Rogers "the pleasantest village about London"; and since, so Mrs. Barbauld told him, there was a great dearth of young men in the place, the poet-banker did his best to supply the want, and danced "four or five minuets in one evening."

Later on the beautiful spot swarmed with poets. Scott loved to visit his dear friend Joanna Baillie, "the Hampstead poetess," and with her, at Mr. Hoare's house, he met Wordsworth and Crabbe, Moore and Rogers. Whether Coleridge walked over from Highgate to these gatherings we do not know, but one remembers how, in the fields lying between Highgate and the Heath, he clasped hands with Keats, and remarked afterwards to a friend, "There is death in that hand." The saddest and brightest memories of Keats are associated with Hampstead. His brother died there, there some of his loveliest verse was written, there he fell in love, and there, sitting down with Leigh Hunt on a seat in Well Walk, he burst into a flood of tears and said his heart was breaking. Leigh Hunt's cottage in the Vale of Health, which has now given place to an ugly tavern, had many a poetical visitant, Keats and Shelley being the most prominent. "My inclinations point to Hampstead," the latter wrote from Italy, "but I do not know whether I should not make up my mind to something more completely suburban. . . . What are such sunsets as I have seen at Hampstead to friends!" With its nine or ten thousand houses, many of them conspicuous for ugliness, the rural village of Shelley's day is sufficiently suburban now. Coming nearer to our own time, the local historian remembers that Coventry Patmore lived at North End, and that prior to the death of his mother, who had a cottage near the Heath, it was a haunt of Tennyson's. It would be easy to add to such reminiscences. When it is remembered that Hampstead is as famous for artists as for poets

and men of letters, it will be seen that this northern height can boast of more memorials and things of fame than many a populous city.

J. D.

Clothing for Thoughts. Mind, within the fortress of the brain, never comes visibly forth, but transacts all his business with the world by means of his messengers. On many an errand his thoughts go and come. What does he clothe them in? Some wear a livery so marked that you instantly recognise them (as Coleridge said that he should exclaim "Wordsworth!" if he met a certain famous passage of the "Excursion" running wild in a desert of Arabia).

The words in which minds clothe their thoughts are remarkably various. Hundreds and thousands of minds are content to use shabby second-hand language in which to equip even important meanings. Misfits, as a rule, these cast-off garments are, and often of a style too fine for the occasion, pitiful in their fallen estate. We meet with some philosophical line of Hamlet, or a great simile from Milton, used to cloak the poverty of a school-girl's sentiment or furnish forth a picnic pleasantry; and we resent the misuse as if we saw Nelson's uniform or Marie Antoinette's court robes desecrated to the service of a strolling player.

Other minds save themselves trouble and expense of reflection by clothing their thoughts in ready-made language. They choose a suitable and conventional style for all purposes of ordinary civility or comment, and take in a large stock of neat, trite phraseology in which to circulate their ideas. Any individuality these poor ideas may have is so obscured in their monotonous clothing, always too large or too small, too strong or too weak, concealing and disguising the identity of the thought, seldom setting it forth to advantage. And yet many people always look for ready-made language. Why?

A third class of minds command our respect and interest by their scrupulousness in measuring the words they use. How we are roused to interest by the messengers from such minds! We observe with pleasure the neat expression, the defined meaning, the characteristic adjective. Naturally, you must cut your coat according to your cloth, and if your resources are limited you may be hard put to it to adorn your thought, or even to make it plain. But, if you think, and wish to say what you think, and study the skilfully expressed thoughts of great minds, your vocabulary will soon exceed the paltry six hundred words which are said to suffice the lifetime of a Dorset labourer.

A fourth class of minds aim more daringly still. Not only must the fashion of their language be measured and fitting; it must be exclusive. To be original they will risk being eccentric, and forget the worth of the thought in contriving the conceit of the phrase. Need it be said that this way madness lies, and a

barren land tenanted by ghosts of Euphuists past?

The slovens among us, who are content to send our thoughts out dressed anyhow, sometimes in the very rags of bad grammar and imperfect spelling, might well mend our ways, when we consider the example set us, not only by the golden-mouthed orator and the brilliant essayist, but in the evanescent pages of the newspaper.

To turn a paragraph neatly, making it full, attractive, and concise, requires care and practice; but not more than might well be expended on our ordinary table-talk, or those sure-to-be-valued letters to friends abroad which it falls to most of us to write.

J. M. S. M.

London  
Architecture.

A few years ago Mr. William Morris, writing in the "Nineteenth Century," called London "the shabbiest, ugliest, and most ridiculous capital in the world," and according to a later utterance of another writer, our Metropolis is said to be "frankly, simply, and ostentatiously hideous." These are strong words which it is now difficult to justify when speaking of London as a whole. Years ago there would have been a far larger measure of truth in the assertion than there is in our day. The "Great Weir," as Corbett called it, has still many portions—notably some of the roads leading to the suburbs—unrelieved by a line of architectural beauty, and monotonously dull. In too many cases also fine positions and fine buildings have been marred by colossal deformities like the railway sheds at Cannon Street and Charing Cross. Many so-called improvements have

failed to improve our streets, and there is an air of vulgarity in some places due to flaunting advertisements that is eminently offensive. Another defect that belongs to recent days is the custom of raising buildings to a height which excludes the sun, a blunder in a chilly climate like ours, though our tallest structures are low as compared with the thirty storeys of New York. Then, too, we have smothered many of our fine buildings by erecting shops or warehouses or houses round them, so that architectural work of a high order has often to be hunted for in odd corners. A writer who lately published a scheme of London improvements complains, too, that the Metropolis probably contains the most irregular, "inconvenient, and immethodical collection of houses in the world." All these deficiencies or peculiarities may be admitted, and yet so far from calling London the ugliest of capitals, we believe with Mr. Hare that in Europe at least it is one of the most picturesque, "more so than Paris or Vienna; incomparably more so than St. Petersburg, Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Brussels, or Madrid." Everybody interested in the subject knows that mistakes have been made by too eager reformers which are now irreparable, but when we compare the London architecture of forty years ago with what is to be seen to-day, we may well be proud of the progress effected. There is surely an infinite beauty in this mighty city for those who have an eye to see it, and sometimes wonderful glory of colour, as well as poetry of mist and shadow. Nathaniel Hawthorne, although an American, was not slow to discover it. London, he said, had been the dream city of his youth, and he had found it better than his dream.

J. D.

## THE LIFE OF SIR STAMFORD RAFFLES.<sup>1</sup>

IN the lion house of the Zoological Gardens, high up above the barred cages of the lions and tigers, is a marble bust of Sir Stamford Raffles. Of the many thousands of visitors who every season crowd to the spectacle of seeing lions feed, not three or four in a hundred lift their eyes to this memorial bust, nor would many more know who Sir Stamford Raffles was, if they did. His bust is there because he was the founder of the Zoological Society's Garden, but who he was, or how he is thus conspicuous, very few can tell. His name is all but forgotten. He died in 1826. How his life came to be written in 1897, more than seventy years after, by a man of letters and a traveller, D. C. Boulger, is a notable event, the circumstances of which are remarkable.

Mr. Boulger had, in his travels in the East,

heard of Sir Stamford Raffles, and had formed a high estimate of him, as one of the great men by whom the empire of Great Britain had been founded. He had long wished to write his life, but a succession of engagements had interfered with the design.

At length in 1895 an attack of diphtheria brought Mr. Boulger to be a patient in a fever hospital in London. He acknowledges the skill and the attention of Dr. W. Gayton, by whom his health was restored. His acknowledgments are even more warm and hearty to the Chaplain of that hospital, the Rev. R. B. Raffles. He asked him one day during his convalescence, "Are you any relative of Sir Stamford Raffles?" The subject thus introduced was the beginning of many a conversation during Mr. Boulger's stay in the hospital. He

<sup>1</sup> The "Life of Sir Stamford Raffles," by Demetrius C. Boulger, author of "History of China," "Life of Gordon," "England and Russia in Central Asia," etc. etc. With portraits, maps, and illustrations. Marshall & Son, London, 1897.

told Mr. Raffles that Sir Stamford Raffles was one of the heroes whom he had long admired. He had intended to write a memoir of him, but a succession of urgent work had hitherto hindered his purpose. He knew well the lands of the East where Sir Stamford had long ago ruled, and had then formed his high opinion of him. The records at the India Office he had seen, but he never had command of the time nor the materials for writing a life worthy of so great a man. In talking with the chaplain, all came vividly before him, and when he learned that Mr. R. B. Raffles had also wished to write such a memoir, which he had had to lay aside in his preparations for the ministry, the clergyman and the man of literature came to an amicable arrangement very promptly. Mr. Boulger would undertake the work and find a publisher; Mr. Raffles would secure for him access to all the documents preserved by the family of his grandfather, the Rev. Dr. Raffles of Liverpool, who was the first cousin and close friend of Sir Stamford. The result is now before us. It is a magnificent volume, not perhaps destined to be widely popular, but certain to be welcomed by naturalists, philanthropists, and statesmen, and prized by them as worthy of the great man who seemed likely to have passed away unrecorded and almost forgotten. The book is dedicated to the Rev. R. B. Raffles, M.A., King's College, Cambridge, to whose aid, association, and advice Mr. Boulger states his deep indebtedness.

Sir Humphry Davy, in his Presidential Address to the Royal Society in 1827, thus spoke of Sir Stamford Raffles as the benefactor and founder of the Zoological Society:

"His disinterested promotion of every branch of natural history; his sacrifice of his fortune and his time to collections in this department of knowledge; the readiness with which he laid them open to scientific men, claimed the highest admiration. Occupying high situations in our Empire in the East, he employed his talents and extensive researches, not in the exercise of his power for the accumulation of wealth, but in endeavouring to benefit and to improve the condition of the natives, to found liberal institutions, and to establish a permanent commercial intercourse between the Colonies where he presided and the Mother Country; which, whilst it brought new treasures to Europe, tended to civilise and improve the conditions of the inhabitants of some of the most important islands of the East. Neither misfortune nor pecuniary losses damped the ardour of his mind in the pursuit of knowledge. Having lost one splendid collection by fire, he instantly commenced the formation of another, and having brought this to Europe he made it not private but public property, and placed it at the disposal of a new association for the promotion of zoology, by which he was elected President by acclamation."

This "new association" was the now flourishing and popular Zoological Society. It was founded in May 1825, and now continues its prosperous career, Queen Victoria its Patron, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales Vice-Patron; with an array of illustrious naturalists on its Council, of which Sir W. H. Flower is President; with its spacious offices in Hanover Square, and the Gardens in Regent's Park.<sup>1</sup> Sir

<sup>1</sup> In the year 1897 the number of visitors at the Gardens was 717,755. The money taken at the gates was £17,261. This

Stamford Raffles was the first President, and, on his lamented death, the Marquis of Lansdowne was his successor. This is the explanation of the memorial bust in the Gardens, to which reference has been already made.

Dr. Raffles of Liverpool, Sir Stamford's cousin, has published in his *Reminiscences* some interesting details of the life of the statesman at this period. He was very intimate with Wilberforce, in fact they were next-door neighbours as well as friends, living at Highwood Hill, near Barnet. On one occasion he



SIR STAMFORD RAFFLES.—(From the statue by Chantrey in Westminster Abbey.)

had a few friends at dinner, one of whom was Sir Everard Home, the King's physician, and an eminent anatomist. When they all were seated at table, Lady Raffles said, "Now I shall not tell you what the soup is till you have partaken of it." It was served, and the universal exclamation was "How delicious! what can it be?" "Well," she said, "it is made of Chinese snails!"

Another most delicious but very expensive soup is made of the edible birds' nest of Java. Sir Stamford once gave Queen Charlotte a sufficient quantity of it to make a small tureen of soup. Small as it was, it was worth eight guineas.

was £1,600 more than in 1896, possibly due to the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. The number of Fellows continues to increase, being 3,158 at the close of 1897, against 3,098 in 1896. The meeting of the Council by which this Report was issued, held at Hanover Square, was presided over by Sir Joseph Fayrer; Dr. Sclater, F.R.S., being Secretary.



The intimate friendship with Wilberforce was kept up long after they had left Highwood. When Wilberforce resided at Kensington Gore, in the house afterwards inhabited by the celebrated Countess of Blessington, Dr. Raffles of Liverpool one morning breakfasted with Sir Stamford, when a deputation from the Asiatic Society met him by appointment, to present him with an address of congratulation from the Society on his return from the East, and to give thanks to him for his noble conduct in the abolition of slavery in the islands of which he had been Governor. The members of the deputation were naturally anxious to obtain information from him concerning these islands. Great was their astonishment and loud were their indignant cries when Sir Stamford pointed out on maps these rock regions, lost now to the British Empire. There was Java, and Sumatra, and Borneo; and Banca, an island with tin richer than the Phœnician Cassiterides; and the Celebes islands of spice enough to supply the whole world for ages—all ceded or abandoned to the Dutch by a Government that did not know their value.

The father of the present writer, then in the East India service, knew Sir Stamford Raffles in Java, and the other islands ceded to the Dutch, who afterwards told him that when he came home from the East all the despatches he had sent at that time were found in the office of Lord Castlereagh, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, unopened and unread! He lived too soon. The wars in India under Lord Hastings alone excited attention, and questions of commerce were ignored. The islands which Sir Stamford Raffles had ruled so well, and where his name is still remembered with honour by the natives, were as nothing to the rulers of the British Empire. The cession of the islands to the Dutch has not been forgotten in all these years, and the natives of another generation still remember their happy and free condition when under the just and liberal sway of their first English Governor. When another English ruler was appointed Sir Stamford removed to Singapore, and there founded a new and important settlement, the prosperity of which has left him with a crown of glory, as a philanthropist and a statesman. Even of this honour he was nearly robbed, for a new Governor nominated by Lord Minto claimed the merit of being the founder of Singapore.

For the details of the history of these times and these regions we must refer the reader to the pages of the Life.

One of the illustrations gives a view of the statue of Raffles, at Singapore, the unveiling of which was the principal feature of the ceremonies celebrating the Jubilee of Her Majesty, the Empress-Queen Victoria, in 1887. It is one of Woolner's finest works. The late Sir Frederick A. Weld, Governor at the time, well spoke of Raffles as "one of England's greatest sons." The words were cheered to the echo by

the crowds standing round, including the descendants of the Malay potentates who made the concession of Singapore to the British. Another illustration shows the statue, with the Cathedral of Singapore close by. That island, with its dense population and its imposing situation, "the Key of the Indian Seas," as it has been called, commands the commercial path not of the Dutch islands only, but also the Chinese and Japanese seas, and the whole ocean of the East. Our own Hong Kong alone has in our time a more gigantic trade and a busier time than this island of Singapore, which Raffles purchased from the Malay chiefs seventy years ago.

Our space compels us to refer only very briefly to the events of Sir Stamford's life after his final return to Europe. The mortification felt on account of the loss of Java, Banca, and the Celebes was lessened by the triumphant success of the new island of Singapore. But the East India Directors, in many cases so generous to their servants, showed unusual harshness towards Sir Stamford Raffles. His claim for expenses paid out of his own means was resisted, and ultimately unpaid, to the extent of some thousands of pounds, by the secret council of the India House. One of the directors actually said about the loss of the natural-history collections, that it was a pity that Sir Stamford had ever meddled with such matters! In his later years he went, in broken health and with straitened means, to live abroad. At the last he was just able to get home to die, and was buried in Hendon churchyard, where no record existed of the place of burial for sixty years.

In 1887 the Rev. R. B. Raffles and his brother, out of their own slender means, placed a tablet of brass on the wall of Hendon Church bearing this inscription:

IN MEMORY OF  
SIR STAMFORD RAFFLES, F.R.S., LL.D.  
STATESMAN, ADMINISTRATOR, NATURALIST.

BORN 5TH JULY, 1781, DIED AT HIGHWOOD  
JULY 5TH, 1826

AND BURIED NEAR THIS TABLET.

ERECTED IN 1887 BY MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY.

This tablet, the statue by Woolner at Singapore, Chantrey's bust in the Raffles Institution of that city, and his statue in Westminster Abbey, and the duplicate of that bust in the Zoological Gardens, are among the memorials of him. They are more than enough; for if none of them existed, the name of Stamford Raffles can never be removed from the list of England's great statesmen and makers of the British Empire.

JAMES MACAULAY, M.D.



## Science and Discovery.

### THE GHOST-DANCE OF AMERICAN INDIANS.

DURING the years 1889-92 a remarkable religious creed overspread the western United States, and was connected with a lamentable Sioux outbreak. Fortunately, an officer of the United States Bureau of Ethnology, Mr. James Mooney, was engaged at the time in the study of the tribes affected by the fantasy, and he was able to make an exhaustive investigation concerning its rise, spread, and decadence. The results of his observations have now been published in an elaborate monograph by the Bureau of Ethnology, and it is not too much to say that no more wonderful contribution to the history of religious cults has ever been made. This bulky memoir of more than eleven hundred pages, illustrated by numerous plates, two of which are here reproduced, contains the first detailed description of the "Ghost-dance Religion," which began to attract attention toward the end of 1890, and rapidly extended from tribe to tribe of Indians, until its influence was felt over an area covering nearly one-third of the United States.

The ghost-dance religion was the outcome of a belief that the Messiah of the Indians had come. The hope and longing for the return of a deliverer is common to a large part of humanity, and among the American Indians the belief in the coming of a Messiah (usually described as a white man with a flowing beard), who will restore them to their original happy condition, is well-nigh universal. This faith in the return of a white deliverer from the East caused the simple natives of Haiti, Mexico, Yucatan, and Peru to welcome the Spanish explorers; and it was only after the white strangers had trampled all their most sacred things under foot that they rose up, in 1680, and attempted to throw off the yoke of their oppressors. Despite their bitter disappointment, however, the natives continued to cherish the hope of a coming Redeemer, and whenever a prophet has arisen and preached a union of all the red tribes and a return to the old Indian life, he has always gained numerous followers.

A large number of such prophets have appeared from time to time, and it is with the cult founded by one, named Wovoka, who announced his mission in 1890, that Mr. Mooney's memoir is chiefly concerned. Wovoka did not claim to be Christ, as has been often asserted, but he declared himself a prophet who had received a divine revelation, and had been given supernatural powers. The great underlying principle of the ghost-dance religion to which the gospel of the new prophet gave rise was that the time was near at hand when the whole Indian race, living and dead, would be reunited upon a regenerated earth, to live a life of aboriginal happiness, for ever free from death, disease, and sorrow. The moral code inculcated by Wovoka was pure and comprehensive in its simplicity. "Do no harm to anyone. Do right always. You

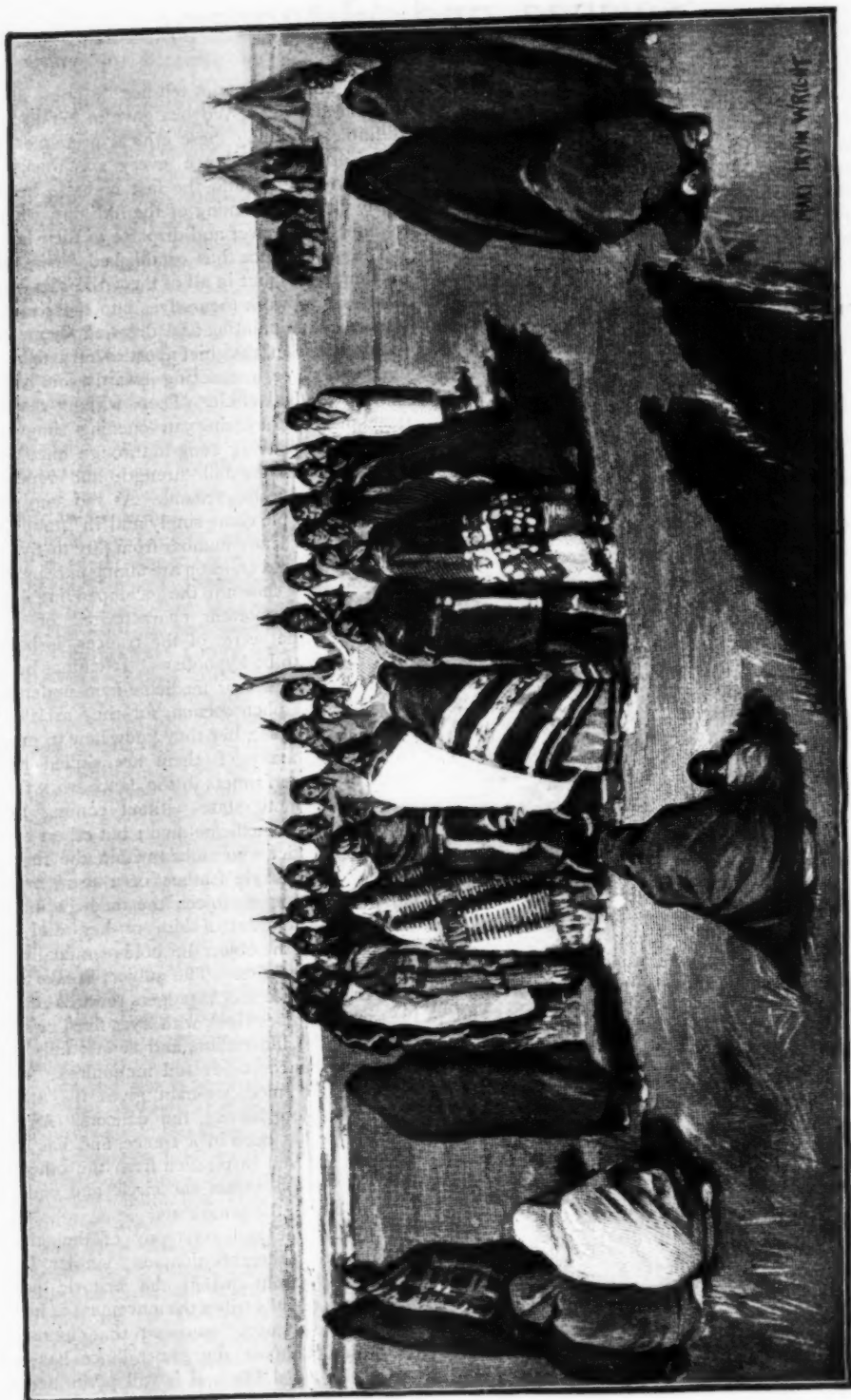
must not fight. Do not tell lies." These are a few of the precepts which Wovoka gave to his disciples. In addition to keeping these ethical principles, believers were ordered to dance every six weeks for four successive nights, and the last night to keep up the dance until the morning of the fifth day, when all had to bathe in the river and disperse to their homes.

The ghost-dance thus established differs slightly in different tribes, but in all of them the aim of the performers is to work themselves into the condition of a trance. After painting and dressing themselves in a peculiar fashion, the chief apostles of a tribe walk to the dance place, and, facing inwards, join hands so as to form a small circle. Then, without moving from their places, they sing an opening song in a soft undertone. Having sung it through once they raise their voices to the full strength and repeat it, this time slowly circling round. As the song rises and swells the people come singly and in groups and join the circle, until any number from fifty to five hundred men, women, and children are taking part in the dance, in the manner shown in the accompanying illustration.

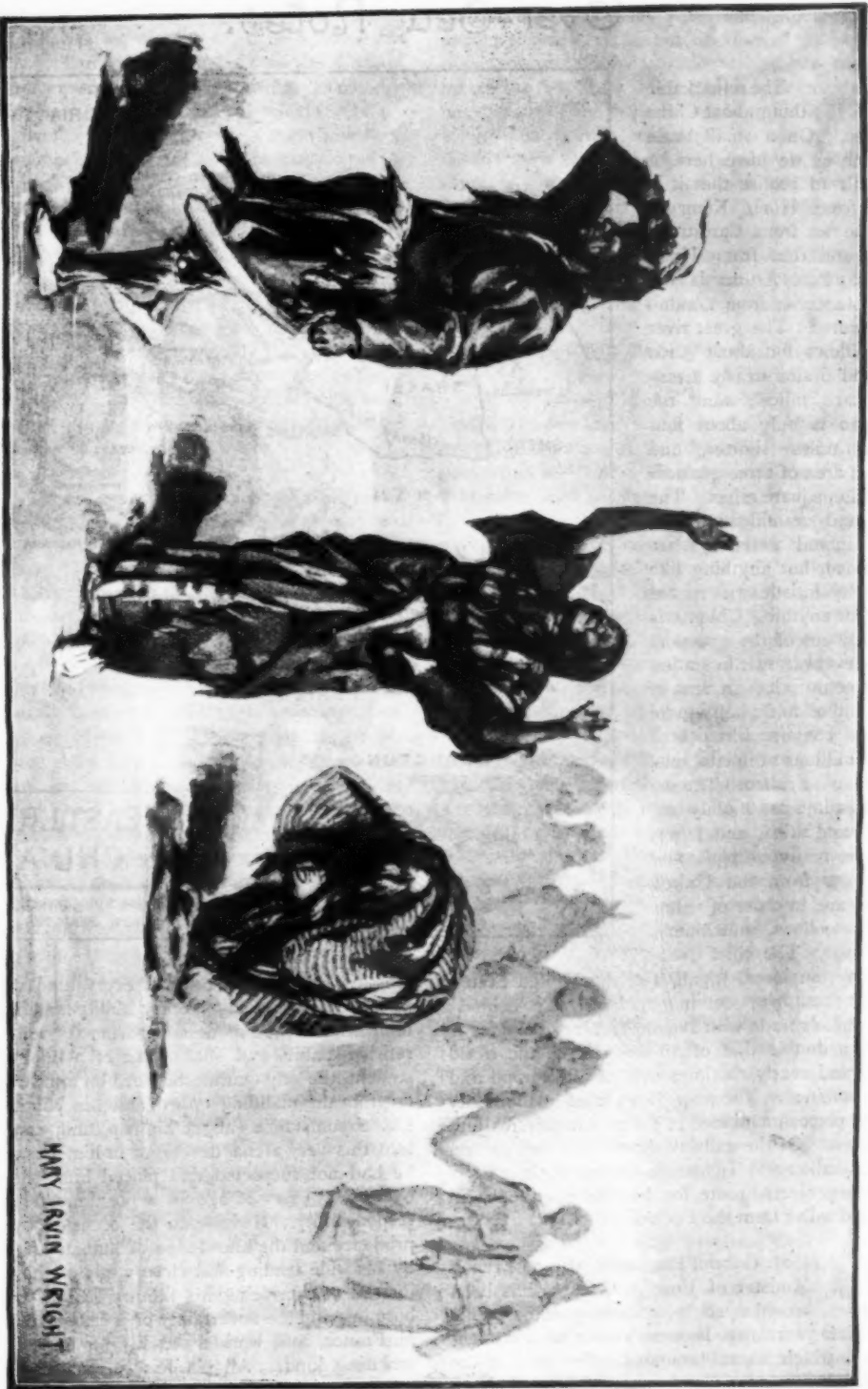
The most important characteristic of the ghost-dance, and the secret of the trances, is believed by Mr. Mooney to be hypnotism. It cannot be said that the Indian priests or medicine-men understand this psychological phenomenon, for they ascribe it to a supernatural cause, but they know how to produce the effect, and many of them are skilled hypnotists. Some of the performers in the dance work themselves into the hypnotic state without coming under the influence of the medicine-men; but others are hypnotised by a leader who stands within the ring, holding in his hand an eagle feather, or a scarf, or handkerchief. Selecting a subject, the medicine-man stands immediately in front of him or her, and by rapid movements of the object he holds gradually produces a hypnotic condition. The subject breaks away from the circle of performers, staggers towards the centre of the ring, becomes rigid, with eyes fixed or staring, as shown in the illustration, and at last falls heavily to the ground, unconscious and motionless. When this happens, the medicine-man gives his attention to another subject among the dancers. Any man or woman who has been in a trance, and has thus, it is believed, derived inspiration from the other world, is at liberty to go within the circle and endeavour to bring others to the same state.

The doctrine and ceremony of the ghost-dance found more adherents than any similar Indian religious movement within the historic period, but among most of the tribes the movement is now extinct. Mr. Mooney states, however, that among several tribes in Oklahoma the ghost-dance has become a part of the tribal life, and is still performed at intervals, although the feverish expectation of a few years ago has now settled down into something approaching the hope of a reunion with departed friends.

R. A. GREGORY.



A GHOST-DANCE.



MARY IRVIN WRIGHT

HYPNOTISED PERFORMERS OF THE GHOST-DANCE.

## Over-sea Notes.

Eastern China. The remarkable thing about China is its size. On a small scale map, such as we have here, it is difficult to realise that it is as far from Hong Kong to Shanghae as from Cardiff to Lisbon, and that from Hong Kong to Port Arthur is the same distance as from London to the Azores. The great river Yangtsi flows for about 3,200 miles, and drains nearly a million square miles; and the Hwang-ho is only about four hundred miles shorter, and drains an area of three-quarters of a million square miles. The extent and ramifications of China's inland waterways are unsurpassed, but anything like trustworthy statistics with regard to them or anything Chinese is apparently out of the question. We are, however, safe in stating that the country has an area of about a million and a half square miles, and contains some three hundred millions of inhabitants, mostly wearing calico. The exports nowadays are mainly tea, silk, furs and skins, and straw, plaited or ready to plait, and the imports from the United Kingdom are, in order of value cottons, woollens, machinery, and metals. The chief trade

is done by ourselves, Japan, and the United States, the other countries coming a long way behind; in fact, China's trade with Britain and her colonies is more than double that of all the rest of the world together, and nearly six times that of all Europe and Russia combined. The map shows most of the treaty ports and places mentioned in the recent seizures and negotiations. Of the railway shown only the portion from Shanhaikuan to Tientsin is complete, the rest is merely the projected route, for the Siberian line is still a thousand miles from the Pacific.

M. Gabriel Hanotaux.

M. Gabriel Hanotaux, who, as French Minister of Foreign Affairs, has been brought so prominently into public notice of late years, first became known as a student of history, which he still remains. Few men at the outset of their career have appeared less likely to find or even to seek their fortune in political life than this student of the École des Chartes, with his palaeographic tastes and the whole bent of his mind directed upon the past. The love of history, old documents,

old books, and antiquities of every kind was united in his case to strong literary ability and an artistic temperament. A modest "provincial," too, with the retiring habits and shut-up air of a bookworm and student, the way marked out for him appeared to lead far from the madding crowd and the political arena. But circumstance caught him up, and, carrying him into this very arena, developed in him capacities that he had not suspected, and placed him when a little over forty years of age in a position of the highest responsibility. He rose to the occasion by tact and prudence and the knowledge of human affairs gained by his wide reading and close study of the past; but instead of sacrificing his literary zeal to politics, he bore in mind the uncertainty of a statesman's position in France, and worked steadily for fame of a more enduring kind. All his leisure was given to that "History of Cardinal de Richelieu," of which only two volumes have yet appeared, but these have sufficed to open the doors of the French Academy to M. Hanotaux, who, as an historian and stylist, now ranks among the most brilliant writers of contemporary





France. The son of an obscure and by no means wealthy notary at St. Quentin, in Picardy, he first studied the law at the wish of his parents; but he soon abandoned a career for which he had no liking. He was such a brilliant pupil at the *École des Chartes* that he was appointed a lecturer at the *École des Hautes Études*. Meanwhile he published some remarkable historical studies, and one of these happened to attract the notice of Gambetta when it appeared in his own paper. Gambetta had a very keen perception of character and intellectual merit, so he sent for the young writer and offered to find him a post at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Such an offer was not to be refused, and M. Hanotaux became connected with the Archives Department at the Ministry. Thus, by a mere accident, he was put in the way of becoming a diplomatist, and his talent for making the most of his opportunities explains the rest. Starting without fortune, and almost without friends, we see him now, at the age of forty-five, Minister of Foreign Affairs and member of the French Academy.

Alphonse Daudet and his Son. M. Léon Daudet is publishing recollections of his father, Alphonse Daudet. So far their interest lies chiefly in the light that they throw upon the domestic life of the author of "*Tartarin*"; but this is just what is needed. We do not expect from a son criticism of his father's work; but filial sentiment, combined with the faculty of literary expression, has given us some of the most charming pages of literature. What, for instance, has a deeper human interest in all Carlyle's writings than his recollections of his father? These pages by M. Léon Daudet show how admirable and perfect was the sympathy that existed between Alphonse Daudet and his son. There is a delightful passage in which the younger author describes the depressing and disturbing effect upon his mind of a sudden revelation of Schopenhauer's pessimism, and how his father, discerning his trouble, came to his rescue and revealed to him the healing philosophy of work and a healthy perception of life's duties. The passage is well worth translating. "I had returned one evening from the *lycée* after a course of philosophy. Our master, Burdeau, had been analysing Schopenhauer for us, and he had done so with incomparable power. The dark pictures had sunk deep into my soul. I had positively eaten of the fruit of distress and death. By what disproportion had the words of the sombre thinker suddenly acquired in my impressionable brain so real a value? My father understood my terror. I had hardly said a word to him, but he had seen something in my eyes that was too hard for an adolescent. Then he approached me tenderly as he had before, and he who had already received sombre warnings spoke to me of life in terms never to be forgotten. He spoke of the work that ennobles all, of irradiating goodness, of pity, of love. . . . What strong and earnest words were those! Of that life on which I was venturing he painted a radiant picture. The arguments of the philosopher fell one by one before his eloquence. He victoriously repelled that first and decided attack of metaphysics. Do not smile, you who read. I understand to-day all the importance of that little family

incident. Since that evening I have drunk deeply of metaphysics, and I know what a subtle poison has passed thence into my veins and into those of my contemporaries. It is not because of its pessimism that such philosophy is redoubtable, but because it masks the realities of life. I bitterly regret that I did not preserve my father's words in writing. They would have been a consolation to many." A small peculiarity of Daudet, now revealed by his son, speaks eloquently of the fund of goodness and human sympathy that was in his nature. When choosing a cab from a stand he always picked out the one with the most broken-down looking horse and the shabbiest driver. He concluded that this was probably the man who was in the greatest need of a fare.

A Great Russian Canal. The Tsars of Russia have always been great builders of canals. Peter the Great began the building of the Ladoga

Canal, 90 miles long, which was to be the first step in uniting the waters of the Baltic and the Caspian, by connecting the Gulf of Finland with the Volga. But the hugest work of the kind will be the canal which is to connect the Baltic with the Black Sea, a project in which the present ruler is deeply interested, doing his utmost to push it forward. The canal at the surface of the water is to have a normal breadth of 216·7 ft., and at the bottom 116·7 ft. The depth of water is to be 28·3 ft., a depth capable of floating all but the very largest steamers. It is to begin at Riga, and will follow the course of the Dwina to Düna-burg. From Düna-burg it will be dug out as far as Lepel, where it will meet the Beresina river, and from Lepel it will follow the Beresina until the Dnieper is reached. The Dnieper, of course, flows into the Black Sea at Kherson. The entire length of the canal will be about 1,000 miles, but only about 125 miles of this will be artificially dug out. The remaining portions will follow the beds of the Dwina, Beresina, and Dnieper, which will be, of course, deepened. Seventeen considerable towns will be passed, which will be thus turned into ports, just as Manchester has been, and whose trade, it is expected, will in consequence speedily increase. The depth of the canal will allow warships of respectable size to sail from the Black Sea to the Baltic, and if this course is found practicable, the thorny question of opening the Dardanelles for the passage of Russian warships need never be raised. The cost of the undertaking is estimated at fifty millions of roubles (five million pounds sterling), and it is computed that the work will be completed in about ten years.

The Berlin University. The Berlin University has become probably the best attended educational establishment in the world. At the present time the number of students attending lectures in its four faculties of theology, jurisprudence, philosophy, and medicine reaches 5,921, an increase of 400 since last year. In the theological faculty the number is 448, in jurisprudence 2,000; in philosophy 2,182; and in medicine 1,291. Only in theology is the number attending lectures diminishing, a fact not only apparent in Berlin, but in nearly every other German University. Twenty-five years ago the total

number of students in Berlin was only 1,918. At the present time there are about 200 students in Berlin from England and America who have gone to Germany to perfect themselves in some particular branch of science.

**The Cost of War.** A couple of years ago two articles were published in the "Leisure Hour"

describing some of the effects of the Civil War of 1861-65 on the United States of to-day. When, after the disaster to the *Maine*, the air was full of rumours of war between the United States and Spain, one of the New York newspapers published a similar article. In the New York article, however, the writer went farther than the author of the "Leisure Hour" articles, and showed the actual cost to the people of the United States of to-day of the terrible war of a generation ago. He enumerated thirty-seven items of expenditure in the Appropriation Act for the year 1898-99, all directly and solely due to the Civil War. The total charge for the year was \$149,925,122. Pensions and the maintenance of soldiers' homes were the largest items in the account. That for pensions was \$140,000,180. For the administration of the pension system the annual charge was \$2,086,759; while on soldiers' homes maintained by the Federal Government the total expenditure for 1898-99 was \$3,443,017. In English money it takes £30,000,000 a year to meet the charges of the Federal Government arising out of the Civil War, about £10,000,000 sterling more than in ordinary years. Great Britain spends on her army and navy. In this accounting no estimate was made of what the war is still costing the Southern States, which have always had to maintain the Confederate pensioners.

**The Japanese in Canada.** The Parliamentary Session at Ottawa of 1898 was marked by a new agitation against the admission of Japanese into the Dominion of Canada. The agitation had its beginning in British Columbia, and until one of the senators from British Columbia introduced a bill designed to keep Japanese out of the Dominion, little or nothing had been heard of the anti-Japanese movement beyond the limits of that province. The United States laws exclude Chinese immigrants altogether; but Japanese are not mentioned in the Exclusion Acts. The Canada laws do not go as far as the American laws with respect to Chinamen, but impose a landing fee of fifty dollars. Japanese as yet are not legislated against by Canada. The British Columbia proposal is that the Dominion Government shall impose a landing fee of five hundred dollars, and if that does not keep the Japanese out, that the fees collected shall be handed over to the Government of the Province to recoup it for the expense to which it is put by reason of the presence of Japanese labourers. The advocates of exclusion insist that the Japanese who are now arriving in large numbers on the Pacific coast are of the lowest class; that they are practically slaves against whom white labourers cannot compete. The influx of Japanese has been going on for some time. Of late it has been

greatly accelerated by the news of the great discoveries of gold in the Yukon territory.

**American Ship-building Yards.** When the United States began to build its new navy there were no steel plants in the country at which armour could be made, or factories for the making of guns. For some of the earlier ships the armour and the guns were imported from Sheffield and Manchester, and even the plans were obtained in England. At a later stage, Congress decided that none but American-made armour and guns were to be used, and, as a consequence, the United States Government had to pay more for its vessels than countries which obtained their ships in the cheapest market. Early in 1897, two warships for Japan were built in the United States, one at Philadelphia and the other at San Francisco. The Japanese ships were built in private yards, in which many of the vessels of the new American navy were constructed. Apart from the warships for Japan, 1897 witnessed more activity in American shipbuilding yards than any year for a generation past; and this year it has been stimulated by the traffic on the Pacific coast consequent on the Yukon discovery. The demand for American-built steamers is largely due to the fact that, under United States navigation laws, vessels built in other countries cannot engage in the trade between one American port and another. The ports for the Klondyke country are situated in the strip of land belonging to the United States which runs for some five or six hundred miles along the coast southward from Alaska.

**A State Home for Consumptives.** In one important respect the Commonwealth of Massachusetts stands pre-eminent among the forty-five States of the Union. It takes the kindest care for those of its citizens who, by reason of physical defects or infirmities, are permanently handicapped in the race of life. The Massachusetts School for Deaf Children, at the beautiful little city of Northampton in the Connecticut Valley, is famous all over the United States. The school is maintained at the expense of the State, and is open to all children who are deaf, and consequently need special training and teaching. But while the Northampton school is thus supported by the State, it has no connection with the poor law, and there is about it nothing approximating what in England would be described as the pauper taint. The blind are similarly cared for by the Commonwealth, and a little while ago there was established a Massachusetts State Home for Consumptives. It is at Rutland, a place twelve hundred feet above the sea-level, and in a region of country otherwise admirably adapted for consumptives. Accommodation has been provided in the first group of buildings for one hundred and fifty patients, who will be drawn from those sufferers whose friends are not sufficiently well-to-do to maintain them in private sanatoriums. No special methods of treatment will be followed, as the Rutland Hospital is not to be a place for experiments, or for the working out of the theories of any particular school of medicine. Its sole purpose is to provide a home to which poor consumptive patients from the large cities can be sent.

## Varieties.

The Earl of Leven and Melville is Lord High Commissioner for 1898. appointed Her Majesty's Commissioner to the Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland which meets in May. The selection is made each year, but the Scottish peer may be re-appointed to the office, as was Lord Belhaven, the Commissioner who presided at the time of the disruption of the Kirk and the formation of the Free Church. The successive holders of the post from Lord Belhaven down to the Earl of Hopetoun might be given. But the present year's appointment of the Earl of Leven and Melville recalls the tenure of the office by an ancestor of the house oftentimes in the eighteenth century. This was the tenth Earl of Leven and Melville, Alexander Leslie, whose lady was the only daughter of John Thornton, the first and noblest of the Thornton family. Jane Thornton was the wife of the Lord High Commissioner who represented King George III in the middle of the eighteenth century, in the days of Whitefield and Romaine. It was of John Thornton, the philanthropist and statesman, that the poet Cowper wrote, when, speaking of his generous liberality to the poor in John Newton's time at Olney, he said—

"And Thornton was familiar with the joy."

The tenth Earl of Leven died in 1820, and Jane his wife died in 1818. It is interesting to note the appointment of another Leslie, Earl of Leven and Melville, in 1898.

A Scotch correspondent calls attention to a statement in the paragraph relating to John Leyden. It is said that "Mrs., afterwards Lady Raffles, tenderly nursed the frail and invalid poet." "The facts are these: John Leyden died in 1811. 'Mrs.' Raffles, his friend and nurse, died in 1814. Their graves are in the churchyard or cemetery at Batavia. Stamford Raffles married his *second* wife in England in January or February 1817. He was *knighted* in the summer of 1817. Consequently, 'Lady' Raffles never *saw* John Leyden, and was in no way incorporated in her husband's great work in Java. Nor does she seem to have been distinguished for anything, save that, after Sir Stamford Raffles' death, she carefully eliminated from his memoirs every allusion to his first wife, naming her but in a brief footnote. Pages 13, 132, 185, 254, and 255 of Mr. Boulger's 'Life of Sir Stamford Raffles' will confirm what I say. Mr. Boulger has tried to do final justice to a much-wronged woman. And it is a very typical sort of wrong! One sows in the burden and heat of the day, and another reaps in the cool afternoon. Well and good all that. But why should there be no remembrance? Why should there be artificial oblivion?"

St. Paul brings part of his argument in the Epistle to the Romans to a close by collecting a great number of the severest passages from the Bible. "There is none righteous, no not one. There is none that understandeth. There is none that seeketh after God. They have all turned aside, they are altogether become unprofitable. There is none that doeth good, no, not so much as one." Then from another Psalm, "Their throat is an open sepulchre. With their tongues they have used deceit. The poison of asps is under their lips." That is from a third Psalm. Then from a fourth, "Whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness." Then from Isaiah, "Their feet are swift to shed blood. Destruction and misery are in their ways. The way of peace have they not known." Then from another Psalm: "There is no fear of God before their eyes." You know the curious fate of that collection of Scriptural passages. St. Paul collected it, and then it got out of the New Testament from this passage into the Greek of the Old Testament, and was attached altogether to the 14th Psalm, and so it crept into the Latin version, and from the Latin Bible into our old Bible, Coverdale's Bible, and from Coverdale's Bible into our Prayer-book version of the Psalms; but it belongs to a number of parts of the Old Testament and not to the 14th Psalm; and that is why the Bible version of this Psalm, which is, of course, translated from the Hebrew, is so very much shorter than the Prayer-book version, the Prayer-book version of the 14th Psalm having all this collection of quotations which St. Paul makes tacked on in the middle of it.—*Canon Gore in Westminster Abbey.*

Under this word in the New Oxford Dictionary we get the explanation of the mysterious "Truman, Hanbury, Buxton & Co.'s Entire." The word has been used in this connection for more than a century and a half. It was the custom before that to call for a pint of *three threads*, i.e. one-third each of ale, beer, and twopenny. A brewer named Harwood substituted for this a drink that should give all three flavours at once. He called it *entire* or *entire butt*.

*Era*, as we use it, had its origin in Spain. Inscriptions are found in that country in which the date is reckoned from 38 B.C.; thus the year 500 A.D. is called *era* or *era* 538. It is not known why that year was fixed upon, but it was spoken of as *era Hispanica*—*Spanish era*. The word *era* itself was originally the plural of the Latin word *as*, brass, and meant probably counters of brass used for calculation. Out of this neuter plural, as often in later Latin, a substantive feminine singular was made. *Æra Hispanica*

suggested to writers of the sixteenth century the use of *era Christiana*—Christian era, as we now say.

Scarcely anyone will think that this Ember in has anything to do with *ember*, a smouldering coal, but, as it has a precise meaning in the Church calendar, it may surprise some to hear that the old English word merely means a period or season, just as our neighbours across the Channel call these days *les quatre saisons*.

Erratum. On p. 338, in a paragraph on the original edition of Keble's "Christian Year," by an unfortunate transposition it is stated that Dr. Talbot, Bishop of Rochester, wrote the preface. It should, of course, have been "the preface to Mr. Elliot Stock's facsimile reprint."

Astronomical Notes for May. The Sun rises at Greenwich on the 1st day at 4h. 34m. in the morning, and sets at 7h. 20m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 4h. 17m. and sets at 7h. 37m.; and on the 21st he rises at 4h. 2m. and sets at 7h. 52m. The Moon becomes full at 6h. 34m. on the morning of the 6th; enters her Last Quarter at 9h. 36m. on the evening of the 12th; becomes New at 58m. past noon on the 20th; and enters her First Quarter

at 5h. 14m. on the evening of the 28th. She is in perigee, or nearest the Earth, about 9 o'clock on the evening of the 7th (when high spring tides may be expected), and in apogee, or farthest from us, about half-past eight o'clock on the morning of the 23rd. No eclipses are due this month, but an occultation of the planet Venus by the Moon (then a small crescent) will take place a little before sunset on the 22nd, the disappearance at the dark limb at 6h. 54m., and the reappearance at the bright limb at 7h. 32m. Mercury will be at greatest western elongation from the Sun on the 28th, and will be visible before sunrise during the last week of the month, situated in the constellation Aries. Venus is an evening star, moving from Taurus into Gemini, and passing (as already mentioned) behind the Moon on the 22nd. Mars does not rise until past 3 o'clock in the morning; he is moving in an easterly direction through the constellation Pisces, and slowly increasing in brightness. Jupiter, situated in the constellation Virgo, will be due south at 9 o'clock on the evening of the 8th, and at 8 o'clock on that of the 22nd; he will be in conjunction with the Moon in the early evening of the 30th. Saturn is in opposition to the Sun on the 30th, and above the horizon all night, but low in the heavens, being situated in the constellation Scorpio, to the north-east of its brightest star, the red Antares.—W. T. LYNN.

## The Fireside Club.

### THREE PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

#### I. A NEW COMPETITION. THE JOYS OF JUNE.

A prize of FIVE SHILLINGS will be awarded for the best set of twelve lines of original verse on "The Joys of June." Any metre is admissible, but competitors must not make use of any of the six following words: flower, love, light, tree, fair, day, nor their plurals, nor any word that rhymes with any of them, or with their plurals. Should there be many competitors, and much poetical ingenuity be shown, it is possible that a second prize may be added.

#### II. FIRST SERIES OF FIVE SHAKE-SPEARIAN ACROSTICS.

##### SIXTH (SPECIAL) ACROSTIC.

In this keenly competed series the following ten competitors stand highest, having correctly solved every light of every acrostic, giving every reference required: E. R. Coode, C. Claughton, H. M. Crosfield, M. Dunnett, M. A. Handson, M. R. Moody, A. Sifton, J. T. Sifton, E. Young, and L. Short. They alone are accordingly invited to solve the following special acrostic. Should not more than four succeed, the prize of TWO GUINEAS will be divided. If more than

four are right, a seventh acrostic will be set for them. Note that answers must be received by the Editor not later than May 15th, and that each must *not* be marked outside FIRESIDE CLUB, as is usual, but "*Special Acrostic, Immediate*," to distinguish them from the general mass of answers.

1. In spring-time is *her* coming, of *her* power this the sign,  
What's common *she* makes royal, and what's royal makes divine.
2. *Here* give to safest keeping what is not for summer.
3. *This* should have followed, so a reader said,  
The letter whose misleading crazed his head.
4. One, Adam's son in truth, vowed he would rear  
*This monument* in memory of a tear.
5. Happy bondservant, though thy master be  
Captive and fettered, *thou* remainest free.

##### WHOLE.

With eight prevailing messengers in chief  
One stole *this* treasure, but, instead of grief,  
With love the loser looks upon the thief.

*Give every word referred to, and Act and Scene for each reference.*



## II. SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTIC (SECOND SERIES).

## SECOND OF FIVE.

1. "O hard . . . twin-born with greatness."
2. "You are a . . . one, and we obey you."
3. "Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy,  
To stand upon my kingdom . . . again."
4. "Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,  
Here sits a king more . . . than you are."
5. "His looks are full of peaceful majesty;  
His head by . . . framed to wear a crown,  
His hand to wield a sceptre."

## THE WHOLE.

"My . . . is in my heart, not on my head."

*A prize of TWO GUINEAS will be awarded to the solver of the series. For full particulars, see last month. Give each of the missing words, and Act and Scene of each of the above quotations.*

## ANSWERS FOR MARCH.

## I. SCOTT ACROSTIC (p. 337). TWEED.

Sweet TEVIOT flings her swift embrace  
Round rocks and ruins old;  
Grim WHITBY'S fishers are a race  
Of sturdy men and bold.  
From EILDON'S hills the hunter's eye  
Can in the distance dim descry  
The EMPRESS of the North, a name  
Won by DUN-EDIN'S ancient fame.

By R. Cundall, 35 Dafforne Road, Upper Tooting, S.W., to whom is awarded a prize of FIVE SHILLINGS.

II. TEA-TABLE TOPICS.—A prize of FIVE SHILLINGS is this month awarded to William Flatman, 2 Stoke Street, Birmingham.

## ANSWERS IN FIRST SERIES OF FIVE SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTICS.

## I. (p. 67.)

1. HENRY . . . Hen. VI., Pt. 3, Act One, Scene One.
2. ORLANDO . . . As You Like it, Act One, Scene Two.
3. ROMEO . . . Romeo and Juliet, Act Two, Scene Two.
4. TITANIA . . . Mids. Night Dream, Act Four, Scene One.
5. EGEUS . . . Mids. Night Dream, Act One, Scene One.
6. NYM . . . Hen. V., Act Two, Scene One.
7. SHEPHERD . . . Winter's Tale, Act Five, Scene Three.
8. IMOGEN . . . Cymbeline, Act Three, Scene Six.
9. OBERON . . . Mids. Night Dream, Act Two, Scene Two.

WHOLE. HORTENSIO, Taming of the Shrew, Act Four, Scene Two.

## II. (p. 135.)

1. DUNCAN . . . Macbeth, Act One, Scene Five.
2. EDWARD . . . Rich. III., Act Three, Scene One.
3. ANNE . . . Hen. VIII., Act One, Scene Four.
4. TALBOT . . . Hen. VI., Pt. 1, Act Four, Scene Five.
5. HAMLET . . . Hamlet, Act Five, Scene Two.

WHOLE. DEATH, King John, Act Three, Scene Four.

## III. (p. 203.)

1. LAND . . . Rich. II., Act Two, Scene One.
2. O . . . Hen. V., Chorus.
3. YOUR . . . Rich. III., Act Two, Scene One.
4. AWAKE . . . Hen. VI., Pt. 1, Act One, Scene One.
5. LIMBS . . . Hen. V., Act Three, Scene One.
6. TRUE-BORN . . . Rich. II., Act One, Scene Three.
7. YOU . . . Hen. V., Act One, Scene Two.

WHOLE. LOYALTY, Hen. VI., Pt. 2, Act Five, Scene One.

## IV. (p. 271.)

1. LIVES . . . Rich. II., Act Two, Scene Two.
2. IDIOT . . . Macbeth, Act Five, Scene Five.
3. FROST . . . Hen. VIII., Act Three, Scene Two.
4. END . . . Hen. VI., Pt. 3, Act Two, Scene Five.

WHOLE. LIFE, Tempest, Act Four, Scene One.

## V. (p. 338.)

TRAVELLER. As You Like It, Act Four, Scene One. "Look you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, etc."

ROAN. Hen. VI., Pt. 1, Act Three, Scene Two. "Behold! This is the happy wedding torch, that joineth Roan unto her countrymen."

USURERS. Lear, Act Three, Scene Two. "When usurers tell their gold in the field . . . then shall the realm of Albion come to great confusion."

SORROW. Hen. VI., Pt. 2, Act Three, Scene One. "As the mournful crocodile, with sorrow snares relenting passengers."

TREASURE. Taming of Shrew, Act Two, Scene One. "She is your treasure, she must have a husband, I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day!"

WHOLE. TRUST, Winter's Tale, Act Four, Scene Three. "Ha! ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman."

*Ten correct answers received; see page 474.*

RULES.—I. Write very clearly, on one side; fasten all sheets in each competition together, with name and address on each. Write FIRESIDE CLUB outside all letters.

II. Editor's decisions are final. Correspondence impossible.

All answers must be received by the 20th of this month.

## TEA-TABLE TOPICS.

*All readers are invited to contribute short original paragraphs under this heading. Sign with pen-name or initials. Only the best printed, and a prize of FIVE SHILLINGS awarded to the first each month.*

A Veteran's  
Advice.

The following interesting letter, received by me some years ago from the genial Oliver Wendell Holmes, is, I think, sufficiently pithy to be worth passing round the Tea-table.

Boston : June 4, 1892.

"My dear sir,—There are two lines of mine which Motley (the historian) told me gave him new courage at a moment when he was wearied and desponding :

Stick to your aim ! the mongrel's hold will slip :  
But only crow-bars loose the bull-dog's grip.

I hope they may serve you as good a turn in some moment of irresolution and self-distrust.

Yours truly,  
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES."  
GLENROSA.

Not so Bad as  
it Sounds.

One wonders whether the following words being heard unmoved in a large London church the other day, argue more want of humour on the part of the clergyman, or of attention in the congregation ? "Sarah Hamilton, recently become a widow, desires to return thanks to Almighty God for mercies lately vouchsafed to her."

CHIRKIE.

Fire is a good  
Servant.

A lady having left me her house and furniture, I found the rooms bedizened with a profusion of tawdry articles, the refuse of a hundred bazaars. What should I do with them ? Give them to the almshouses, said one. No ; the dear old ladies are spoiling their pretty rooms already by excessive decoration. Send them to a rummage sale ? No ; I will have no hand in flooding the cottages with useless rubbish and unwholesome dust-traps. We want to help our neighbours to a better taste, and not demoralise them with bead-mats, antimacassars, cardboard knick-knacks, and worthless pictures. Thus judging, when all the house was quiet, I threw my heap of treasured trash into the kitchen fire, and went to bed as happy as a Cromwellian Iconoclast.—M. A. G.

A Little Know-  
ledge.

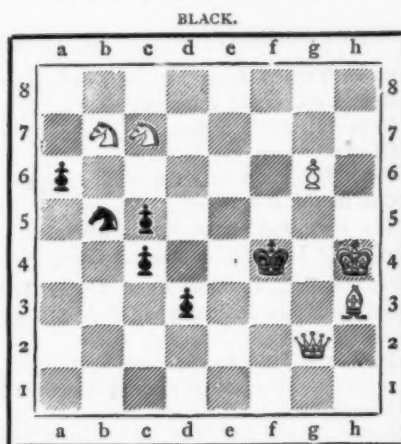
Before the invention of Board Schools I was once reading a simple history of England to some village children, and stopped to inquire, "Who first conquered this country ?" "Adam and Eve," was a boy's triumphant answer, reprovingly corrected by the girl next him, who ascribed the conquest to "Korah, Dathan, and Abiram." I am bound to add that after-results were better.—A. E. L.

The Ugliness  
of Masculine  
Fashions.

Some wise man not long ago spoke in this column of the duty of beauty in dress as a feminine obligation. But is not this duty general ? Why should men remain blights on the face of nature ? The meanest beetle wears an iridescent sheen, the shabbiest sparrow has a colour harmony in his feathers, but man, the abject slave of strange conventions, goes hideously attired, chiefly in black, crowning his god-like head with the absurd, indefensible silk hat, or the still more unbecoming round black felt (wearing which even Apollo would not be worth looking at twice), and this spite of the life-long protesting practice of such authorities on beauty as our great poet and great man, Tennyson. Why do most Englishmen obstinately wear what is ugly ? Not for ease or economy, but in obedience to fashion. Yet they call foolish the obedience of their women-kind, whom a happier fashion leads in untiring and often successful search for the beautiful, among those inexhaustible varieties of every form, and tint, and texture, in whose devising and manufacture peaceful millions earn their bread.—DONNA QUIXOTE.

## CHESS PROBLEM.

MY NO. 955.—H. F. L. MEYER.



6 + 6 = 12 pieces.

Mates in three moves.

The London  
Chess Club  
League.

The yearly competition for the championship between the clubs in the A., or senior division of the League, has resulted in the victory of the Brixton Club. Until this season Brixton had been contented to remain in the second division of the League. Consequently she was not reckoned among the foremost of the Metropolitan clubs, excepting by a few of her more ardent supporters, and her victory has caused no little surprise. It was undoubtedly a great triumph to win the trophy in her first year in competition with such powerful clubs as those mentioned in our February article on chess playing. Out of ten matches played the champions won eight and lost two,

ce  
in  
is  
in  
le  
a  
ct  
d,  
ne  
n-  
lo  
te  
es  
n.  
is  
to  
ir  
ng  
ng  
nt,  
re  
E.

m-  
or  
ed  
on  
nd  
ot  
bs,  
nd  
un-  
ner  
as  
y-  
on